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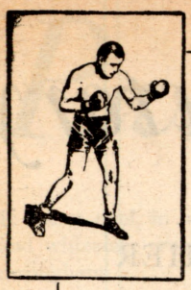

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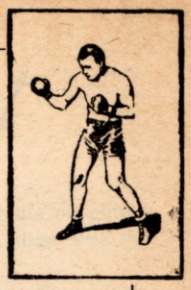

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One Year As A Boxing Commissioner — By Bill Brown. New York official discusses all angles of the fistic situation.

The Fistic Roundup — By Daniel M. Daniel. Boxing happenings around the world as seen from a hardly serious viewpoint. A feature you have enjoyed and will continue to enjoy.

It is Not All Fun — By Harvey Bright. In which you are let in on the inside of the more serious side of the physical side of wrestling.

When Bantams Were Fighting Kings — Is an interesting story by that veteran commentator George T. Pardy, who was around when Dixon was a monarch.

How the Indoor Wrestling Season Shapes up. An interview with America's leading promoters.

In addition, the usual comment and features by Wilbur Wood, sports editor of the *New York Sun*, A. D. Phillips, Nat Fleischer, Jack Curley and Eddie Merrill.

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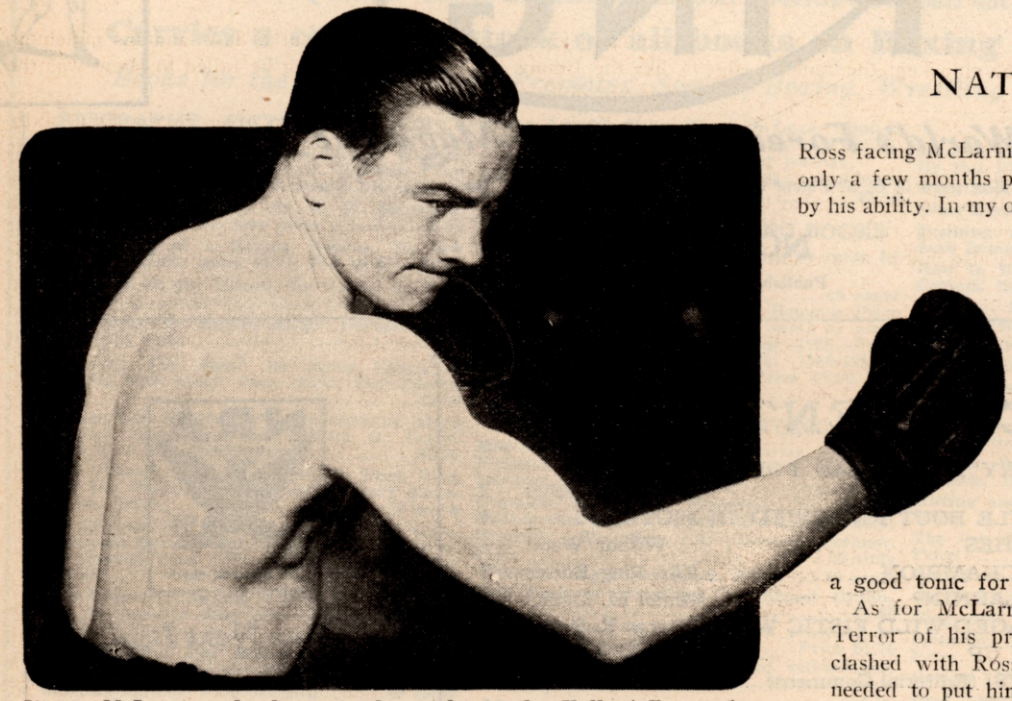
McLarnin's Victory

By
NAT FLEISCHER



Jimmy McLarnin, who has gained a niche in the Hall of Fame of pugilism by regaining the welter crown.

JIMMY McLARNIN, as predicted in this magazine in the September issue, made a successful comeback and regained his welterweight title from Barney Ross who had taken it from him three months previously. The battle is over, but like their first encounter, it will take many months before the fans calm down and accept the verdict of the officials as final. The boxing enthusiasts have not been alone in kicking up a hullabaloo over the decision that enabled Jimmy to enter the hall of fistic immortals, for they had with them twenty-two out of twenty-eight scribes who likewise thought that the verdict was unjustified.

When twenty-two writers and at least half of the spectators question the official decision, there must be something more than mere sentiment attached to their complaint. At any rate, the prediction I made in my advance story on the second welterweight championship battle has hit the nail right on the head, for in that analysis I declared that the bout would be a close one, that there would be more vicious action; Jimmy would win and that a third and deciding contest would be staged by the Milk Fund, in which Ross will win and thus settle the matter of supremacy. And to that prediction I still hold, except that I will add to it—when the third battle takes place, Ross will win the bout by a margin that will leave no doubt in the minds of the McLarnin adherents or the scribes.

I, who picked McLarnin to win, thought Ross had won the shindig. I am happy to see Jimmy, of whom I am extremely fond, regain the crown, yet I must confess to him and my readers, that despite my choice, I gave the fight to Ross by one round. I handed Barney seven rounds, six to McLarnin and one even, and at its worst I felt that Ross was entitled at least to a draw.

I cannot say that Ross fought brilliantly. Far from it. He fought below his best form. He failed to show, except at intervals, his extreme cleverness, and unlike their previous battle when McLarnin was the target of a flock of jabs and stiff, straight punching, Ross' hits were well below par in their second meeting.

* * *

WHETHER it was the cool weather or the eleven days' postponement that caused Barney to lose his skill, is a question, yet the fact remains that at times he was peppered over the face and body to such extent that it didn't seem to be the same Ross facing McLarnin who fought him and Billy Petrolle only a few months previously and amazed the spectators by his ability. In my opinion, Barney should have won only because he meted out the greater punishment, was in far better condition at the finish and did the greater damage when the close range fighting was at its height.

Regardless of what our personal opinion might be, the fight was a thriller, with plenty of action and served again to bolster the sport. Because of their drawing power and the keen interest of the public in the boys, I am in favor of a third engagement as a good tonic for boxing.

As for McLarnin, he fought more like the Irish Terror of his prime than he did the first time he clashed with Ross. That previous bout was what he needed to put him in trim, and he certainly showed that he was in condition, for he needed every ounce of his strength to keep going at the pace the boys had set.

Jimmy's legs no longer are strong enough to carry him through a grueling fifteen-round mill and that is why I think Ross will take him the next time out. The Vancouver Irishman on several occasions found his pins wabbly. Twice it appeared he would cave in from a few healthy body wallops. His knees began to sag and on one occasion he touched the canvas with his finger tips, and all because his underpinning was not any too strong.

Victory was sweet for Jimmy, but I'm afraid that his days as a fighter are numbered. One more good battle is about all his legs will stand and then he will retire. Both he and his mentor, the veteran Pop Foster, have confided that such will be the case. In fact, had the decision been against McLarnin, he would have hung up his gloves after the last fight.

* * *

ROSS made the blunder of challenging Jimmy to a real fistic contest. Instead of using his cleverness, he decided to take a gamble on mixing matters and in that he erred, for there is no better mixer in the fistic game than McLarnin. In their first contest, it was Barney who displayed extreme cleverness in smothering the face of his opponent and exchanging jolts only when necessary, but this time it was McLarnin who took that play away from Ross and repeatedly scored points by using his left to proper advantage, both in jabbing and smashing body blows.

Our readers may then ask why did our score card show Ross the winner? The answer is that in the amount of damage, the bigger portion was administered by Ross and that as the fight went on, Ross wound up in much better condition than did his rival. That all counts in the award of points.

I would have awarded McLarnin the fifth round, which was taken from him by Referee Donovan because of a low punch, and had that round gone to him, that would have made all the difference in the world in the final award. Furthermore, in the fourteenth round, Ross hit McLarnin below the belt, and though nothing was said by the referee who apparently didn't see the punch, had that been taken from Ross as the previous one was taken from Jimmy, McLarnin would have triumphed through the unanimous verdict of the officials.

The battle was desperate and both lads suffered heavy damages. It was a stand-up, cruel mill, the kind that the fans enjoy.

Paves Way for Third Bout

It was a duel, in which left hooks, left jabs, stunning body jolts and whizzing, crashing rights to the chin kept the fans on edge throughout.

* * *

McLARNIN had his left eye closed quite early. He fought with a tightened left optic throughout the last five rounds. It was amazing how, without the sight of that left, he scored repeatedly and landed many telling rights that hit the mark with a thud. His forehead was also puffed as a result of an accidental butt in the first round.

But Ross was not without his marks. Both his eyes were puffed and blackened. In the last four rounds Barney let cleverness go by the board in order to get over the telling wallop, but without avail. He never gave up hopes of nailing Jimmy. Twice he rocked the Vancouver lad with terrific rights, but McLarnin, momentarily dazed, shook off the effects of the punches and came back to retaliate with the same type of blows. Ross twice was wabbly when Jimmy cracked him on the chin with rights, but he was never checked.

It was amazing to see how perfectly Jimmy timed his punches despite that eye injury. Barney couldn't gain much of an advantage even after his lefts had left their mark on that eye and it was only in close, when they elected to slug away, that Ross scored by outslugging his rival in hot savage rallies.

Barney was far better than McLarnin in the infighting and that counted heavily in his favor in the matter of scoring points. McLarnin did well in that respect in the first four rounds, especially in the first, but after he lost the fifth on Referee Donovan's orders for delivering a low punch, Jimmy seemed to be afraid to take any chances. He remembered the first fight in which he was penalized many rounds by Eddie Forbes, so he decided to play safe this time.

* * *

AS things turned out, it was evident that Ross suffered more than did McLarnin from the body punches, hence it is safe to say that had Jimmy elected to swap body punches at close range, he would have taken several of the rounds credited to Ross. The fact that Ross took plenty of left hooks, shows the difference between the Ross of the second fight as compared to the Barney of the first mill.

Contrasted with the floundering, erratic punching fighter of their previous meeting, McLarnin was a cool, deliberate marksman in their return engagement. His boxing was skillful, his timing perfect, his headwork without a flaw, and his punching, like the Jimmy of old. The only thing he failed to show was the old sturdiness of limbs.

McLarnin's best performances were given in the first, sixth, seventh and eighth rounds. His boxing in those sessions was superb. The left hooks which he unleashed, bewildered Ross.

True, Ross countered effectively, but his punches, though thrown with rapidity, lacked steam, and McLarnin's bombardment continued throughout those rounds. In the ninth, however, Ross found himself and drove McLarnin about the ring with a two-fisted, effective attack to head, jaw and face which caused consternation in Jimmy's corner. All the officials gave Ross that round, and the twelfth. Ross fought furiously again in the tenth —and again in the eleventh, but McLarnin, despite that closed eye, came through by a good margin.

McLarnin also took the thirteenth by a wide margin. The round was all his. He fought furiously to hold his lead, which at that time, according to my score card, was by one round. But Ross came back with a vengeance in the last two sessions, his furious drive netting him both rounds, according to my card. It was on his final drive in the fifteenth, in which he brought Jimmy down to his finger tips, wheeled him about once so that it appeared McLarnin would be stopped, and battered his body with lefts and rights—mostly a double-barreled attack in which he threw every ounce of his remaining strength—that caused me to score the round and the fight for him.

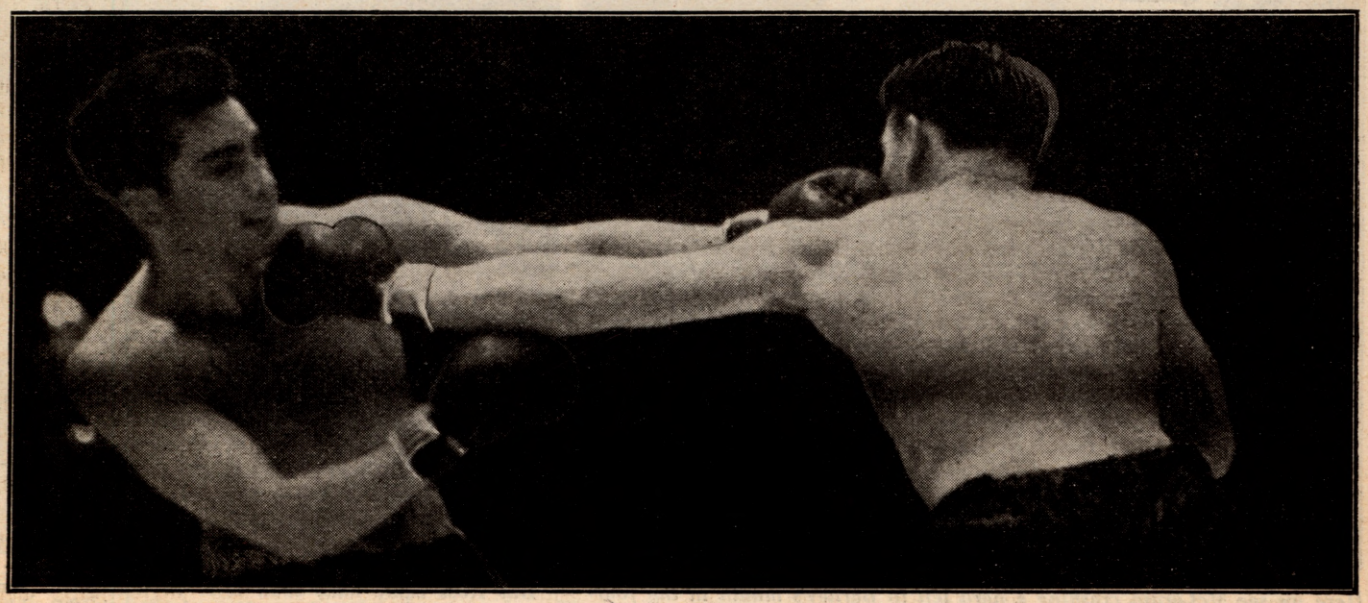
What appeared to be the hardest wallop landed by McLarnin came in the fifteenth round, just before the end of the mill, when Jimmy, half blinded, enraged over the beating he was receiving, let fly a left hook that caught Ross on the chin and Barney quivered. His knees sagged and he threw his arms around Jimmy and held. It was McLarnin's final punch.

* * *

IT is interesting to note how the officials voted. Here is how the judges and Referee Arthur Donovan saw the fight:

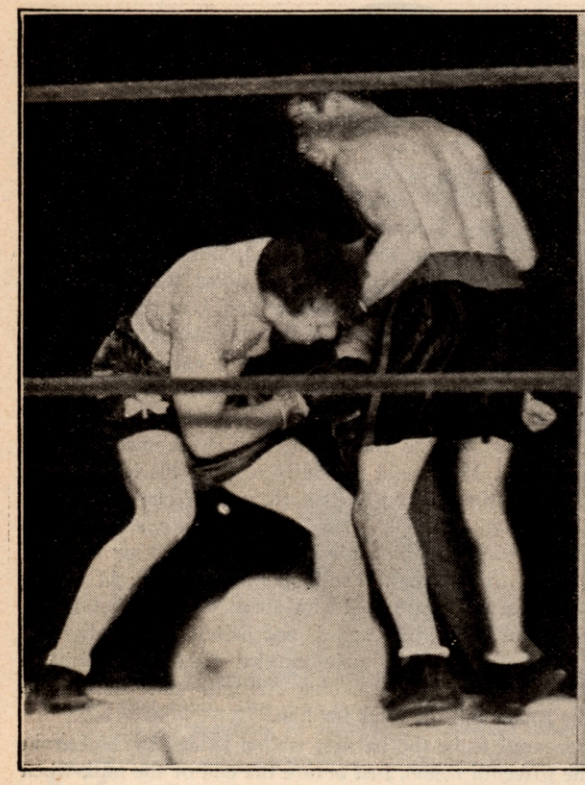
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Lynch . . .	R	R	M	M	R	M	E	R	R	M	M	R	M	R	R
Shortell . . .	E	M	M	R	R	M	E	R	R	M	E	R	M	M	E
Donovan . .	M	R	M	M	R	M	M	M	R	M	M	R	M	M	R
Igoe	M	E	M	E	R	M	M	R	R	M	M	R	M	R	R

Lynch — Ross, 8; McLarnin, 6.
Shortell — McLarnin, 6; Ross, 5.
Donovan — McLarnin, 10; Ross, 5.

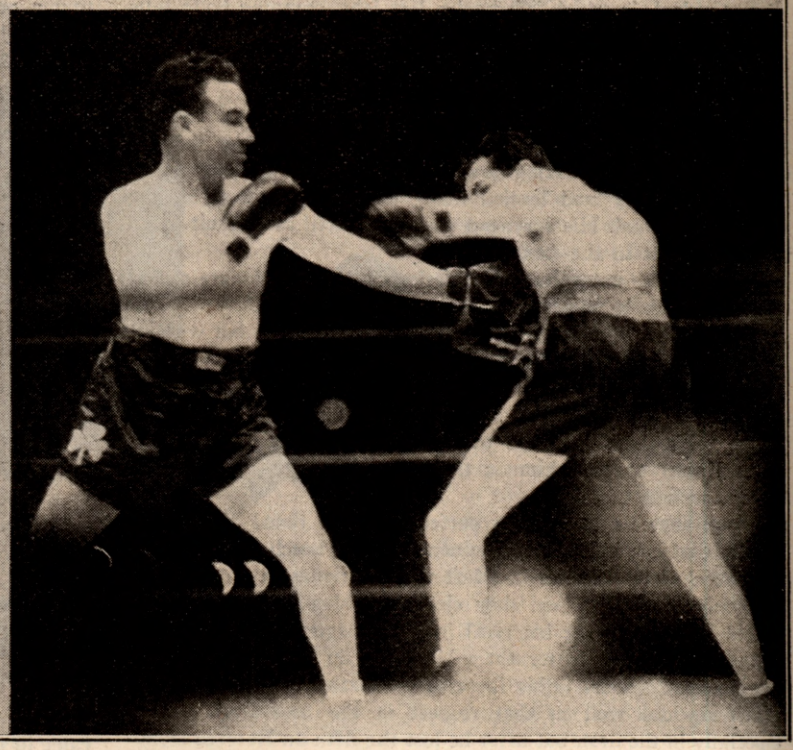


An exchange of lefts in the second round, one of the few such clashes in the recent McLarnin-Ross battle.

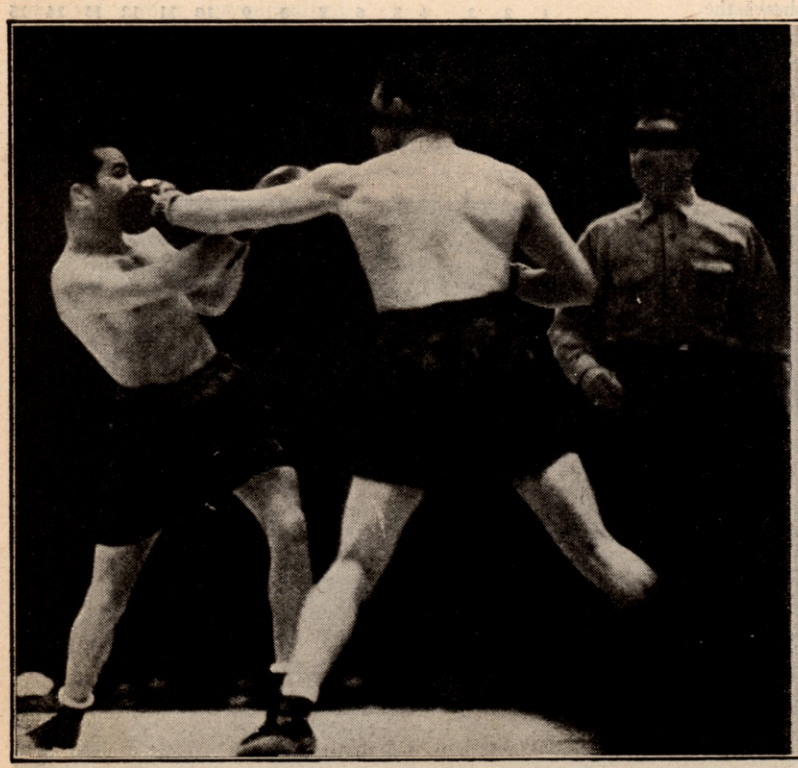
Ross-McLarnin Title Bout



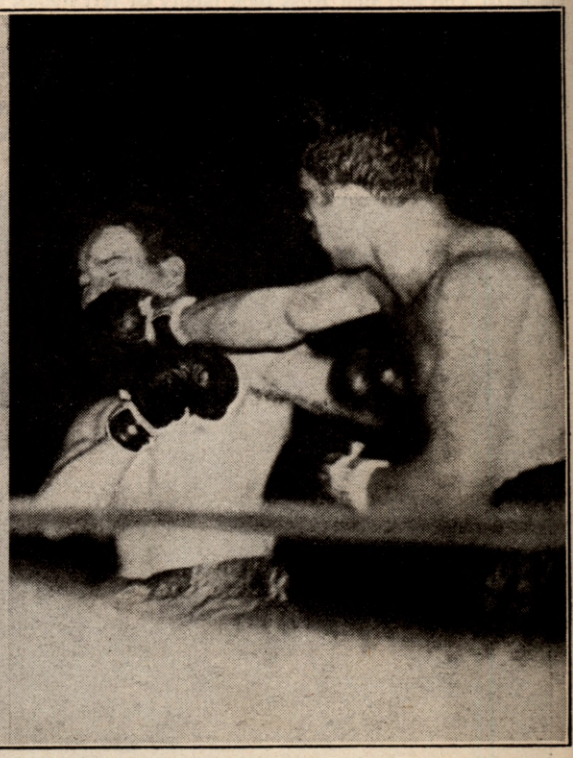
McLarnin ducks and gets away from Ross' left hook in the twelfth round. Jimmy, who in the past has been noted for his crouching style, tackled Ross differently on the occasion of their second meeting by assuming an erect position. This change of stance somewhat puzzled the Chicagoan.



Jimmy, despite the injury to his eye, landed many stiff lefts to Barney's body and McLarnin's right, unlike in their previous bout, also was most effective. Ross was much easier to hit than he was in their first engagement when Jimmy's blows frequently missed.

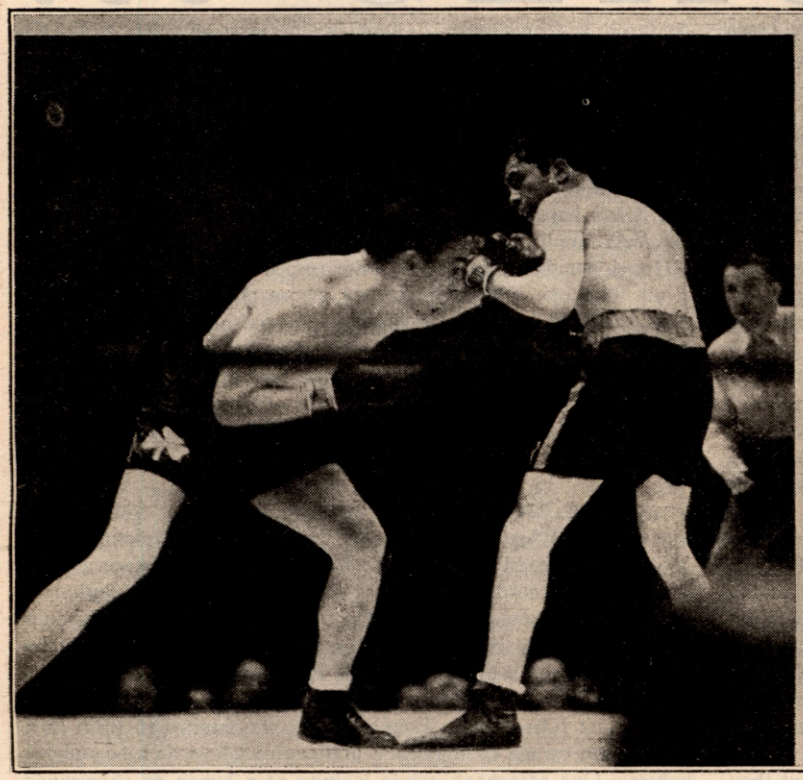


Here we see McLarnin crashing a hard left to Barney's mouth in the fourteenth round. The blow stunned Ross temporarily. It was obvious that he was hurt.

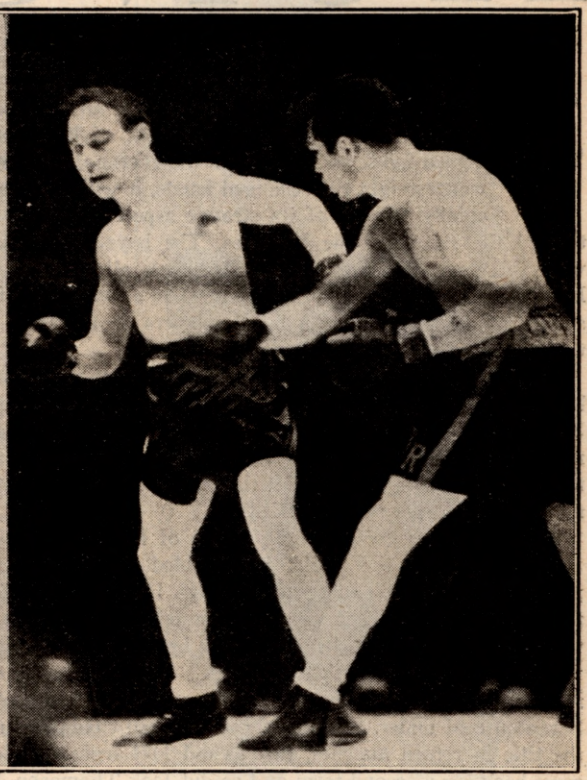


But Ross came back soon after in the same round and lands a left flush on Jimmy's mouth. The blow took the fight out of the Irishman.

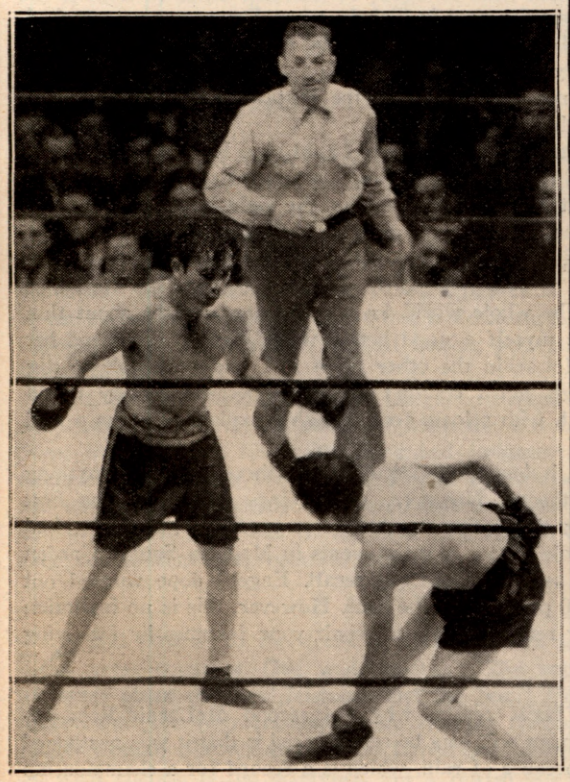
Reviewed in Pictures



McLarnin, left eye closed, walks into a terrific left that lands again on the injured optic in the fifteenth round.



A scene in the final round. McLarnin, left eye tightly closed, backs away from a Ross onslaught.



Ross sending McLarnin to his finger tips with a left hook to the body as Jimmy was off balance in the fifteenth round.

The veteran Joe Humphreys announces to the public that McLarnin has regained the world welterweight championship.

HUNCHES *vs.*

By WILBUR WOOD

THOUGH the McLarnin-Ross bout of last month was a good fight, far better than the average, and though the welterweight title changed hands, it will be remembered chiefly because of its strange aspects. It might well be termed the Battle of the Hunches. The boys went into action with three separate and distinct hunches, all pointing to McLarnin as the winner. The odds were 11 to 5, with Ross favorite, so it may be seen that the hunch players should have cleaned up handsomely. Each hunch stood up.

Another unusual aspect of the affair was the fact that each boxer employed the style that the other was expected to use. Still another feature worthy of comment was that the decision, rendered by three officials of Irish descent in favor of an Irish fighter, was not in accord with the opinions of an overwhelming majority of the newspaper critics.

But first let us go into the question of hunches.

To begin with, the reader is reminded that each of the ten welterweight champions preceding Ross had lost his title in his first defense of it. That was hunch number one—that a welterweight champion must be dethroned by the first challenger he faces. That is how it worked out, with Ross becoming the eleventh in that amazing chronology that starts with Pete Latzo, the Scranton coal miner. Some of those defeated champions regained the title in return matches, just as did McLarnin. Jackie Fields came back for a second term and so did Jack Thompson, but they found the throne as slippery as when they occupied it for the first time.

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WHAT a parley that would have been on the last eleven challengers for the 147-pound laurels, especially in view of the fact that in virtually every case the champion was the betting choice. The question now arises as to how long this particular jinx on the champion will continue to be effective. There is a suspicion that McLarnin may terminate the rule of the jinx by retiring as champion, though he says, rather vaguely, that he will give Ross a return bout "some time next summer" if the terms are to his liking.

Both McLarnin and his manager, Charles (Pop) Foster, are so well fixed financially that there is no need for Jimmy to enter the ring again unless a large purse is offered. It is believed that it will require a guaranty of $50,000 to tempt the champion into action again. McLarnin has been throwing and catching leather for twelve years and even though he is still a young man in point of years, the boxing game has palled on him.

Before passing on to hunch number two, the reader may be interested to know that, in all, seven welterweights have regained the title after losing it. The first to turn the trick was Mysterious Billy Smith, who lost the honors to Tommy Ryan in 1894. Four years later, after Ryan and Kid McCoy had moved up into the middleweight sector, Smith came into the title a second time by defeating Matty Matthews.

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RUBE FERNS won the bauble in 1900, when he was fouled by Smith. That same year he lost the championship to Matty Matthews and in 1901 Ferns came back to flatten Matthews.

In the early nineteen twenties Ted Kid Lewis of England and Jack Britton passed the title back and forth in a bewildering fashion. In all they met twenty-two times, but many of their skits were no-decision bouts. The others to win the title, lose it, and win it back, were Jackie Fields, Jack Thompson and, finally, McLarnin. Will Ross keep the record going by taking it over again? We'll have to wait for the answer and probably it will be a long wait, though Ross certainly did not make McLarnin wait, giving him a return match in two months.

The second hunch that figured in the fight arose from the fact that every champion who has stepped to ring center at the Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City has left the scene a beaten man. It started when Sharkey dethroned Schmeling as heavyweight king in the first fight staged in the asphalt saucer and it has happened in every titular bout there ever since. This jinx even applies to wrestling.

Hunch number three is in some respects the most astounding of all. This one is that the fighter whose picture appears on the right-hand side of the show cards advertising a championship contest, or any important bout, is the winner nine times out of ten.

When Ross and McLarnin met the first time Ross's likeness was in the charmed spot. He won. For this recent battle the engraver placed McLarnin's picture on the right-hand side. He won. So it goes.

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GEORGE ENGEL, veteran manager, is the one who discovered the efficacy of betting on the boxer whose picture is on the right-hand side of the advertising placards. George has been betting according to this system for years and is authority for the statement that it has failed to give him the winner in only one championship bout of recent years, that exception being the Carnera-Loughran brawl at Miami, Fla., late last winter.

"I got wise to the angle many years ago when I was in France with Frank Klaus," says Engel. "Klaus was invited to train in a gymnasium owned by a French millionaire who was a bug about fighters. One afternoon, while looking at a bunch of showcards on the walls of this gymnasium, I was struck by the fact that in every case the picture of the winner was on the right-hand side.

"I mentioned this to several persons, but they laughed it off. However, when it worked out perfectly in Klaus's fights on the other side I figured it was worth watching. When I came back to this country I kept tabs on it and found that the same thing was true of fights over here. So I started to play it and I have been following it ever since.

"I remember the time in Toledo when Dempsey was matched with Willard. No matter how loudly Kearns may have shouted that Dempsey was a cinch he really was greatly worried that Jack would not be able to take the Pottawatomie Giant. He expressed his doubts to me.

"'It's a cinch, Jack can't lose,' I told him. He wanted to know why. Then I told him the reason I was so sure Dempsey would win was that Jack's picture was on the right-hand side.

"'What has that got to do with it?' he snorted.

"'Everything,' I told him. 'Just wait and you'll see that I am right.'

"I guess the whole world knows that I was right about that one. I made myself a good bet. I would have had a good bet riding on McLarnin the other night if I had been able to dig up any dough, but I couldn't get down because nobody would come through with a loan, even though I explained it was a lead pipe cinch."

Of course, it does seem ridiculous that there should be anything in Engel's theory. However, some years ago, when he first sprang it on this writer, a check was made on how it worked during a whole winter of main events in Madison Square Garden and, as far as the writer can recall, Engel's dope worked out more than 90 per cent of the time. However, this is no invitation to you, dear reader, to try to repair your fortunes by following this system.

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ANOTHER reason why the second McLarnin-Ross engagement will long be remembered is that it was postponed four times because of rain, which is a record for a championship fight. Decidedly, the promoters had none of the proverbial Rickard luck. It long was Tex's boast that he and the weather man were pals and no fight of his was ever postponed because of rain.

PUNCHES

Rickard had a narrow escape from a postponement of the first Tunney-Dempsey bout, in Philadelphia in September, 1926. The rain held off until the third or fourth round of the fight. That huge crowd sat through the downpour until the end, so engrossed in the spectacle of the mighty Manassa Mauler going down to defeat at the hands of the erstwhile Marine, that nothing short of an earthquake could have driven them from the scene.

The eleven-day delay in staging the McLarnin-Ross fight undoubtedly was to a considerable extent responsible for the fact that each principal put up a different sort of fight from what had been expected of him.

In their first engagement McLarnin relied a great deal on his great right-hand punch. He had stopped other leading Jewish boys, including Sid Terris, Ruby Goldstein, Al Singer and Benny Leonard, with his terrific right-hand wallop and he tried to get Ross with that same weapon. He was expected to rely on his right once more in the return bout.

Ross had won the title in their first meeting by a masterful exhibition of defensive skill, featuring speed and counter punching. That is his natural style and it seemed logical to expect that he would put his faith in the same tactics in the second encounter.

However, as it turned out, McLarnin devoted himself almost exclusively to jabs and short left hooks to the head and body. Those were the punches Ross had used in their initial meeting. Barney, in the second fracas, featured heavy right-hand shots to the chin. He actually outpunched the famous hitter, McLarnin, no matter what the judging officials thought about it. For a few moments in the second round it appeared McLarnin might be stretched on the canvas, so viciously did the Chicago youngster belabor him with rights to the head.

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WHEN he finished his sparring work two days before the original date of the bout, McLarnin was plainly short in his boxing, being off in both timing and judgment of distance. It was the opinion of those qualified to judge of such matters that he needed at least another week of sparring to put his boxing at its best. The postponement gave him the time he needed and he made the most of it. Jimmy unquestionably was in better shape to do battle when he finally got into action than he was on the original date.

The postponement had a bad effect on Ross. Barney had been brought to the peak. When he finished his drills just before the original date, he had all the speed and skill that characterized his boxing in the fight which gave him the title, plus added strength. While he did not actually go stale because of the postponements, he did lose his edge. When a fighter is at the peak he can go in only one direction and that is downward. It is almost impossible to remain at the peak of boxing perfection for any length of time.

So it was that Ross, deprived of his edge in speed and finesse, was compelled to rely on punching when the test finally came. Some have charged him with using bad judgment in that he elected to fight rather than to box. In this writer's opinion Ross had no choice. He quickly discovered that the delay had robbed him of the assets he had in the first fight and so he took the only course that was open to him.

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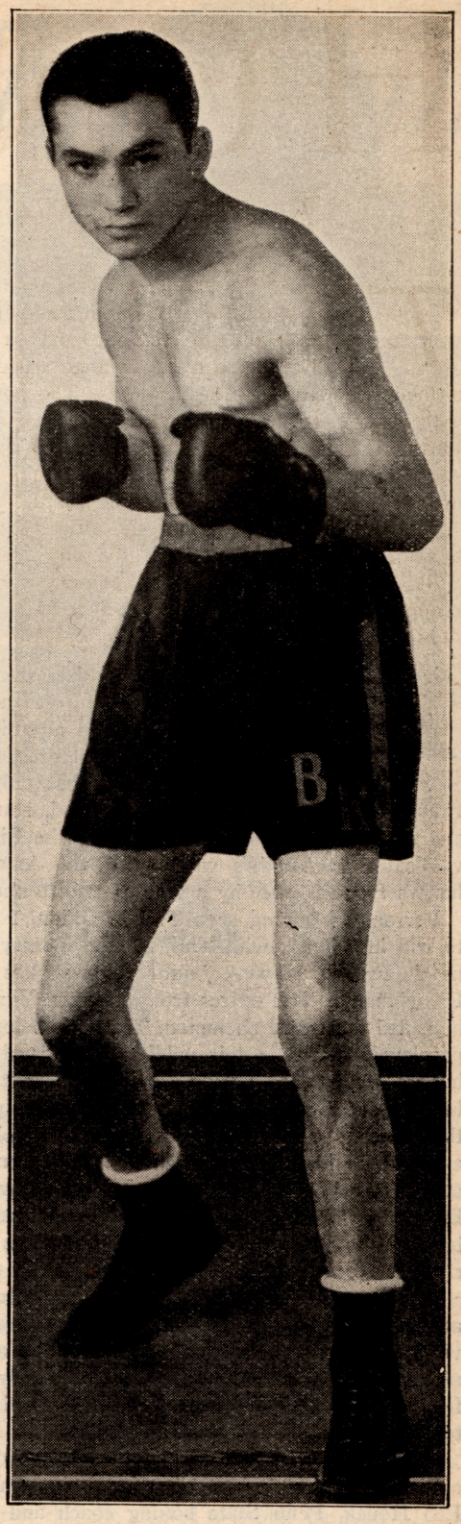
AND now as to the decision, which aroused so much adverse comment. One wag remarks: "Did you ever hear the story about the four Irishmen and the Jew." He means, of course, that the four Irishmen were Referee Arthur Donovan, Judges Tommy Shortell and Charlie Lynch and Jimmy McLarnin. So what chance, is the inference, did a Jewish boy have?

Another wag sent Ross a telegram, about as follows: "I read that you closed one of McLarnin's eyes, but it seems that is a mistake. You must have closed both of the referee's eyes, as I read that he gave you only five rounds and McLarnin ten."

In this writer's opinion it was a reasonably close fight, on the rounds-won basis, which is in effect in New York, but even by that system of scoring Ross appeared to have the edge. This observer scored seven for Ross, six for McLarnin and two even. But the decisive rounds, such as the second and fifteenth, belonged to Ross. Looking at the fight as a whole Barney seemed to have won beyond question.

This fight was just another example of how the rounds-won system can lead a referee or a judge astray. The fault of this method of scoring is that a round won by the thinnest possible margin counts for just as much in the final reckoning as a session in which one boxer gains an overwhelming advantage by scoring several knockdowns and otherwise beating up his opponent. In the opinion of many, such a round is worth two or three of the thin ones. However, even allowing that the rounds-won system is what the officials must go by, it is hard to understand how Referee Donovan gave McLarnin ten frames and Ross only five.

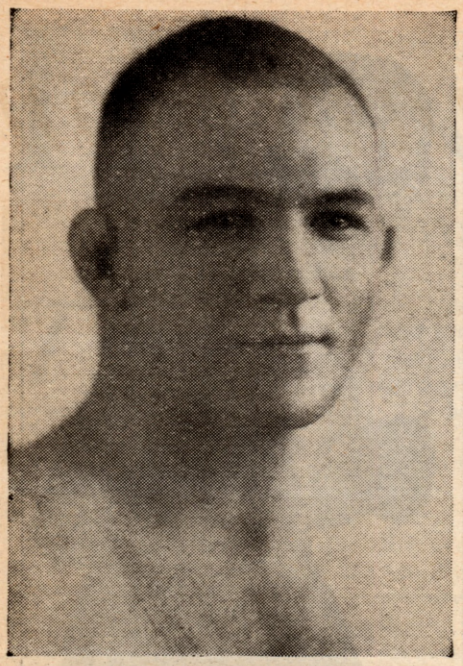


Barney Ross who failed to break age-old jinx of elusive welterweight title.

Donovan explained by saying that Ross fought only in spurts, often opening up for only one minute of the three that make up a round. He is said to have remarked that no boxer who does that can win his vote.

Judging from that, Donovan must be carrying the rounds-won system to a new extreme, by dividing each round into three little rounds of one minute each. Rounds within rounds, as it were.

Though disappointed neither Ross nor his manager, being good sportsmen, did any loud wailing. Ross proved that he was a pretty good puncher, much better than suspected, and again demonstrated that he is as game as they come.



Marcel Thil, European and world middleweight champion.

YAROSZ,

Pennsylvanian's Triumph Predicted in "The Ring"—Bout With Thil for World Middleweight Title Now in Order

THE victory of Teddy Yarosz over Vince Dundee at Forbes Field, in Pittsburgh, was not unexpected. THE RING has repeatedly called attention to the fact that in Yarosz, the middleweight division had the best boy at his weight in this country and that only Marcel Thil, the French lad who ranks supreme abroad, stands between Teddy and the world title. Our judgment of the Pittsburgher has been vindicated by Teddy's winning of the American middleweight honors from Dundee by a vote of two to one.

Personally, having seen Thil in action, I would elect Yarosz to win in a battle with Thil, in this country or in England, but not in France. However, until Yarosz takes the measure of the Frenchman or Thil retires from the class, Yarosz cannot logically be called the world champion. That title belongs to Thil, who, as previously stated in this publication, earned the right to world honors—American Boxing Commissions notwithstanding—when he whipped Gorilla Jones in a championship match abroad. At that time Jones was the recognized title holder in this country and had the backing of the N. B. A., spokesman for twenty-nine states. Ray Foutts, manager of Yarosz, is willing to accept Jeff Dickson's offer for a Yarosz-Thil fight to settle world supremacy, but prefers to battle in England where he feels that Teddy's chances for victory would be better.

It is gratifying to see a young, fighting-spirited lad like Yarosz annex the crown. He is the type of boy who will make the division hum with activity because both he and his mentor, are not of the mercenary school. I look for Teddy to accept challenges from all worth-while boxers who have worked their way to the topnotch rank.

As for his bout with Dundee, Teddy didn't have things his own way, although he had a clear margin at the end. Judge Leo Houck, Penn State boxing coach and former star of the division, voted for Dundee; Judge McBeth gave the verdict to Yarosz, and Referee Al Grayber clinched the American crown for Teddy by raising his hand in victory.

Yarosz's victory was the third consecutive one over Dundee whom he licked twice in overweight matches.

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IN re my comment in a previous issue that Thil, not Dundee, was the world title holder, I have been asked by several readers how Thil gained that honor. For the benefit of our subscribers, I'll go into details.

When Marcel Thil fought Mario Bosisio in Milan on November 23, 1930, he won a fifteen rounds' decision and gained the European middleweight crown. The following year, he fought every middleweight of note in Europe, winning eleven bouts, including one with the American, Vince Dundee, in twelve rounds.

In 1932, after both the New York State Board and the National Boxing Association had held elimination tournaments to determine the national champion, Gorilla Jones was crowned the N.B.A. king and Ben Jeby, having stopped Battaglia, was recognized as the New York title holder. Jeby fought Dundee and, although whipped, the bout was called a draw. Lou Brouillard of Worcester, Mass., was then brought into play and he won the New York title from Jeby. Then along came Dundee and took the crown from Brouillard in Boston.

In the meantime, Gorilla Jones was disqualified in the eleventh round of his battle with Thil for the world championship. Jones at the time was the official title holder in twenty-nine states and recognized by the European Federation, the French Federation and the British Board of Boxing Control. Thus Thil, who previously had whipped Dundee and then took the American champion into camp, strengthened his hold on the world crown.

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TO further clinch the claim, he accepted a challenge from the British champion, Len Harvey, whom he beat on points in fifteen rounds in London, then stopped England's leading contender, Len Johnson in seven rounds, beat the Spanish title holder, Ignacio Ara, in ten rounds and knocked out Holland's crown wearer, Van Haecke, in two rounds.

By his many victories, Thil proved his right to the world crown despite the contention of the New York Commission that he is not the title holder. He went a step farther towards clinching world supremacy by winning from Kid Tunero, a tough hombre, in twelve rounds, knocking out Jack Etienne at Bruxelles in ten; winning on points from Kid Seelig, Germany's champion, and again taking the measure of Etienne and Tunero.

Those contests among others, prove Thil's right to the title. No other middleweight in the world has such an impressive record. That's why THE RING rates Thil the world's leader of his division.

As for Yarosz, he is a great fighter and it is my opinion, that were he and Thil to clash, America would have another Pittsburgh title holder to take his place alongside those ring phenoms, Harry Greb, George Chip and Frank Klaus. Let's hope such a bout can be arranged.

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FOR his mill with Dundee, Yarosz weighed 157½ to 158½ for the defender. The contest was a battle between a sharpshooter who was content to remain out of range and a fellow whose plan of attack was to play a steady stream on the body, to force the issue relentlessly. The new champion carried the fight to Dundee throughout with a persistent left jab assault and two-fisted stomach attack when in close.

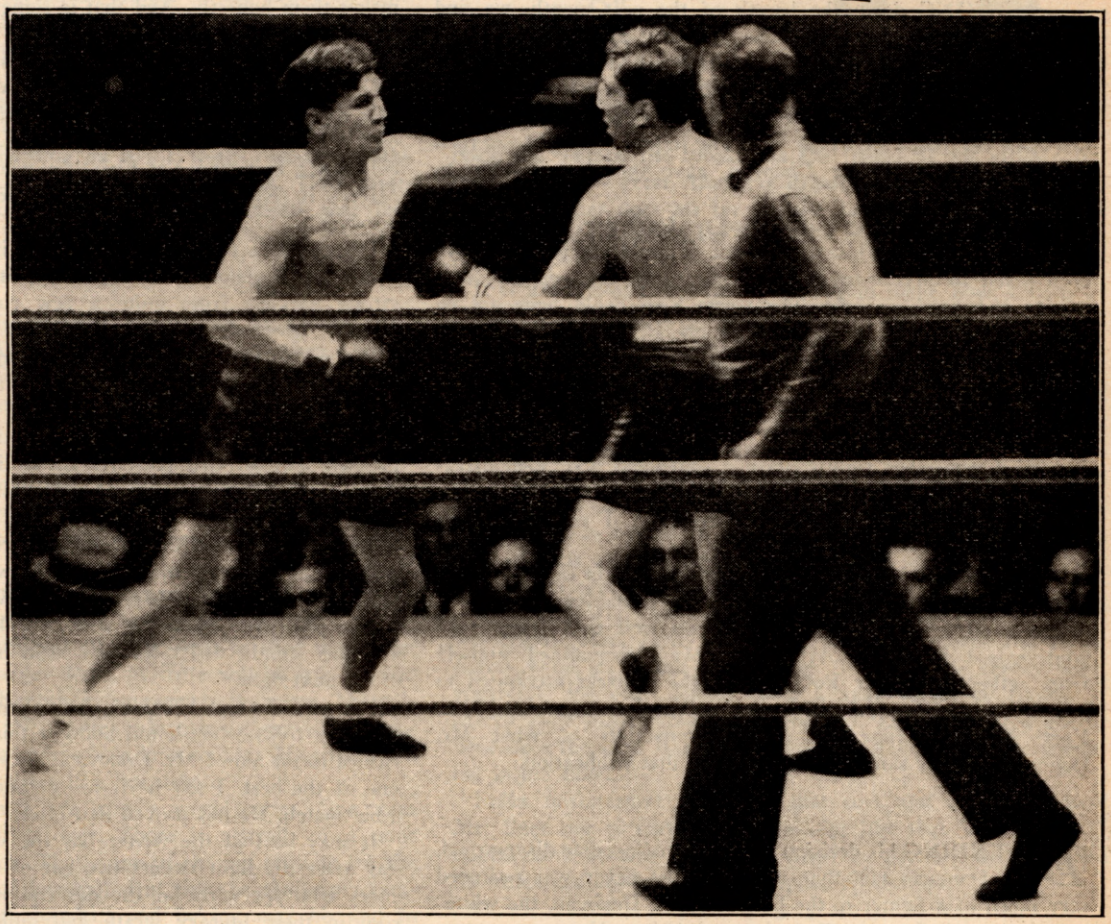
Smashing lefts sent Dundee into the ropes on six occasions, and he valiantly tried to defend himself, but the lightning left jolted him repeatedly, rocking him to his heels in the final round.

Yarosz capped his victory with a strong two-fisted attack in the last round, driving Dundee around the ring with fierce body punches and straight jabs that sent Dundee into clinches. The fight was slow at the start, but they began mixing savagely in the sixth.

Yarosz fought a heady battle against a veteran who knows every angle of the game. He showed tremendous stamina and boundless courage. Dundee, with eleven years of experience, decided to let his younger rival set the pace and the move proved a wise one. Had not Vince rated himself in the early rounds, Yarosz' margin of victory would have been much bigger than it was.

Crowned Champion

By "THE RING" EDITOR



When Yarosz's left smothered Dundee's face in the tenth round. Note Teddy's grim, fighting, expression of determination.

When Dundee began to show his full bag of tricks following the tenth round, Teddy came back with a burst of speed that enabled him to take full command just when it appeared that Vince would cut down the lead. In fact, so determined was Yarosz in his attack that it seemed he would burn himself out in the last two sessions in which Vince showed real championship calibre.

Dundee, who had been holding back, made a desperate finish. He came along strong in the twelfth and had a slight edge in the thirteenth and had he possessed a winning punch, which he lacks, he might have retained his title. Dundee gave everything he had but in the last analysis, youth was served. It was Yarosz' first fifteen-round bout and though the distance was new to him, he proved he had plenty of reserve and that he will make a good champion.

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THE new American champion is a native of Monaca near Pittsburgh. He started his career as an amateur. He turned pro in 1929 and has had eighty fights in which he was whipped only twice, once by Eddie Kid Wolfe and again by Young Terry. When only fourteen, he bought a pair of boxing gloves and started to learn the art of self-defense, but his dad was opposed to such procedure and made things disagreeable for Teddy every time he caught him with the mitts. In fact, on one occasion he curbed the youngster with an axe. Dad Yarosz found Teddy with the gloves in a barn, and immediately proceeded to make leather hash out of the mittens. Yet a few years later, the boy whose gloves were destroyed triumphed in a battle for the middleweight title.

The new king of the 160-pound division first saw light on June 24, 1910. This son of Polish immigrants is a handsome, modest youth and a thoroughly fine citizen. It is a safe prediction that he will never try to emulate as a playboy, that former Pittsburgh ring hero and champion, Harry Greb.

He hopes some day to hang out his shingle as a doctor. He has been studying under a tutor for more than a year to become eligible to enroll in either Geneva College or Duquesne University. No doubt his father would approve of this if he were alive today, even though the path to the college door led over the resined pathways of many prize rings.

Teddy was sixteen when his father died at Monaca, Pa., a village some twenty miles out of Pittsburgh, where the new champion still makes his home. He and his brother Eddie, two years older, quit high school upon this bereavement and went to work. Shortly after that Eddie began boxing as an amateur, and a little later Teddy followed suit. They started as lightweights and became finalists on three occasions. Each time Eddie defaulted to his younger brother.

In 1929 Teddy competed in the national amateur championships in Boston. Here for the first time this writer saw him in action. He had been entered as a lightweight, but when he took the scales and was found to weigh 139 pounds he was forced to box as a welter. He was not defeated until he reached the finals.

Not very long after that, he started to pester the man who has guided his professional career so successfully, Ray Foutts, for a chance to show his wares in professional company. Foutts was then running weekly shows at New Brighton, Pa. He put Teddy on in a four-round preliminary against Jackie King. Yarosz won after a hard fight.

He fought through his first year and the three succeeding ones without defeat, turning in more than fifty victories in a row, until Eddie Kid Wolfe of Memphis was credited with holding him to a draw. This was a ten-round bout which was fought as the semi-final to the McLarnin-Leonard contest. The verdict was a split one.

In a return match with Wolfe, fought soon after in Pittsburgh, the first defeat was marked up against Yarosz. A ten-round decision against the home town boy aroused much protest. A month later they clashed for the third time and they went to a draw. This Memphis rival, however, is the only opponent to have given Yarosz any real trouble.

Young Terry beat him last fall in Newark, but Teddy is confident he is Terry's master.

Why Sob Over McLARNIN

GAZING down the length of the past month, we find that the much postponed and then much debated bout between Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin, in New York, was the grand highlight. Ross went into the ring with the lightweight and welterweight championships and came out minus the welter title. The judges disagreed and then the referee, Mr. Arthur Donovan, gave the championship to McLarnin.

Now, the writer is going to shed no tears over the manifest injustice to Ross. As I saw the fight, it could not possibly have been given to McLarnin on the basis of justice, equality, fraternity and good eyesight. The worst Ross could have got on the basis of the N.R.A., the P.W.C., the B.V.D. and the LL.D. was a draw. But Mr. Donovan saw it otherwise and thereby became a man of a thousand.

As I said, it is not my desire, inclination or intention to shed tears because Ross got the wrong dope from Mr. Arthur Donovan who, if I remember rightly, gave a somewhat poor demonstration of refereeing in the Baer-Carnera fight. However, Mr. Arthur Donovan seemingly is the white-haired boy of the New York Boxing Commission.

Well, there will be another McLarnin-Ross fight in New York, and the Commission once more will be called on to name a referee, and when it does, it would do well to sidetrack the white-haired boy. Mr. Arthur Donovan disqualified himself from acting in another Ross fight if the remarks attributed to him in an interview printed in the esteemed and accurate *New York Herald-Tribune* are correct transcripts of what Mr. Donovan actually said to a reporter for that publication.

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DEFENDING his decision in the face of popular disapproval, Mr. Donovan said that, anyway, Ross never was reckoned very much of a fighter in the books of Mr. Donovan, the white-haired boy of General Phelan's commission. Now, no matter what Mr. Arthur Donovan, the white-haired boy of the New York Commission, may think about fighters who come under his more or less eagle-eyed and discriminatory jurisdiction, Mr. Donovan should imitate the wise and crafty clam and keep his official trap shut.

However, I go back once more to my original decision not to shed tears over the seemingly bad break for Ross. The gods see to it that the right thing is done, and they must have inspired Mr. Arthur Donovan. For, the way things are in these parlous times, no fighter should hold two championships. Any battler who insists on keeping two titles should be prosecuted under the anti-trust laws, and the N.R.A. restrictions on monopolies and unfair competition.

As a matter of fact, the N.R.A. has done an injustice to the boxers. It has made codes for plumbers and artists, carpenters and writers, but it has ignored the poor fighter.

The N.R.A. should correct this deficiency and make a code for the fighters, their managers and promoters. No manager should be allowed more than twenty per cent of any net profit of any fighter; no promoter should be allowed to "own" fighters, and no referee should be permitted to pass judgment on the technical abilities or disabilities of any fighter whom he has judged in the ring.

Naturally, this would be tantamount to the millennium, but this is a time for high ideals and the working out of brand new destinies.

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BUT to go back for the nonce to that decision handed down by Judge Donovan that damp night, in the big saucer near Broadway's bright lights. I want to make one thing plain. Mr. Arthur Donovan, the white-haired boy of the Commission, is one honest official. He may be astigmatic, but he is the apotheosis of probity and a square shooter. He makes mistakes, but he makes them honestly. And that is something, brother—it is more than something.

We make no bones about Donovan's honesty. That has never been questioned and should not be. Whatever disagreement we may have with Arthur, a keen judge of fighting, is based wholly on his judgment as compared to ours. There are many of my colleagues, including Nat Fleischer, who think Arthur is the best referee in New York barring no one, but with them I must disagree.

Disregarding for the time being the justice or otherwise of the McLarnin decision—and I will admit that Mr. Donovan got strong backing from quite a few cognoscenti, including Mr. Bennah Leonard, one-time fighter of parts—the fact remains that the verdict whetted the popular appetite for another battle between B. Ross and J. McLarnin as was predicted in this magazine last month.

Now, anything that can whet a fistic appetite is to be commended, and for that reason I am willing to pin a medal on the chest of Mr. Arthur Donovan, the white-haired boy of the New York Commission.

There will be another Ross-McLarnin fight. Mr. McLarnin will go into it better equipped than he was for the first two bouts with B. Ross, because Mr. McLarnin will have been to Ireland. In Ireland, Mr. McLarnin will have kissed the Blarney stone, and this should assist him no little in impressing the referee of the next fight.

I hope I am not being too harsh with Mr. Donovan, because so many folks who should know a thing or two about fighting rushed to the aid of Mr. Donovan. They say he is a great referee, one of the best. I say he is too erratic, too unsteady to handle a big match. He has proved that often.

It may be that the writer has the wrong slant. Though, the day after the fight twenty-two out of twenty-nine expert scriveners who specialize in the description of cauliflower combat, rose in their literary wrath and announced that the decision had gone to the wrong man.

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STILL, the wrath was tempered with mercy for Mr. Donovan and the judge who had seen eye to eye with him in figuring that Mr. McLarnin had won the fight and the title. There are so many millions of folks who have to go through their daily grind with absolutely no boxing championship of any kind to play with that they felt that Ross was hogging it with two championships, while Mr. McLarnin had been forced to go about the country for some months minus any title to play with. He was just plain James Archibald McLarnin, and millions of citizens felt that it was a shame that he had no title and Mr. Ross had two. Now this deficiency has been corrected. Mr. McLarnin once more is the welterweight champion and can go right on fighting men who weigh from six to twenty pounds less than he does.

I always have admired Mr. McLarnin's skill as a fighter. As a matter of fact, I picked McLarnin to beat Ross without benefit of judicial error. I was surprised at McLarnin's lack of power in that second fight.

But the policy of the McLarnin menage has irked me. Pop Foster is too canny. For years McLarnin has been a great fighter and for years he has been fighting only men who had to concede poundage to him. Being slightly old-fashioned in manners which have to do with boxing, I don't believe that policy is a fair one to the rest of the field—and to McLarnin. Why should the world get the impression that James Archibald is a weight hog?

In the old days, a light guy like McCoy thought nothing of fighting a real big heavyweight. Walcott battled men forty pounds heavier. Gans battled men to whom he had to give away pounds and pounds. Even Leonard, who was shrewd and calculating under the shrewd and calculating Gibson, fought men who were heavier and bigger and stronger.

Verdict of ARTIE'S!

By
DANIEL M.
DANIEL

Why, then, does Mr. McLarnin adhere to this policy of fighting only smaller men? Step out, James, and sock a few bigger guys for practice. It's fun, no end of fun, to sock a bigger guy. Picking on smaller men isn't half the joy!

That's why, every once in a while, some little fellow picks out a large loggan in the New York subway and lets him have it. The little fellow has been brooding on it for weeks, maybe months. He has coveted the joy of plastering a bigger man. Then comes the moment when he no longer can restrain himself, and deny himself the supreme thrill. Try it, Jimmy.

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THE Ross-McLarnin decision roused me on another old-fashioned count. As you know, in the days when fighters were fighters and there was plenty of fighting, there was a delectable and romantic custom. The champion had to be beaten to lose his title.

There was a certain practice which was based on what was known as champion's courtesy. If the challenger got just the faintest whisper of an edge, the referee called it a draw. It was not regarded as fair to toss a title into somebody's lap on a mere hairline.

Because of the remembrance of this old custom, I was all the more surprised when the title was handed to McLarnin.

Still, I reiterate my original platform—not to shed tears over the defeat, per se, of Barney Ross, as there will be still another fight and, no doubt, still another argument in its wake. There is one thing about boxing. No matter who wins, there is an argument. Even if the winner scores by a knockout, as Max Baer did against Primo Carnera, there is a hot debate.

In baseball, for example, we have a world series. One team wins four games and it is over. There is no talk of a poor decision or another match. That's one of the big reasons for the tremendous popularity of baseball. But then baseball isn't boxing, and that's why both baseball and boxing may be said to be lucky.

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THIS sort of brings us around to Mr. Baer. Incidentally, what has become of Signor Carnera? There is some talk of his appearing in New York this winter. If the large signor really is matched for action in the Garden, I hope it isn't a glorified exhibition, but a real fight in an elimination tournament to dig up a contender for Baer next June.

The good signor and his court have done well to stop beefing about the Baer fight, and Primo's large and hurt ankle. The carnival of beefing did not go so well, and it must be that the gigantic signor and his supporters have run out of wind, though at one time it seemed as if they would have enough wind to hold international yacht races for the next year and a month. However, even wind runs out.

While this piece is being written, we are on the *qui vive*, so called, for the Hamas-Lasky fight in New York. This is another postmark on the road to better things, they say. Lasky appears to have intrigued the customers around New York. The Hamas-Lasky affair may develop an interesting rival for Carnera, and perhaps the Garden folks will arrange this.

* * *

AS we prance to press, Mr. Baer is making the rounds doing a sort of circus stunt in the lesser cities. He is refereeing and wrestling, sort of, and doing this, that and the other thing without doing much of anything except to show himself and his smile.

This is the rightful prerogative of the champion, and I am glad that he is not touring the country in one of those old-fashioned vehicles like "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," or "The Village Blacksmith." You may recollect, if you are old enough, that Sullivan, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, and the rest, made the tour of the towns and the junket of the cities doing their bit for the great American dramuh. It is quite enough now that Max Baer does his bit for the cinema and that he is not prompted to appear on the boards in tear jerkers and romance riots.

It is gratifying to me that the move to make Baer a rival of Clark Gable has abated somewhat, and that Max has decided that he is of the ring and not of the movies. Of course, overnight, Mr. Baer may change his mind. He is fickle and changeable like the weather off Hatteras. But right now there is a reasonable amount of surety that Mr. Baer will go back to his business of trading punches next June.

I was very much interested in the slip of the tongue attributed to Mr. Baer at a luncheon given in his honor on the Coast. Mr. Baer was quoted as having said that during the Carnera fight he took a little strychnine to pep him up. Taking anything like that is against the rules.

However, Mr. Baer hastened to explain that what he meant was cherry wine. Now, a fighter cannot be censured for taking cherry wine, in or out of the ring. Take a little cheery wine, yourself! See your dentist twice a year. Don't be fooled by cherry wine made from rancid cherries. Let it be dated cherry wine, like the kind Baer drank when he gave Primo the pounding in the Bowl.

Folks misinterpret things of that sort and I would advise Mr. Baer not to make any more slips like that, as "the folks" might think he was hopped up when he grabbed the title, and the folks are not admirers of hopped-up champs.

* * *

IN my travels about the country—I have covered thousands of miles this year—I have had an opportunity to make a pretty close study of the judges and referees, and I must say that the system employed in some of the western states, where the total number of points counts in the award of a decision, is far better than that employed in New York and other Eastern states. For example, I have seen tough contests in Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis and other important fight centers where if they were staged in New York, the decision would either have been a draw or the wrong man, in my opinion, would have gotten the verdict, and only because we use the round by round method of scoring.

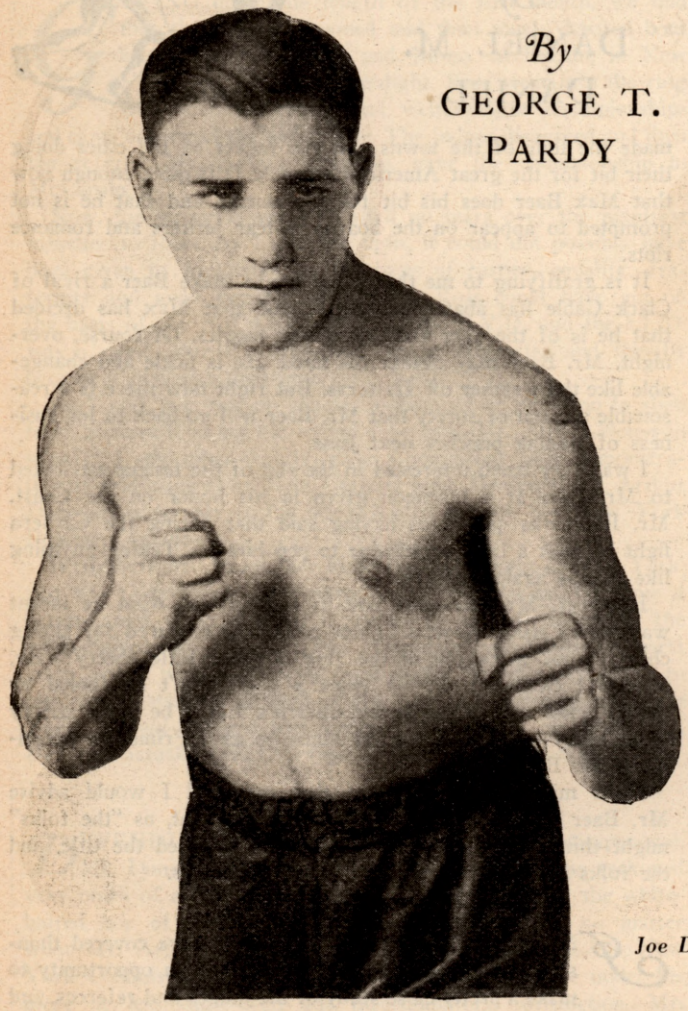
In Chicago, if a fighter has a tremendous margin in three rounds and the rest of the fight is pretty close, even if he happens to be behind by one round on the round-by-round system in vogue in New York, he would win because his total of points would properly show his margin of victory. In the old days when the referees used their own judgment and didn't have to tally according to commission rulings, there were mighty few bouts in which the decision failed to meet popular approval.

In those days if a fighter scored a knockdown, it required considerable effort on the part of the dropped battler to even the score. If a fighter had his man all but out in a round, you can bet your boots he got full credit for it. Today he just wins that round.

If he loses the first five of a ten-round mill, gets an even break in the sixth and then batters his opponent from pillar to post, if the officials' cards show him to be a round behind, that chap who made such a great comeback, loses the fight. By all fairness the fight belongs to him and not to the man whom he whipped so sadly in the last four rounds, yet the rules say no. Figure it out, Hiram. Perhaps you're a better mathematician than I am.

When Welters Waged

By GEORGE T. PARDY



Joe Dundee

THE recent battles, involving the welterweight championship title, between Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin, stirred up a good deal of public interest in a class which has had some singular up-and-down fluctuations as regards fan popularity. The Ross-McLarnin engagements had unusual appeal for fight patrons, because of Ross's temerity in deliberately reaching out for welter honors, while holding possession of the lightweight crown. Handicap matches of the kind are considered quite a gamble for the underweight man to take, and for that very reason fascinate the average citizen, as in nine out of ten cases every sport is a gambler at heart.

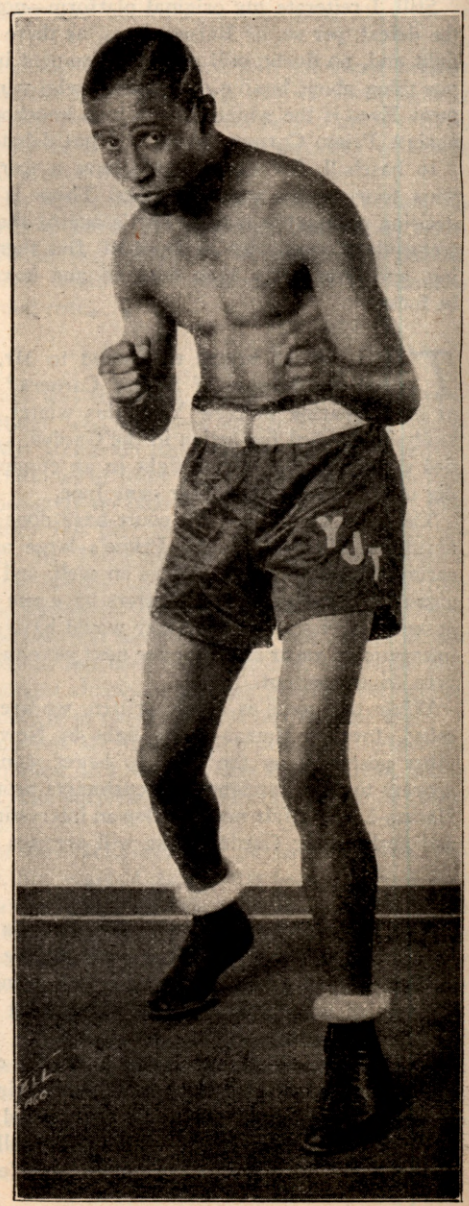
Jack Britton

Back in the nineties the welters—they then fought at 142 pounds ringside—furnished some of the most savagely contested combats ever waged between the ropes, and were held in as high estimation as the ever popular lightweight battlers by the customers. Time was when there was no grade recognized between light and middleweight, with the result that lightweights frequently tackled men with twenty-five pounds, or more, advantage over them. But around 1880, the welter class was gradually gaining favor as a happy medium which did away with such absurd weight handicaps, the first American champion being one Paddy Duffy, of Boston, who maintained leadership of the division for several years.

A glance through old records show Danny Needham fighting 100 rounds, Queensberry rules, to a draw with Patsy Kerrigan, in 1890, at San Francisco. The year following, Needham and Tommy Ryan battled 76 rounds at Minneapolis, Ryan winning on a knockout. Small gloves were used on each occasion, and that both winner and loser were badly cut up, goes without saying. Which, when you come to think it over, presents a startling contrast to the modest demands made upon modern boxers, who receive a small fortune for winning or losing over the fifteen-round route, with mitts of the pillow variety.

* * *

TOMMY RYAN, who is still hale and hearty, and living on the coast, was recently the subject of an interesting article in THE RING, by that most able of fistic chroniclers, Ed Smith, who correctly limned him as one of the mightiest gladiators of his day. In 1894, Ryan topped the welter grade, which was then prolific in colorful talent, with Mysterious Billy Smith as his most prominent rival. Ryan was that all-too-rare combination, a master scientist and dangerous puncher. Scientifically speaking, Smith was no polished artiste, but still something far more than a mere wild slugger, and perhaps best described by the phrase "fighting-clever." A be-



Young Jack Thompson

Wild Fistic War

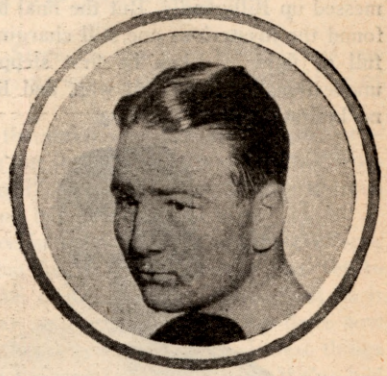
Recent Battles Recall Interesting Contests of the Past

liever in the military maxim that "the best defense is a bold offensive." Mysterious Billy was a real storm-trooper, if ever there was one.

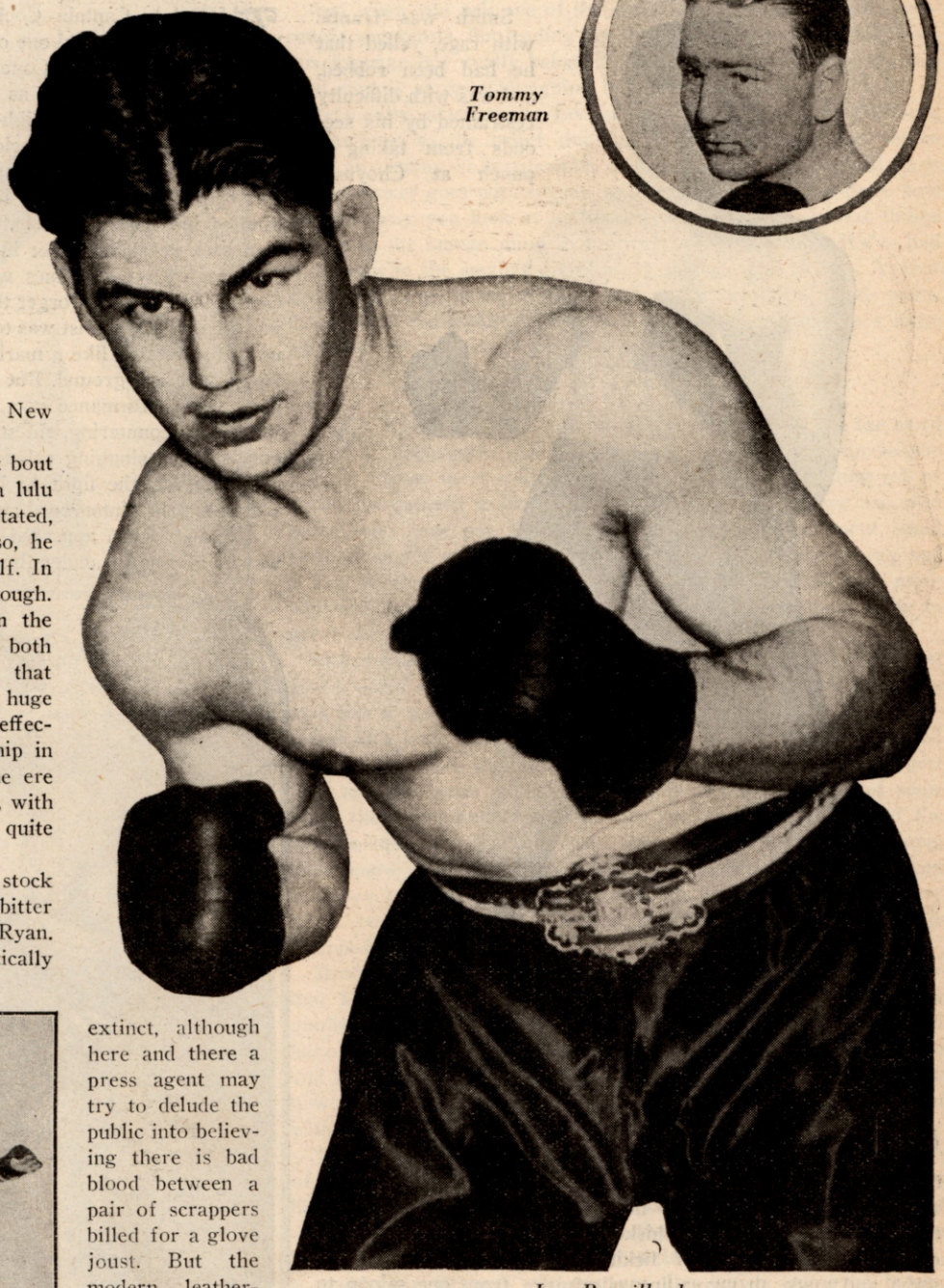
Australia was sending us some crack welters just then, among whom were Tom Williams, George Dawson, Shadow Maber, et al. Williams was a hurricane performer, renowned for the deadly accuracy of his right-hand wallops, one of which put the clever Dawson to sleep shortly before the pair left their native shores. Smith had been fighting a little over a year when Williams arrived in the U. S., but was already notorious for his speed and hitting ability. Eastern promoters figured that the fur would fly in a clash between two such impetuous performers, and they were matched before a New York club in the summer of 1893.

The promoters guessed rightly. That bout failed to last two rounds, but it was a lulu while it lasted. Williams, as before stated, was a deadly right-hand puncher. Also, he was fast and as fierce as a timber wolf. In those respects, the men were even enough. But, unfortunately for the chap from the antipodes, Smith packed dynamite in both fists. In the whirlwind battering bee that ensued, the two-handed scrapper had a huge advantage over the bird with the one effective talon. Both were reeling like a ship in a gale at intervals, but the finish came ere the second frame was two minutes old, with Williams lying prone on the canvas, quite oblivious to the count.

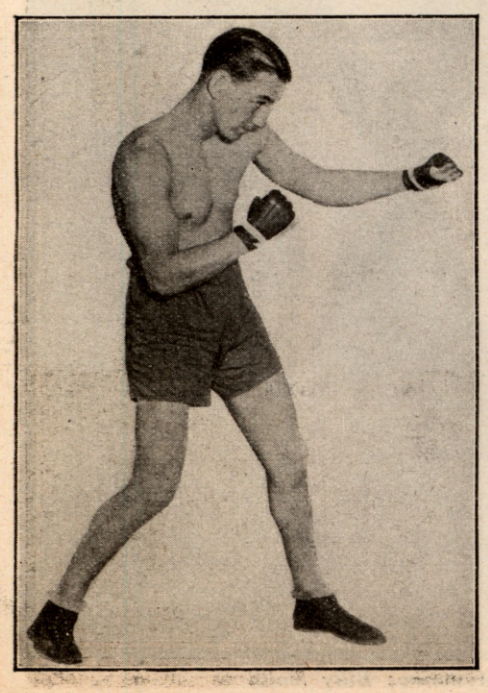
This victory put Smith's fighting stock sky-high and from then on dated the bitter rivalry between the mysterious one and Ryan. Nowadays the "grudge fight" is practically



Tommy Freeman



Lou Brouillard



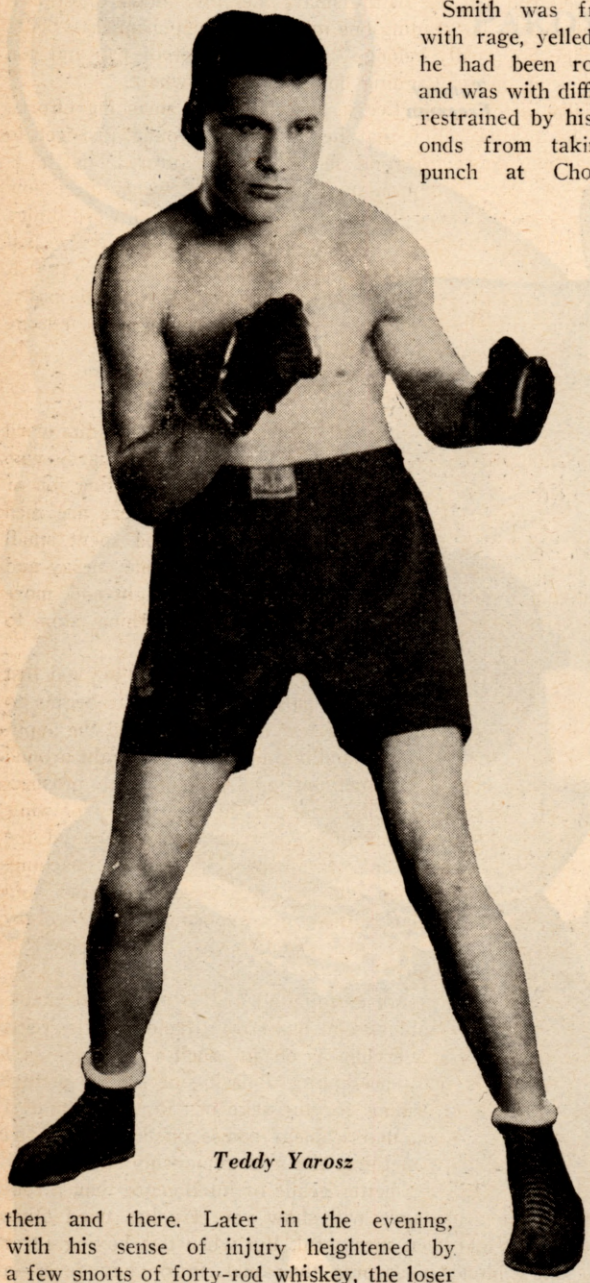
Jackie Fields

extinct, although here and there a press agent may try to delude the public into believing there is bad blood between a pair of scrappers billed for a glove joust. But the modern leather-pushers are strictly business men, first, last and all the time, unlikely to carry any sort of ill-feeling into a ring, unless it be a grudge against a promoter for not giving them a better cut into the gate receipts.

At best, Smith's temper closely resembled that of a grizzly bear with a sore tail, and the praises lavished on Ryan by an appreciative sporting press, afflicted Billy's spirit worse than an attack of yellow jaundice. Ryan was universally recognized as the welter champ and Smith disputed the claim, asserting vigorously that Tommy was afraid to meet him. A six-round bout that ended in a draw verdict only tended to increase the bitterness of their professional feud, as each man believed and stated that he should have received the decision. Finally they signed

for a twenty-round bout at Minneapolis, July 26, 1894, with the welter title at stake.

It was blue murder all the way, with Smith boring in and Ryan countering him with straight lefts and jolting rights that messed up Billy badly. But the final bell in the twentieth frame found the mysterious one still charging head-on, as vicious and full of fight as when he first stepped from his corner. Yet unquestionably Ryan had won, and Referee Joe Choynski had no hesitation in so deciding.



Teddy Yarosz

Smith was frantic with rage, yelled that he had been robbed, and was with difficulty restrained by his seconds from taking a punch at Choynski then and there. Later in the evening, with his sense of injury heightened by a few snorts of forty-rod whiskey, the loser declared his intention of licking Joe on sight, and made an unavailing pilgrimage from one saloon to another in search of the heavyweight. It was probably just as well for Smith, despite his established reputation as a dangerous rough-and-tumble scrapper, that his Choynski quest was a failure, for Joe could hold his own with the best of 'em at that particular game, and Billy would have assuredly fared worse than he did with the mitts against Ryan.

But the incident is worth chronicling as an instance of how fistic pride and anger over defeat influenced some of the old-timers, in direct contrast to the resignation shown by modern boxers in the face of disaster. Can you visualize either Schmeling, when whipped by Hamas, or Carnera, after losing his crown to Baer, making a round-the-town canvass in pursuit of an offending referee? Well—"other times, other manners," undoubtedly there is more politeness existent in ring circles today, but whether the fight game has gained or lost by the application of exterior polish must remain a matter of individual opinion.

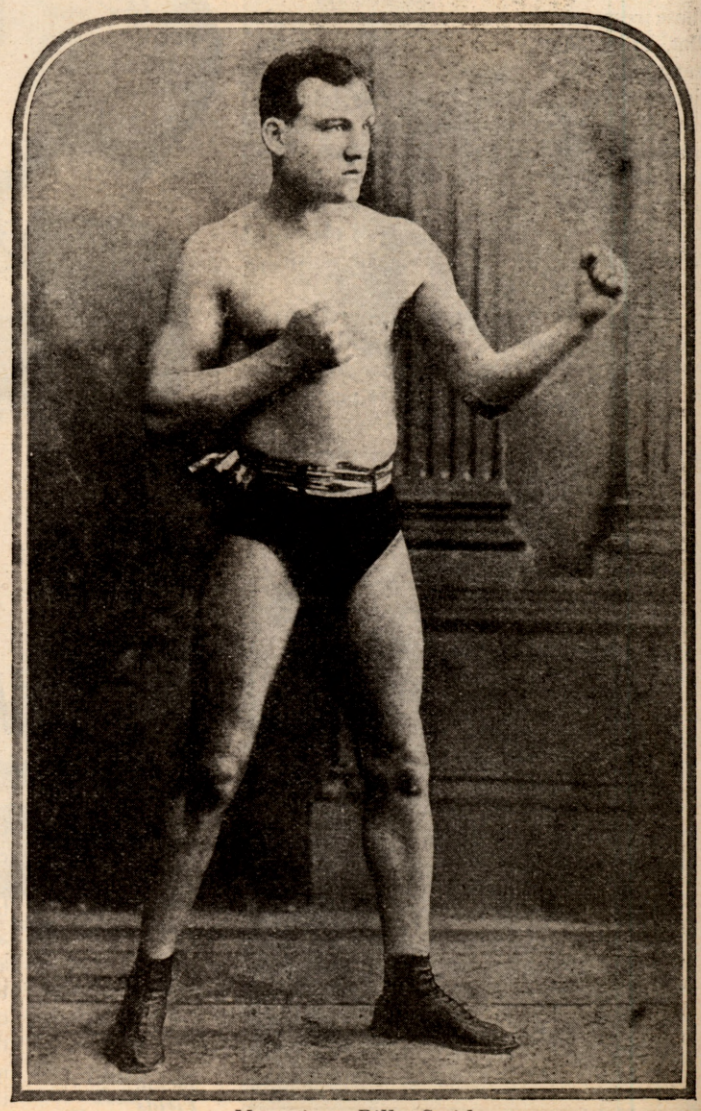
Naturally Smith was not content to accept the Minneapolis decision as final, and as Ryan, who by this time had as much liking for the Mysterious One as the devil has for holy water, expressed a burning desire to trim him again, a second match was easily made, and they faced each other at the Coney Island Club May 27, 1895.

* * *

THE late Captain Cook, editor of the now defunct *Boston Police News,* and one of America's foremost fistic authorities, told the writer that the Coney Island fray between Ryan and Smith stood out in his memory as the most vicious grudge battle he had ever witnessed between high-class pugilists. With scant regard for the proprieties, or the precious wind he was wasting, Smith kept up a running stream of blasphemy as he fought, hurling vituperative epithets at his enemy. Ryan for a while kept his temper, but kindled into heat as the battle progressed, and in its later stages sent back vocal insult for insult.

There were even times when Tommy's discretion lapsed sufficiently to make him forget that the safest way to combat his rushing, furious antagonist was to outbox him, and occasionally he stood up to the scratch like a marble statue, mixing with a will, and refusing to break ground. But these intervals were few, for the most part, the performance was a replica of the Minneapolis battle, with Ryan countering, sidestepping, and battering Billy with every punch in the slugging calendar. Smith was gory and groggy, but still carrying the fight to his tormentor with indomitable pluck, when the police intervened and called a halt in the eighteenth round.

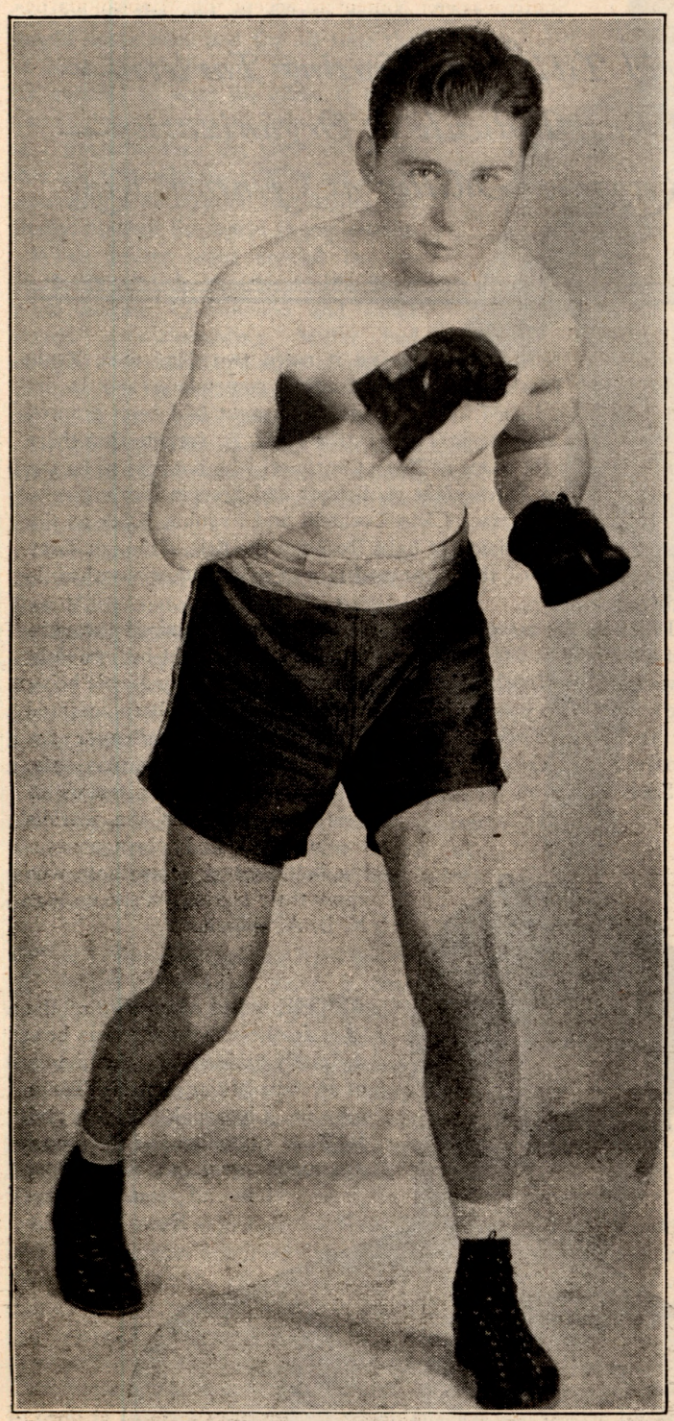
Although Ryan appeared to have the fight well in hand, there was no alternative under the conditions (*Continued on page* 47)



Mysterious Billy Smith

Lee Ramage *Sized Up*

By THE OLD MAESTRO



Lee Ramage, Pacific Coast's clever heavyweight.

IF you ask 'em down around San Diego, which is a beautiful city tucked away on the extreme southwestern corner of the Golden State, they'll tell you that Lee Ramage is one of the greatest boxing men the world ever saw. In fact, they firmly believe he is destined for that brightest of all shiny spots in the sun, the heavyweight title.

And if you don't agree, you'll find yourself with a mighty stiff argument on your hands, one that will call for tremendously convincing vocal efforts and the use of powerful language to entitle you to as good as a draw. If you can get as good as an even break and escape a good sock on the nose you'll be lucky. That's what San Diego thinks of its present favorite athletic native son.

Farther to the north, in and around Los Angeles where the handsomely boyish Lee has put up some of his dandiest scraps, especially those corkers with Steve Hamas, they think Lee is one of the very best boxers they ever saw. Farther than this, few of the fistic fanatics care to go.

And when you ask one of the smart ones this simple question—simple apparently, but leading one into many open channels—"Does this Ramage boy really belong?" you'll get a lot of pro and con stuff that is at once intriguing but gets one nowhere.

Personally, after seeing Lee in several of his smashing efforts, I'm inclined to the belief that he is far too young just yet to place any stamp of certification on his possible future. That he is a great boxer goes without saying. But he's only twenty-three now and any way you look at it, heavyweights are the slowest things known to the human mind in the way of development. We've had champions in the smaller divisions at nineteen and twenty. At that age, the average heavyweight is nothing but a hunk of crude putty, fit only for the molding process—a long, tiresome and, in a large majority of cases, an entirely hopeless task.

* * *

I KNOW men of rare intelligence—again I'll use the word "apparently" as a matter of personal safeguard—who have spent a lifetime of effort at this fascinating job of trying to unearth a world's champion gladiator. There are men today who have put in years of tireless effort and spent small fortunes in the effort. And I might add that the same energy and a like amount of coin invested in other and, we might add, more legitimate endeavors, would have led on to something akin to great success and personal fortune and even fame.

Not one in twenty comes anywhere near the mark. They get just so far—and that's the tantalizing part of it. When it begins to look like it was just a matter of a few more weeks and the application of a little more shrewd handling and, well, it's right around the corner—then, blooey! something goes wrong. The prospect falls apart in some inexplicable manner; there is a row of some sort; there are financial difficulties or something else. And the months upon months that have been spent in hopeful coaching, long hours of discourse, pep talks of hygiene and athletics, and promises of huge financial returns, go for naught with a very large, round and empty O, just exactly what the doughnut is wrapped around.

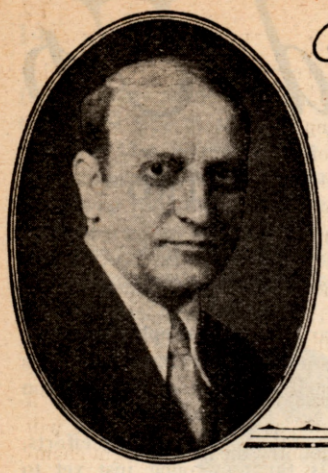
Mind you, please, I'm not arguing—I try never to do that—that Mr. Kennard S. Hubley, who has strong hands on the reins guiding this young Ramage chap, is on any such a dead one as I have pictured. I'm merely presenting a dark side of the picture and at the same time wishing for the sake of "Pop," for that is how he is always known, that Ramage comes on thoroughly and with effectiveness into something like a championship battle.

"Pop" is a fine man of a better grade of intelligence than a run-of-the-mine boxing manager will show you. He has tried other lines of endeavor and been successful. But when this boxing fever gets into one's blood it's worse than malaria or hay fever—a headache that few realize, a carbuncle on the back of the neck, a maddening sickness, the panacea for which few ever attain.

And Lee is about as nice a kid as you'd ever wish to meet—just a big boy of the ingenuous Dempsey type that Jack was before he was champion, and still is, now that he has been through tests of fire and acid, a fellow whose mental poise and likeableness never was changed in any way through possession of highest honors and a nation's adulation.

* * *

I LOVE "Pop's" sharp reactions to anything that might possibly reflect on his boy's future. "My feller," he always calls him in a sort of sincere, fatherly love, as one might speak of a son who needs a little pampering and is going to get it, too. Ask him if Lee really belongs and he'll give you an intelligent and sensible reply. Here's a sample of it: (*Continued on page* 45)



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Miller Clinched World Title by Defeating Tarleton—N.B.A.'S. Rulings Bring Ridicule to Organization—New York Should Recognize Miller as Feather King

THE National Boxing Association, whose rulings hold sway in thirty-one states and are also accepted by the British Board of Boxing Control with which it is affiliated, pulled one for the book at its last meeting when it ruled out Maxie Rosenbloom as light-heavyweight king and ordered an elimination tournament to determine a new champion. And to make matters more ludicrous, the reason given for such action by its members, in session in Toronto at the annual meeting of the organization, was that Rosenbloom had "failed to defend his title often enough, clowned in the ring and criticized his opponents."

I am in favor of the National Boxing Association, as I've often said, because as an organization, it is able to hold a whip hand over the unscrupulous in the sport, but as I have repeatedly remarked, the N.B.A. will never command the respect of the boxing public until such time as its officials use better judgment. How ridiculous the N. B. A. makes itself in stripping Rosenbloom, a legitimate champion, if ever there was one, of his light-heavyweight title on such a flimsy complaint as is offered!

Perhaps the N. B. A. officials—with due respect to its splendid president, Edward Foster, a man who knows what it is all about, knows his boxing from A to Z and therefore should guide his colleagues along a straighter path—are not aware of the fact that Rosenbloom has defended his title more often than did Jimmy McLarnin or any other champion, and that as for his clowning, a competent referee can always take proper care of infringments of the boxing rules within the ring. It is not for the N. B. A. or any other boxing body to determine who shall or shall not be a title holder. That is decided within the squared ropes and, N. B. A. notwithstanding, Maxie Rosenbloom will retain his world light-heavyweight crown until such time as he is definitely defeated at the class weight in the ring.

* * *

WHILE on the subject, I might add that it would be in the best interests of the N. B. A. and boxing in general, if that organization would acknowledge its inability to rate boxers according to merit and stop issuing world ratings of challengers. Time and again the N. B. A. has made itself appear ridiculous by its ratings. Last spring it rated two dead men, Ernie Schaaf and Black Bill as the leading contenders, and in its latest bulletin, issued after unanimous consent had been granted at the annual meeting in Toronto, the N. B. A. forgets that there is a fighter by the name of Tony Canzoneri who happens to be the world's leading lightweight challenger and ignores him entirely.

The N. B. A. names Cleto Locatelli and Frankie Klick as the best men in the division to fight Ross for the title, although Tony twice beat each of those contenders and every other worthwhile lightweight.

Likewise the association ignores Bob Olin, recognized throughout the world as one of the four best men in the light-heavyweight division—Joe Knight, Tony Shucco and John Henry Lewis being the others. This was probably done because Olin has been accepted by the New York Commission as a suitable challenger for Rosenbloom's crown and the N. B. A. has decided to play safe.

Such action on the part of an organization that attempts to gain recognition as the world's leading fistic body, brings nothing but laughter from those who know their boxing. Wake up, you N. B. A. moguls.

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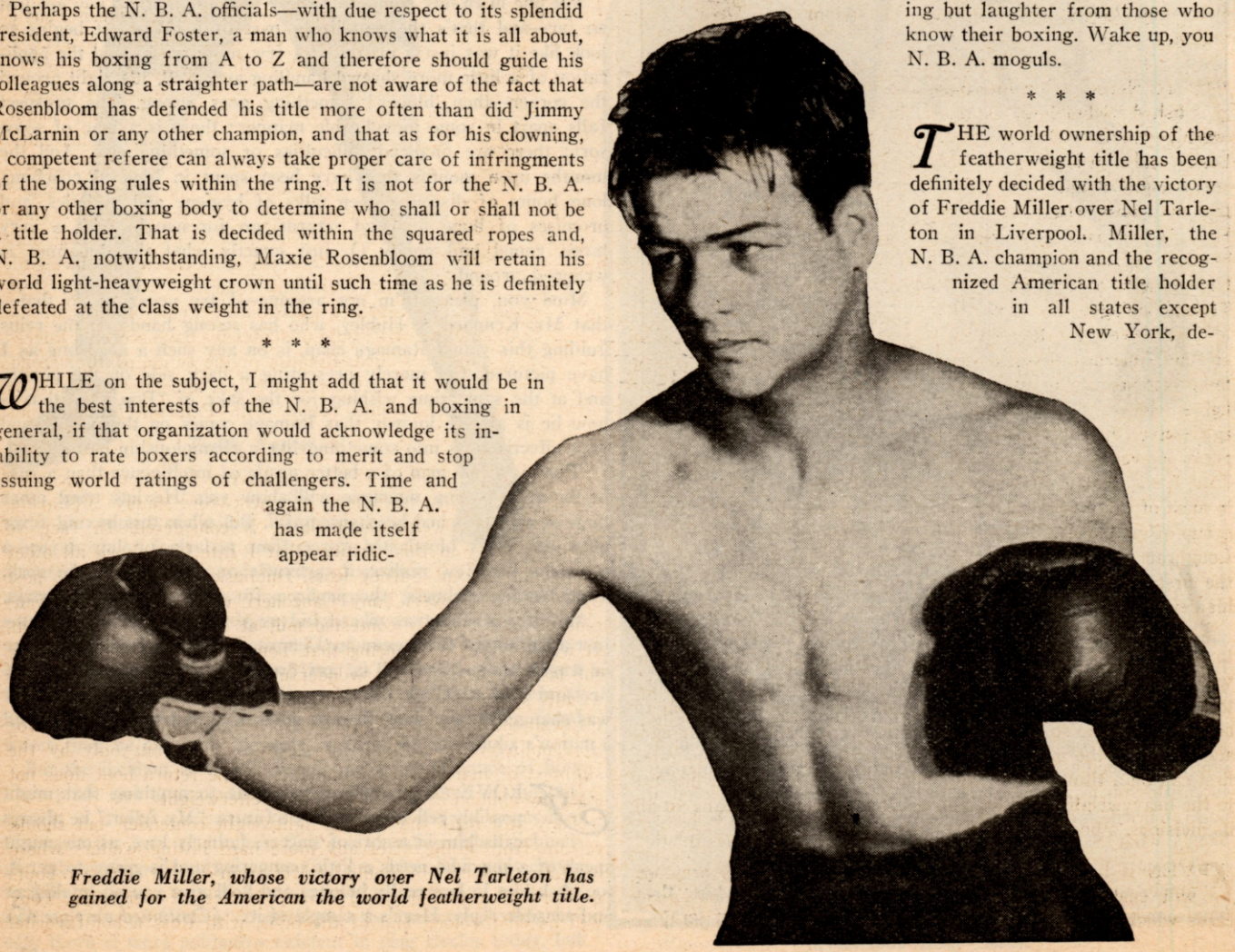
THE world ownership of the featherweight title has been definitely decided with the victory of Freddie Miller over Nel Tarleton in Liverpool. Miller, the N. B. A. champion and the recognized American title holder in all states except New York, de-



Freddie Miller, whose victory over Nel Tarleton has gained for the American the world featherweight title.

cided to risk his laurels in an attempt to clinch world honors by facing the European and British champion on foreign soil and he made good by gaining the decision at the end of fifteen rounds. That victory should settle once and for all time the objection of New York's boxing moguls, that Freddie is not entitled to head the class. If the New York commissioners want to help the sport, as I presume they do, they will show true sportsmanship by coming out in the open with a declaration that Miller has finally clinched the world championship.

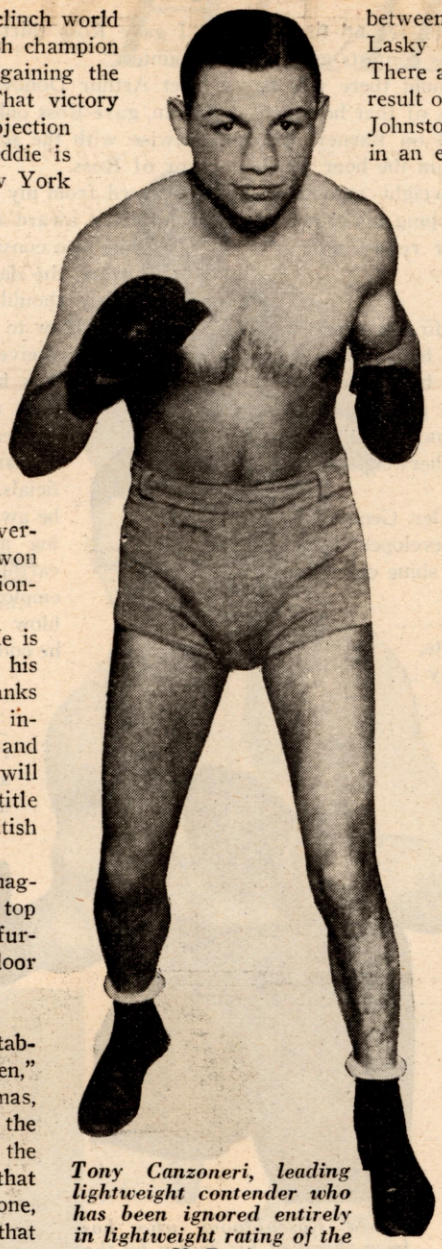
When Miller went abroad he undoubtedly held the American title, New York Boxing Commission and other boards notwithstanding. Miller had whipped every featherweight of note in this country. He beat Baby Arizmendi in the N. B. A. titular match out on the Coast but lost to the Mexican later in an overweight match. Arizmendi only recently won the New York State featherweight championship tournament.

Nothing now stands in Miller's way. He is the world champion and Arizmendi, by his New York victory, over Mike Belloise, ranks the leading contender. I trust that in the interests of the sport, Messrs. Phelan, Wear and Brown of the New York c_mmission will come out in defense of Miller as world title holder, now that he has whipped the British and European champion.

With Arizmendi, Feldman, Belloise, Tamagnini, Hayes and several other good lads in top form, the featherweight division should furnish some lively bouts during the indoor season.

* * *

THE Neusel-Schmeling fight has re-established Schmeling. From a "has-been," overnight he has taken his place with Hamas, Lasky and Carnera as a contender for the heavyweight championship. Regardless of the fact that most critics are of the opinion that Herr Max's days as a topnotcher are gone, he must be considered in the same light that Neusel was before he was halted by the Teuton Schlager.



Tony Canzoneri, leading lightweight contender who has been ignored entirely in lightweight rating of the N. B. A.

I was severely criticized by Neusel's manager, Herr Damski and his American admirers for statements I repeatedly made in these columns to the effect that Walter was a poor specimen of a fighter, just a rough-and-tumble mauler, game to the core and aggressive, but absolutely lacking in all other essentials of a great or even a good boxer. It was my opinion, and I said so in THE RING, that Neusel was favored by the Goddess of Luck in most of the American battles which enabled him to rise to the group of contenders. I thought he was defeated by Natie Brown, Loughran and King Levinsky, although he received a draw in the first and was awarded the verdicts in the other two, hence his defeat at the hands of Schmeling was no surprise to me.

The position of Schmeling, as challenger for the crown he lost to Jack Sharkey, is just as good today as was Neusel's before he was stopped by Max. But before Schmeling can get a chance to regain the title he once held, it will be necessary for him to beat Hamas, who so badly trounced the German hero a year ago, and also take the measure of Carnera, who, in my opinion, rates first call on a titular shot. Schmeling's victory has added interest to the heavyweight situation and as such, has given boxing in all its divisions, a boom.

* * *

EVEN if he fails to get Baer as an opponent, his presence will enable promoters to arrange several additional good cards which were not possible before, among them a Miami bout between Schmeling and Carnera, or a Garden card with Lasky or Carnera or Hamas as possible opponents. There are at least four important contests possible as a result of Schmeling's victory and I expect to see Jimmy Johnston and Nate Lewis of Chicago hot on the trail in an effort to clinch several.

Such is the uncertainty of boxing—one day gloom over the fistic horizon; the next, sunshine. American fistic fans will forget their feeling against Hitler to welcome back Neusel's victor, because he is a colorful fighter, a good hitter, the type that pleases and that's what boxing needs most here. America is a sporting nation and, as such, its fight fans will welcome to this country the heavyweight champion of Germany.

Since Schmeling's victory, like the case of Ray Impellitiere in his bout with Loughran and that of Willard in the mill with Dempsey, has aroused world-wide discussion regarding the round in which the victory was attained, I have received several hundred letters asking for my opinion, in view of a headline appearing in a New York paper that the bout was won in the eighth round, and another, that the round in which the contest ended will not be known until the European Federation meets to decide.

For the benefit of our readers, let me repeat what I have so often written, that when a boxer fails to respond to the bell, he is automatically counted out in the round which would have started at the sound of the bell. If he announced his decision to quit in between rounds, during the rest period, then he loses in the round which had just ended. Thus is Schmeling's case, as he came out of his corner to answer the call of the bell in the ninth, and Neusel failed to do so, Schmeling won by a knockout in the ninth round.

In the Jack Peterson-Larry Gains battle for the British Empire heavyweight championship, on the other hand, that mill ended in the thirteenth round because Gain's chief second hurled the towel into the ring during the rest period between the thirteenth and fourteenth rounds to save Larry from further punishment. Peterson had all the better of the milling and would undoubtedly have scored a knockout had the bout continued. Because of the action of the second, the bout goes down into the records as a knockout of Gains by Peterson in the thirteenth round, with Peterson retaining his crown.

* * *

HARRY DUBLINSKY will have to be seriously reckoned with when the next opponent for Jimmy McLarnin, world's welterweight king, is considered. In fact, so good is Harry at this writing, that I rate him above all other challengers except Barney Ross. Dublinsky gained his high post by his victory over Tony Canzoneri whom he recently vanquished in a fiercely contested mill at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. It was the worst trouncing that Tony had been subjected to in the last ten years of his wonderful fighting career, and he was a sadly spent warrior when the final gong sent him to his corner to await the verdict of the officials, each of whom voted in favor of Dublinsky. Tony later turned the tables, but only by the slightest of margins. Even the loss of the return bout does not alter my opinion of Dublinsky as a welterweight.

Tony still rates the leading lightweight contender, but should refrain from going after any more hard hitting welters where he doesn't belong. He should let McLarnin do that. The two bouts proved that when Tony and Barney do meet, if ever again, Tony will be on the long end of the odds, with Ross a hot favorite.

Ross beat Tony twice, once in Chicago and the second time in New York, and although both of their previous contests aroused considerable discussion in re the winner, I doubt there will be any dissension in the third meeting. Regardless of that however, the fact remains that Canzoneri has first call on Barney, who should show true sportsmanship in granting him the bout which Tony has earned by eliminating every lightweight topnotcher, both of this country and of Europe, since dropping his crown to the Chicagoan and beating Dublinsky in their return mill.

* * *

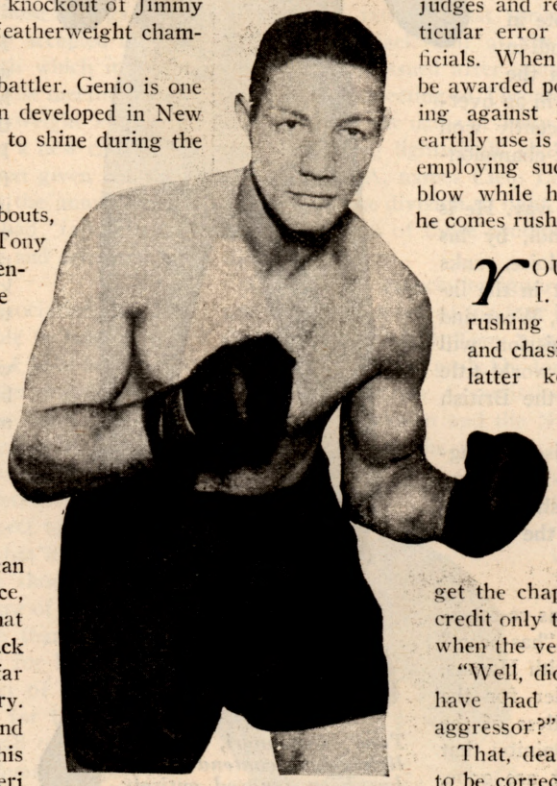
A YOUNG lightweight who is coming to the front with a rush is Leonard Del Genio, who has been carrying off the honors with regularity since he made his big league debut. Leonard is a clever lad who also possesses a good punch and, with proper nursing, will go a long way. His knockout of Jimmy Slavin in the final of the New York State featherweight championship tourney, stamped him as a comer.

He is cocksure of himself and is a heady battler. Genio is one of a large crop of youngsters who have been developed in New York during the past year, who are certain to shine during the indoor season.

* * *

IN RE the Dublinsky-Canzoneri bouts, it might be added that although Tony was badly whipped in the first encounter, he fought an entirely different battle in the second affair, a contest in which he exhibited marked cleverness and through that style, piled up a big enough lead in the early rounds to offset the aggressiveness of his opponent in four of the last five rounds. Canzoneri, despite turning the tables on his Detroit opponent, was far from the great little fighter who fought Ross in Chicago two years ago.

His underpinning is weak. He no longer can go at top speed over the fifteen-round distance, hence when he clashes with Ross, a fight that is assured for him as a result of his comeback against Dublinsky, he will have to be in far better condition than he was against Harry. A sharpshooter like Ross, with his youth and aggressiveness, will smother the Tony of this stage, yet there can be no doubt that Canzoneri has earned the shot at Barney and is by far the leading lightweight contender. Of course, the fact that Canzoneri can readily make 135 pounds as was exemplified in both bouts with Dublinsky in which he scaled only 134½, while Ross will have difficulty to retain his full strength at the lightweight limit, will react to Canzoneri's favor.



Maxie Rosenbloom who has been shorn of his crown by the N. B. A.

Ross is now a heavy lightweight. He is not the type of boy who can keep down to 135 pounds and do himself justice. He is at the stage where the least lay-off causes him to take on poundage and therefore it behooves him to take on Tony without waiting too long. Canzoneri is the only boy who can pack 'em in with Ross right now, and a bout between them in the Garden will be a sure sell-out at $10 tops. Let's have it.

* * *

RECENT dissatisfaction with the decisions rendered by referees and judges throughout the country, is a fair indication that something must be radically wrong. In an effort to gauge the situation properly, I took at random seven New York referees, each of whom is a nationally known figure, and strange as it might seem, the difference of opinion among the seven as to what should count most in the award of points, was astonishing. For example, after the Ross-McLarnin fight, I approached Eddie Forbes, who officiated in the first contest between these stars and gave Ross thirteen rounds, called one even and gave McLarnin only one. I asked Eddie what he thought of the latest verdict and he replied:

"I gave Ross thirteen rounds, the same as I did in the first encounter."

Yet Arthur Donovan, the man who decided in favor of McLarnin, gave Ross only five rounds and even the judges disagreed. Likewise with the scribes, among whom 22 out of 27 voted in favor of Ross.

I learned from my interviews, that whereas most of the judges and referees award most of the points for aggressiveness, the scribes take into consideration every angle—aggressiveness, countering, hitting, the damage done and the misses, and other items that correctly should be considered in judging a fight. In my latest book, "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight,"—which incidentally has received heaps of favorable comment throughout the world and has been officially adopted by eleven American boxing commissions as a treatise for the officials who act as judges and referees—I call attention to this particular error on the part of most American officials. When a fighter is aggressive, he should be awarded points only if he is successful in scoring against his opponent. For example, what earthly use is mere aggressiveness, when a fighter employing such tactics fails to deliver a telling blow while his opponent is smothering him as he comes rushing in?

* * *

YOU have seen that often and so have I. When one fighter is continuously rushing forward, swinging his arms wildly and chasing his man around the ring, but the latter keeps meeting those rushes with straight hits, of course he should be receiving far more credit than the mere dashing, rushing fighter who only occasionally lands a telling blow.

But how many of our officials score that way? How many forget the chap who is scoring repeatedly to give credit only to the opponent? How many officials, when the verdict is questioned, reply:

"Well, didn't he make the fight? Would you have had a fight if he hadn't been the aggressor?"

That, dear readers, is a fallacy which needs to be corrected by our boxing commissions. All other things being equal, the man who was the aggressor—mind you I mean aggressiveness in which punches were landed—should be given the bout, but to consider aggressiveness as the greatest factor in the determination of a contest, that is wrong.

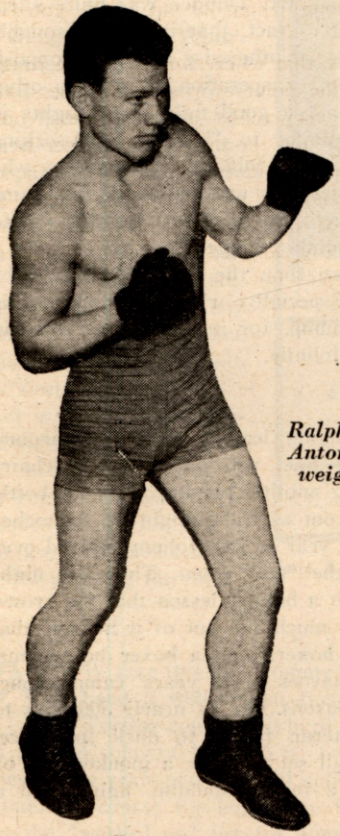
As I have often remarked, a clean, forceful hit, landed on a vulnerable part of the body above the belt, should be credited in proportion to its damaging effect and next in importance in judging a fight, should be aggressiveness. And in that, the fellow who sustains the action of a round by the greatest number of skillful attacks, should be given the most points.

The trouble is that the fighter who always crowds his man even though he doesn't land effectively, most often catches the eye of the crowd and the judges and referee are too often swayed by such demonstration of the fight fans. The officials should keep a clear head and should weigh all points before awarding a round merely on aggressiveness.

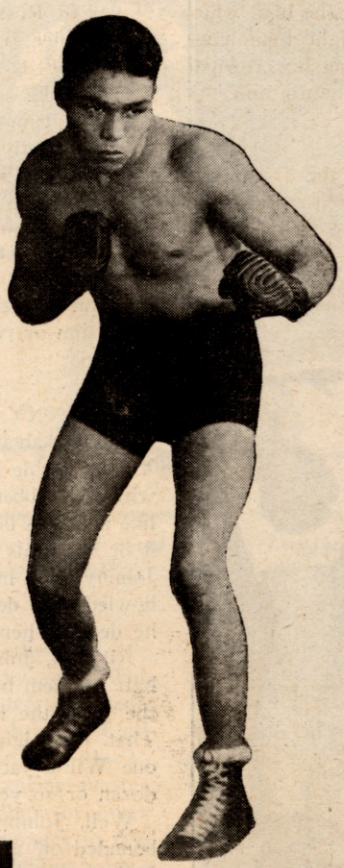
Unfortunately, both the referees and spectators often are fooled by wild rushing which is ineffective. Aggressiveness in which points are scored should be the only thing that counts. You have often seen one fighter exert himself to the utmost, yet scarcely a punch of his landed effectively, while on the other hand, his opponent blocked beautifully, countered well, ducked, slipped and jabbed at will as his rival came tearing in. Would you ignore the latter's effectiveness simply because his opponent was the aggressor? No person would who judged boxing properly.

In conclusion, I urge all those interested to read and digest, "How to Referee and to Judge a Fight."

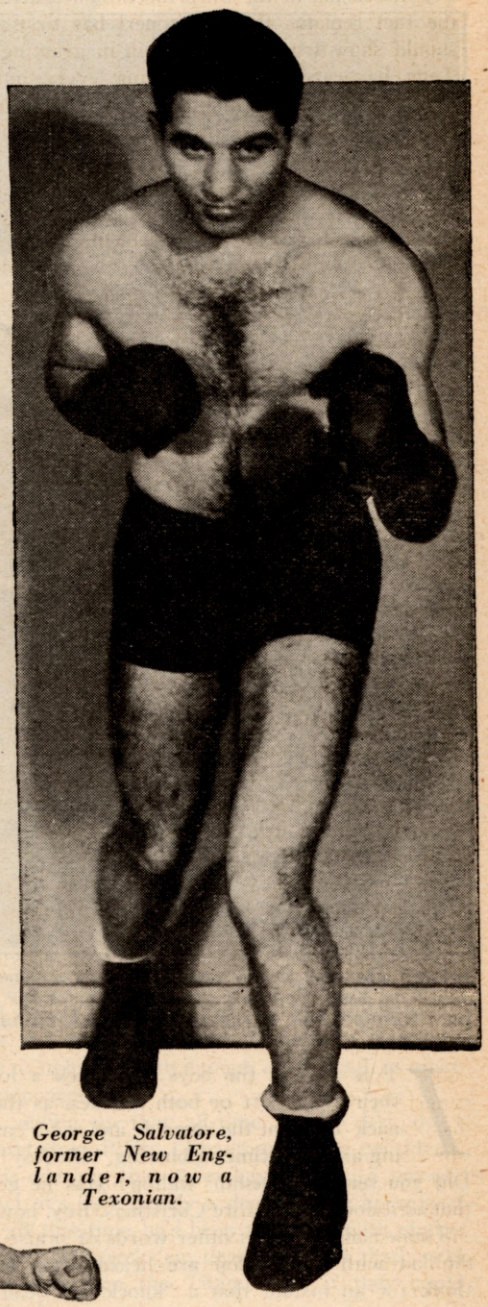
TEXAS HEADLINERS



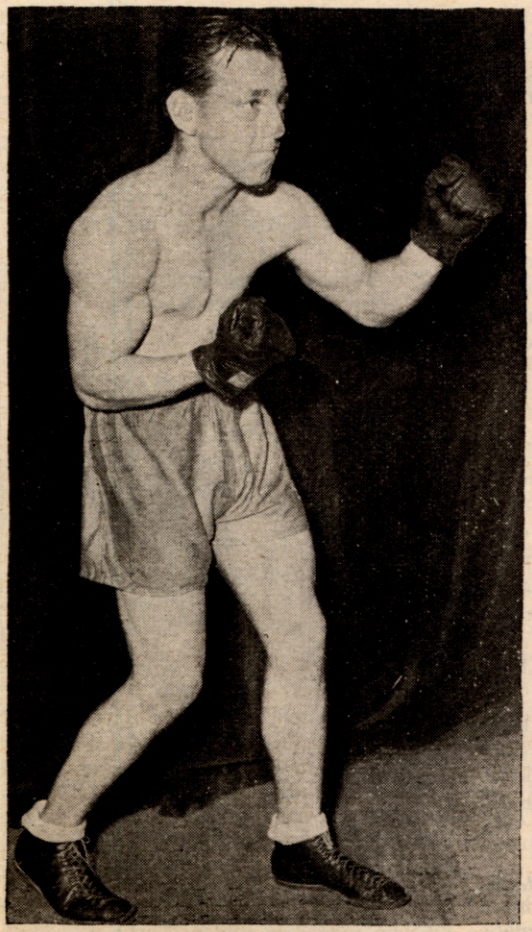
Ralph Sikes, San Antonio welterweight aspirant.



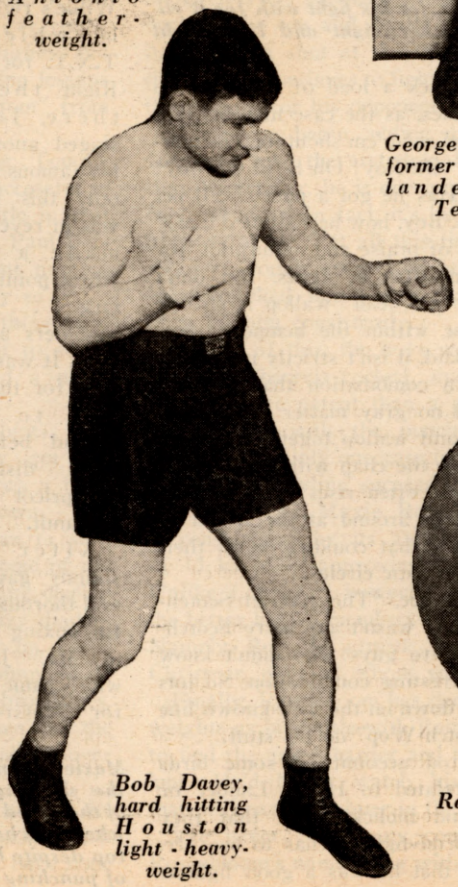
Roberto Gomez, slashing San Antonio featherweight.



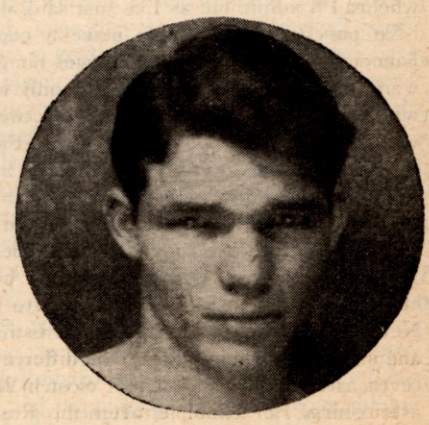
George Salvatore, former New Englander, now a Texonian.



Lou Beard, Fort Worth lightweight contender.

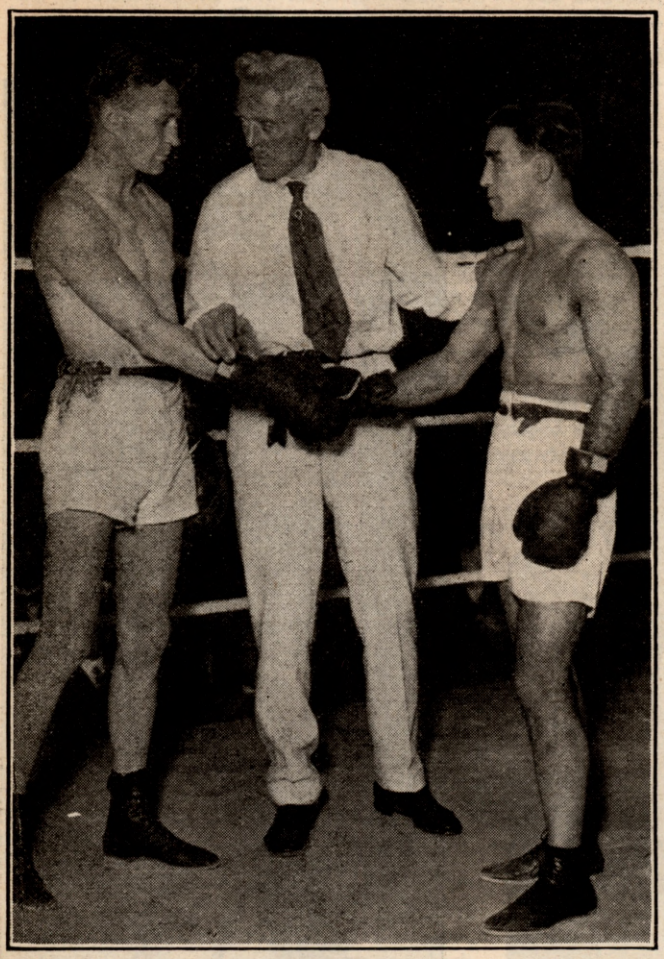


Bob Davey, hard hitting Houston light-heavyweight.



Roy Elliott, promising Houston middleweight.

FEATHER-DUSTERS



Johnny Dundee (left), receiving instructions from Bill Brown, now New York Boxing Commissioner, for his fight with Joe Welling. Dundee met every notable featherweight and lightweight of his period.

IT is usually the boys who pack a load of dynamite in their right, left or both maulies, as the case may be, that pack 'em in at the ringside and send 'em shouting, ejaculating and sometimes gibbering, "Oh Boy! Oh Boy! Oh Boy! Did you see that finishin' wallop? Has he got a punch? I'll bet that bird don't wake 'fore Christmas. Boy, how he flattened him!"

Those and dozens of other words of praise and admiration for the lad with the wallop are heard often at fights. But don't think for an instant that a "knock 'em dead" wallop is strictly necessary to win fame and fortune within the hempen arena. It helps, I'll admit, but as I've just said, it isn't strictly necessary.

No punch and no brains make a combination that hasn't a chance in the world. A punch and no gray matter can get by . . . . for a while at least. Brains and wallop together, make a combination that can't miss, but even the chap without a punch, but with plenty of the old headwork, often rises to the top of the pugilistic pile. Let's take a squint around at the world of wallop and see how some of the lads that couldn't punch their way out of a paper bag, have fared in fistic circles.

We'll take the case of Johnny Dundee, "The veteran Scotch-Wop," for a starter. Of course Johnny wasn't any more Scotch-than Babe Ruth is a Chinaman, but to guys who didn't know the difference, it looked like an interesting combination. So lots of 'em came in, planked their dough down on the well-known line for the privilege of seeing the "Scotch-Wop" do his stuff.

Of course, it wasn't altogether on account of some birds having an idea that Johnny was related to Harry Lauder or Tommy Armour, he of mashie and niblick fame, that they crowded into various and sundry prize-fight arenas to see Mr. Dundee go but because they heard that he was a good fighter.

It was rather well known that Mr. Dundee was quite adept at using his maulies. So adept, in fact, that it was reasonably certain that he would flick, tap and otherwise annoy the opposition to the point of desperation, exasperation or various other words ending in "ion." After all, a good fight fan delights in nothing more than an opportunity to "kid" a hard-socking walloper for his inability to land a punch on some guy who couldn't dent a pie crust. Johnny was a past master at this game of darting in and out and among a flurry of wallops that would have upset a Missouri mule, had they landed.

Nothing pleased Johnny more than the idea of making the opponent look like a chump. Especially, when the opponent in question was anything but a chump, for instance, the champ in a division or two heavier than Johnny.

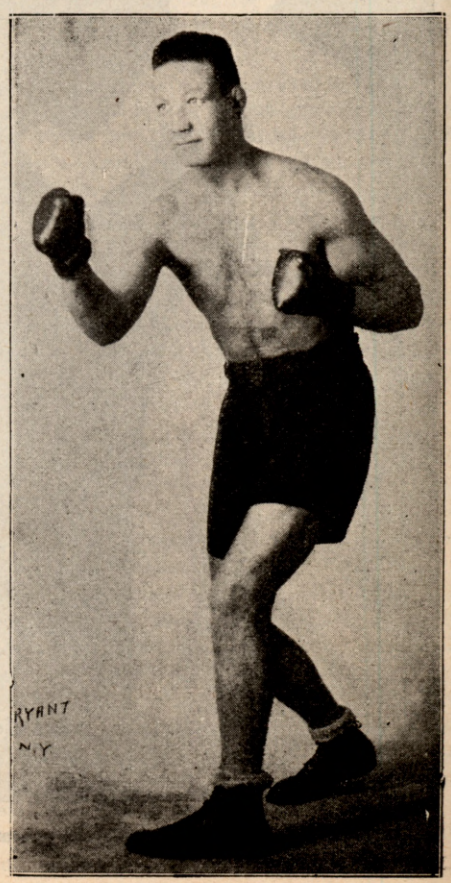
* * *

JOHNNY, who began flinging leather way back around 1910, about the time Max Baer was pulling up to chairs and table legs and ordering another helping from the bottle with the rubber nipple, started out as if he might be a puncher like nobody's business. The first year or two Johnny bowled over 8 or 9 of his opponents for the "ten" count. Then one night Johnny gave his adversary such a boxing lesson that the crowd howled with delight. He got so much fun out of it himself that he decided henceforth to be a boxer. And a boxer he became.

All told, Johnny scored 18 kayoes in 18 years' campaigning, half of them in the first two seasons. Out of nearly 300 trips to the post, the battle-scarred veteran forgot to duck just once. That, one night when he was all set to make a monkey out of one Willie Jackson, who was a fair to middlin' lightweight a dozen or so years ago.

Well, Johnny, whose specialty was bounding off the ropes, bounded off a time or two before the round was a minute old. Jackson appeared more or less flabbergasted by such tactics and Johnny, being in a flabbergasting mood that night, decided to put over another perfect bound. He did, only to bound smack into Willie's right maulie which was T.N.T. for a fact. Right then and there, Johnny staged another of his famous bounds, only this time it was in reverse. He made a perfect "three point" landing . . . . two shoulders and one neck. It was nearly time for the milkman to come around before he could distinguish an apricot from a cocoanut.

After that, Johnny gave several thorough painful boxing lessons to Mr. Jackson, which same he did for Messrs. Joe

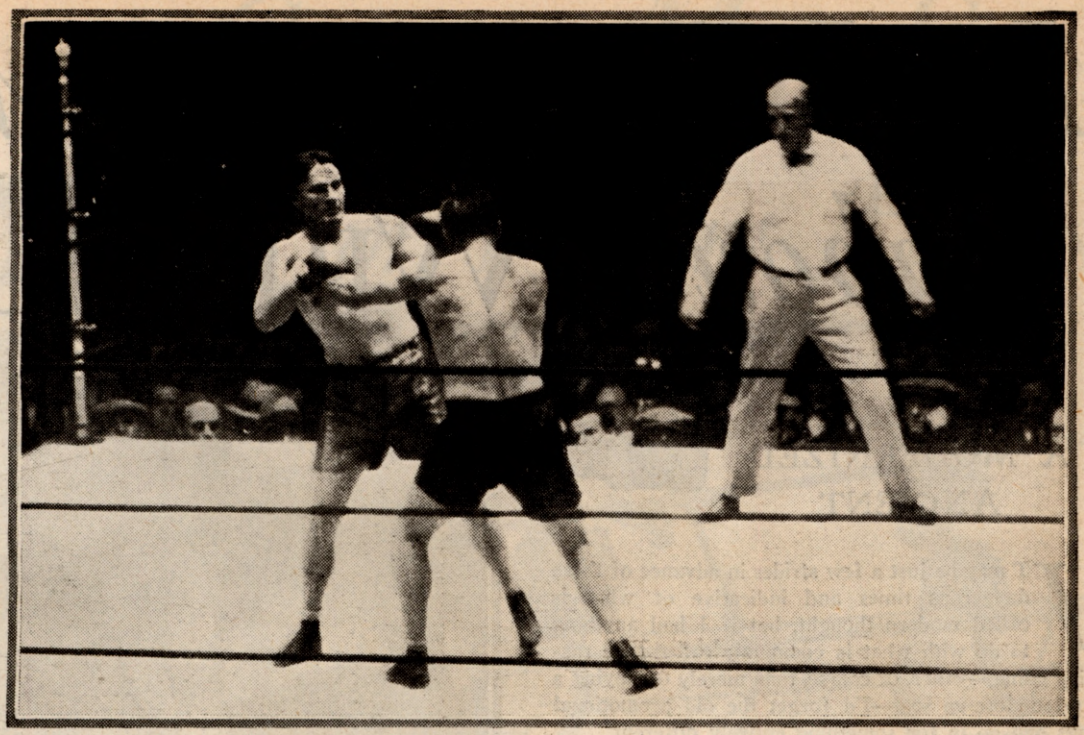


Maxie Rosenbloom, the slapping artist of the roped square, who reached the top despite his lack of punching powers

By
T. W. MCNIEL

Welling, Charley White, Eugene Criqui and various other members of the fistic brigade, remembering to duck at the proper time. Of course as time wore on old Johnny got so old and stiff he couldn't get out of his own way any more, so finally the old boy hung 'em up before some other guy tagged him with a "sleeper."

A wonderful performer was old Johnny, who, in addition to being a tip-top boxer, could give lessons in rope-skipping to the guy that invented the art of skipping the rope.



Just before Jack Sharkey's clout made Tommy Loughran forget where he was. Tommy is here seen blocking Sharkey's delivery while the late Lou Magnolia looks on.

* * *

NOW take this guy Tommy Loughran for another case. It's been a well-known fact for a good many years that Tommy couldn't hit hard enough to knock over an inmate of the old soldiers' home. Yet, Tommy has been a head-liner all these many years and from all indications, will be for some time to come. Of course the boys have had the Philly dancing master on the "washed up" list for some time, but somehow or other Thomas, with one foot in the proverbial grave, manages to rise up when the occasion demands, and give some ambitious young man a lesson in the gentle art of fisticuffs.

Back in the days when Jack Dempsey was the "Hottest" thing in fistic circles and Gene Tunney was still a young man trying to get on in the world, this Tommy Loughran was a gay young middleweight whose greatest delight was hopping hither and yon about the country giving generous amounts of boxing lessons to all and sundry who cared to mingle with the "phantom" from Philly.

Well, as time rolled by, as it has a habit of doing, Tommy graduated into a full-fledged light-heavy and was so successful in manipulating his educated dukes, that he won the title in that division. Savage hitting young men like Jack Delaney, Paul Berlenbach, Mike McTigue and "Young" Stribling meant nothing in Thomas' young life. He reasoned . . . . and rightly so . . . . that the hardest sock in the business didn't mean a thing if it didn't land, and Tommy had the necessary equipment to evade those round-house shots that would have punctured a naval cruiser had they landed.

Even in those days, the boys began to drop hints here and there that Tommy was slipping. Where they got the idea is rather vague, since Tommy couldn't be hit with a hand full of shot, when he was sporting the light-heavy crown.

As success came to him, Tommy's ambitions began to seek larger fields. Finally he reasoned he'd like to give some of the "big boys" a run for their money. So one day, in a fine display of giving, Tommy gracefully laid away the light-heavy diadem and announced henceforth that he'd compete as a big 'un.

Came the day of the fight with Sharkey and Tommy made the mistake of forgetting to duck one of the sailor's broadsides. Tommy immediately asked for a quiet place to sit down and the referee pointed out the right corner to him and walked over and raised the good right arm of the "larrupin' Lith."

The "I told you so" boys pointed out that Tommy was on the road leading out. And it did look as if the Philadelphia Irishman was about ready for the scrap-pile, but Thomas would have none of it for it wasn't long till he was in there pecking and jabbing away at guys like Max Baer, Ernie Schaaf, Vittorio Campolo and Tuffy Griffith, and the funny part of it was, Tommy was making the whole caboodle of 'em look like a bunch of novices, despite their sincere and earnest efforts to knock him into the Hudson river.

* * *

ALL was going fine with Thomas till he ran into Steve Hamas the first time. When Steve laid him among the sweet-peas, everybody, including the writer, concluded that he'd hang 'em away among the moth-balls. But not Thomas, he fought back to the top and finally was rewarded for his perseverance by getting a shot at the title last winter. Though he lost that, the veteran continues to fight on, with enough on the ball, to make things hum for his opponents.

When you begin adding up that all-time "great" list, don't forget to give the erstwhile Philly "Phantom" some consideration. Remember, he is one guy that never kayoed even a second-rate opponent. In fact, it's been nearly a decade since he kayoed anybody at all. Yet all this time he's been mingling with sharp-shooters, rough, tough and knock 'em dead punchers that could have wrecked him worse than the Titanic was if they could have hit him consistently.

On top of this, the boys weren't afraid to wade into Tommy with both barrels cocked, since they knew his "Sunday" punch was no more potent than a gentle zephyr. Still only two have tagged him with the punch soporific—Sharkey and Hamas.

His is certainly one case in the annals of pugilism where brain has been a howling success over brawn.

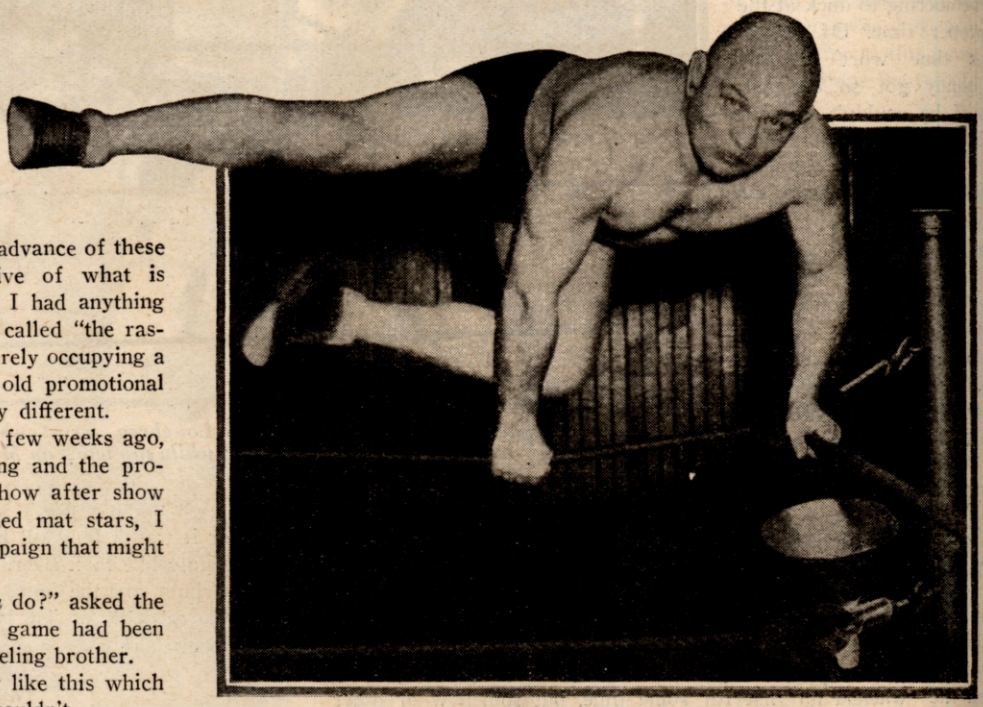
The case of Maxie Rosenbloom is another where a punch is conspicuous by its absence. Maxie has compiled a record of 13 kayos in approximately 11 years of steady campaigning. Unlike Loughran, however, Rosenbloom has dropped a few of the better known members of the fistic parade down the chimney. Namely, Boy McCormick, Jamaica Kid, Abie Bain and "Kayo" Christner, none of whom were altogether "pushovers."

Finally, Rosenbloom has decided to cast his lot with the heavyweights as his battle with Ramage would indicate. Maxie is liable to find the going harder and the pickings tougher among the big 'uns. He'd better watch his step or some ambitious young man will park him over in the left field bleachers some night.

I've never heard any competent critic of fistiana mention Rosenbloom's name along with that of (*Continued on page* 46)

If I Had My Way about WRESTLING

By
A MODERNIZED ANCIENT



George Zarnoff, who specializes in the "dead pan."

IT may be just a few strides in advance of these dangerous times and indicative of what is called modern thought, but if I had anything to do with what is commonly called "the rassling game"—other, of course, than merely occupying a not-too-close-up seat—I'd forget the old promotional gags and go in for something entirely different.

For instance, out in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, when wrestling wasn't going so strong and the promoter was trying to juggle around show after show with just a handful of what he called mat stars, I suggested a new style advertising campaign that might lure back the wandering customers.

"And what, for instance, would *you* do?" asked the beset Jack Daro, into whose lap the game had been dumped for the time being by an unfeeling brother.

"Well, for instance, just something like this which would be different," I said, "and it wouldn't be stretching the thing in the least." So I sketched out this ad for him:

Why Not Be Up and Doing?
Don't Be a Mere Stooge!
Or a Wall Flower!

—

Be Like the Movie Actors!
Better Still, BE ONE!

—

Take a Course at
Jack Daro's SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
Olympic Arena, 18th at Grand

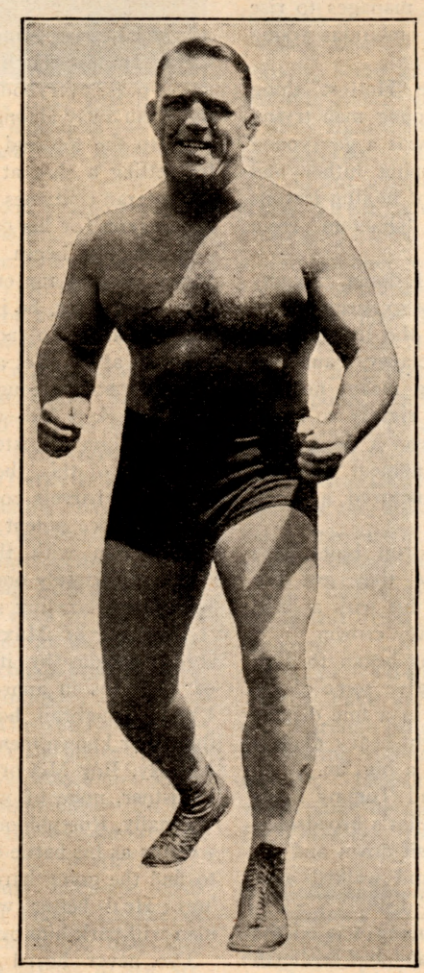
Now, if you think that's stretching it in the least, take a peek at some of the movie stars who sit down there just beyond the first-line trenches and fairly devour every one of the more than a thousand tremendous activities and expressions—every move a picture, every posture a work of Grecian art, and enjoyed to the fullest.

Didn't Clark Gable get into that ring one night not so long back and, carried away in the general atmosphere of the thing, make a couple of funny faces while taking his bow.

* * *

NOT belittlin' in the least, in speaking of wrestlers in these terms, but these huge grampuses are fairly bending over backwards to please the cash customers. And their expressed emotions as the various holds are clamped on and broken, or both is an education and great entertainment as well.

The late Lew Cody, dear chap, once told me that *any* actor could learn a lot from wrestlers. After watching them for some time, I'm minded that even the tremendous Boris Karloff might add to his repertoire by a course in any arena where they grapple.



Dick Daviscourt, an artist in the wrestlers' School of Expression.

No Grimaldi was ever better than some of these strong fellers of the mat.

And "Poodles" Hanniford, I am told, grabbed many an idea from the rasslers for some of those funny falls off his circus horse! Good ol' "Poodles," a wise bird indeed!

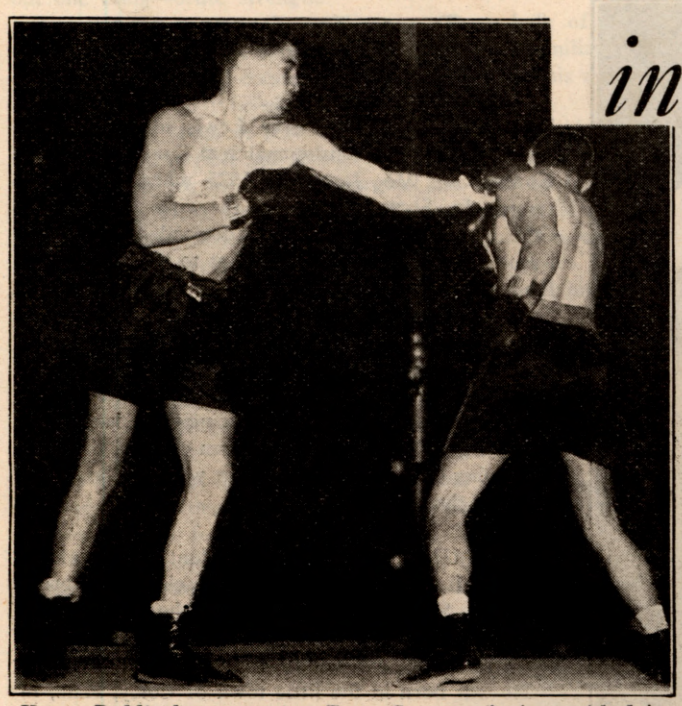
There is such a variety of expressions shown in any mat joust, that no list, however exhaustive, could possibly be made complete. The wrestlers, you see, are ambitious and never satisfied. They are constantly adding to their curriculums and, Chaplin-like, some of them don't depend entirely upon facial expression. They can emote with much effectiveness by tremulous hands and quivering 50-inch chests!

You will see a delineation of reproach at its very best. Then the face denoting bitter sarcasm, mayhap tolerant amusement at an opponent's futility. Then there's a self-resignation, consternation at impending danger, self-restraint, self-reproach for the momentary failure or impotence, self-esteem at a deed well done (very heavy on this one) and self-depreciation (very light and not too often on this one)—everything in the category!

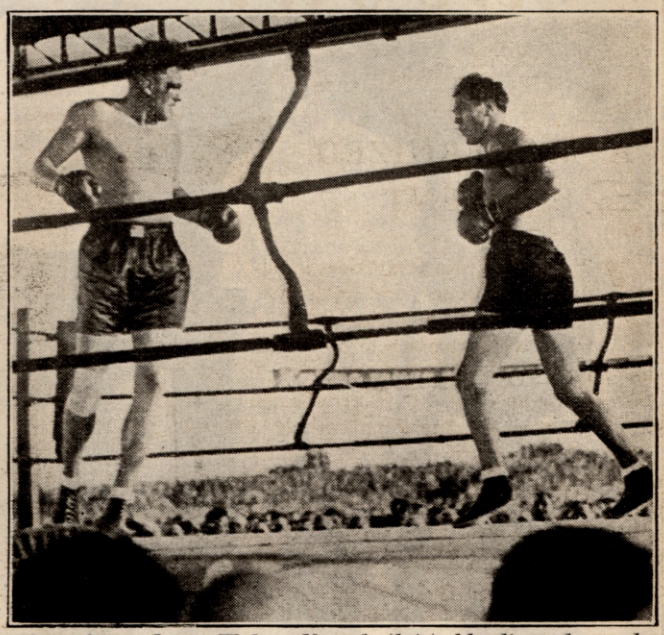
And all in pantomime, the very hardest bit of artistry to put across with effect!

(*Continued on page* 46)

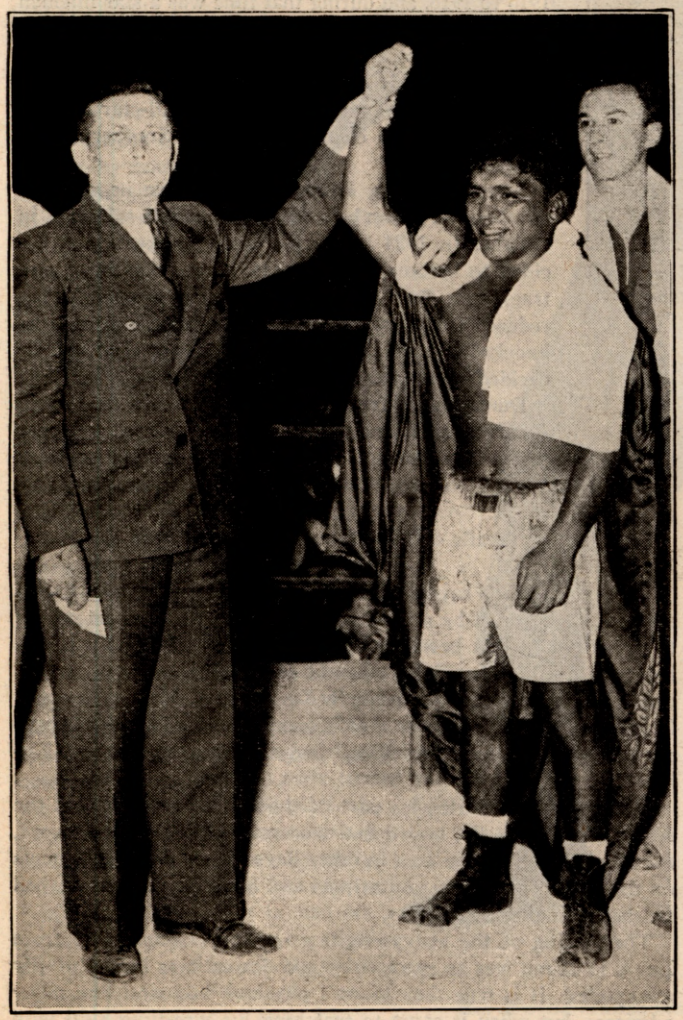
What the Camera Man Saw in Recent Bouts



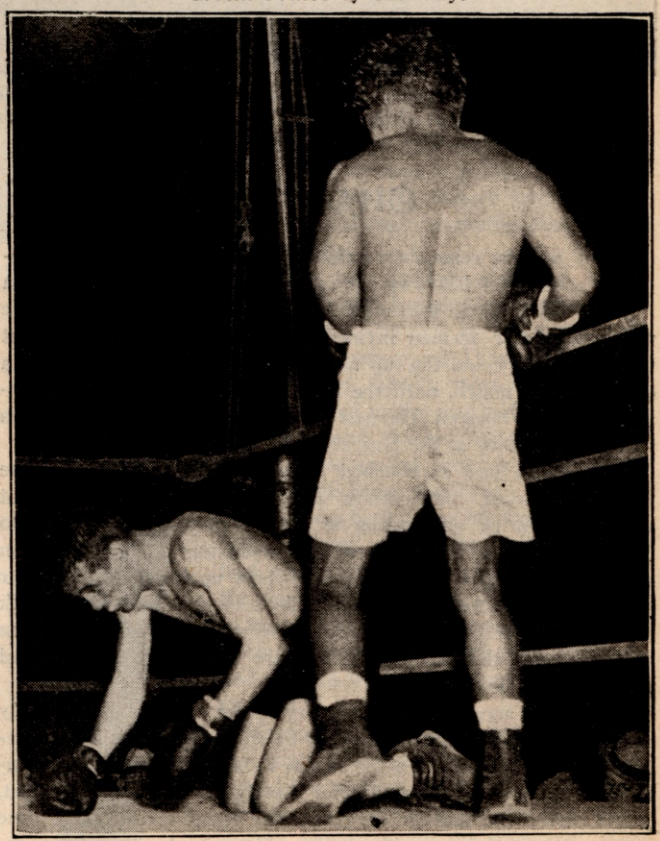
Harry Dublinsky peppering Tony Canzoneri's face with lefts in their first fight at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N. Y., in which Dublinsky gained the verdict.



This photo shows Walter Neusel (left) bleeding above the right eye, retreating from the onrushing Max Schmeling, who won the heavyweight championship of Germany, while 80,000 fight fans looked on. The bout, scheduled for twelve rounds, was halted in the eighth when Neusel was unable to continue. The fight was held at the dirt track at Lockstedt, near Hamburg, and was attended by many notables, including the former Crown Prince of Germany.



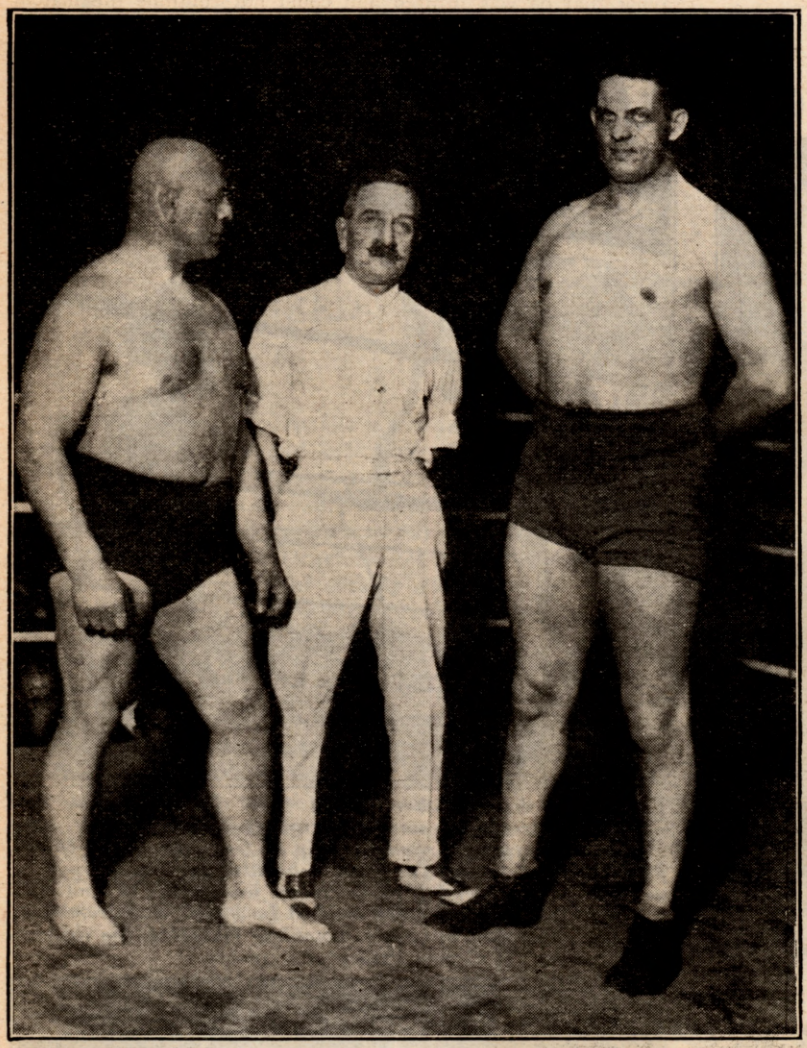
Baby Arizmendi, acclaimed the featherweight champion of New York. Announcer Seaman is holding up the Mexican's hand in token of victory.



Mike Belloise, New York's entrant in featherweight elimination tournament, floored by two wicked lefts to the jaw in battle with Baby Arizmendi at Dyckman Oval, New York City.

From MILO *to* LONDOS

By A. D. PHILLIPS



The match in which Stanislaus Zbyszko threw Big Wayne Munn and regained the heavyweight title. Left to right—Zbyszko, Referee Herman Wolf and Munn.

CHAPTER XXV

IT will be remembered that on March 3, 1922, Lewis regained the heavyweight crown from Zbyszko at Wichita Falls, Mo., in two out of three falls, and for a year, the Strangler seemed invincible. In fact, it didn't seem that the promoters could dig up an opponent for him worthy of a championship match, until the name of Wayne "Big" Munn appeared on the horizon. He was the first of four famous athletes who made history at the University of Nebraska.

Munn, who had approached greatness as a lineman on the Nebraska eleven, didn't know much about boxing nor about wrestling, but he was strong as an ox and was persuaded to enter both fields. He achieved his wrestling championship on sheer strength. His determination to take up boxing again after he had lost the mat title to Zbyszko was shattered by a quick knockout at the hands of Andre Anderson and he was stricken with horror at the murder of Anderson shortly after Andre had gained that victory.

Anderson, according to a story never proved but widely rumored, had been put on the spot by some thugs for having refused to "take a dive" in the Munn fight, to enable a big gambling coup of which Munn had absolutely no knowledge. In fact, Munn, after the murder of Anderson, spent considerable time trying to locate the gamblers who were said to have been implicated in the plot, but without success.

Munn's greatest fame as a professional came, of course, after his spectacular victory over Lewis in the world's heavyweight championship match at Convention Hall, Kansas City, Mo., January 8, 1925, when he literally tossed the Strangler out of the ring to win the title. Lewis let up a howl and demanded that he be awarded the match on a foul, but to the surprise of the spectators, who seemed to side with the Strangler, the referee ruled in Munn's favor and a new champion was crowned.

The result of that match had the same effect on wrestling in those days as has been experienced in the mat sport in this country during the last three years, when from three to five men claimed the title. Following Munn's victory, there were no less than five title claimants.

* * *

MUNN was physically a giant. His chief reliance in the ring was not science, but brute strength. Six feet six inches tall, he at one time weighed 315 pounds, but reduced for his wrestling matches to 260, generally.

He was born in the little town of Colby, Kan., in 1899. He moved with his family later to Fairbury, Neb. He attended the University of Nebraska from 1916 to 1918, and during that time was a star lineman on the football team. He participated in the 1917 game with Notre Dame, which was defeated, 7 to 0. He left the university to join the army, and while at Camp Pike was a lineman on the all-star football team that made a clean sweep in the Southern army camps.

After returning from France, where he saw active service, Munn became an automobile salesman in Omaha. In 1924 he turned again to sports and decided to become a boxer. His career was brief and tragic. At that time he weighed 315 pounds, but reduced forty-six pounds to meet Jack Clifford, who knocked him out in two minutes. It was then that he decided upon wrestling.

During his career, Munn had also mixed in many varied activities. He was at one time a teacher, a clown and once preached a sermon in a Kansas City church. He studied medicine at the University of Nebraska, and took a turn on the vaudeville stage.

Now for the details of the Munn-Lewis match and the Munn-Zbyszko contests.

There is a biblical saying to the effect that the fellow who draws a sword shall perish by a sword; and it was just that sort of retributive justice that befell Strangler Lewis, master of the bruising, bone-crushing headlock, when he lost his title of heavyweight champion of the world to Munn, in Kansas City, Mo., on January 8, 1925. Wayne, in a titular match, scored two falls out of three over the redoubtable "Strangler," and send him to a hospital to boot.

Munn thereby fulfilled his part of the biblical saying about the fellow who draws the sword and who must perish by the sword, for Lewis had been the man in other days who sent his opponents on the mat to hospitals, sanitariums and bonesetters after he had finished wringing their necks.

The passing of the heavyweight grappling championship from Lewis to Munn was as spectacular and dramatic as it was wholly unexpected. It is true that Munn's physique had won him many admirers, but when it came to matching his wrestling skill with the wrestling skill of the champion, it was like a kindergarten pupil trying to outwit a school principal. Lewis, as wily as he is

powerful, past master of every trick of the game by reason of his long experience, brought a wealth of wrestling lore and wrestling craft into the Kansas City ring, whereas Munn brought but one thing—brute strength.

And that brute strength, residing in a huge bulk of a man, was enough to humble Lewis and to send him, humiliated and defeated, to a hospital couch with the possibility that his wrestling days were forever finished.

Lewis' chief stock in trade—his deadly headlock—with which he has inflicted terrible punishment upon many a grappler, sending some of them for medical and surgical aid after he had gotten through with them, was entirely ineffectual against Munn. The big fellow simply shook Lewis off as a water spaniel would shake off a dock rat. Whenever the "Strangler" crooked his arm and clamped it about Munn's head, Wayne simply braced himself on his muscular haunches and wrenched himself free by the simple process of twisting his head from side to side and tossing his huge shoulders this way and that until Lewis' hold was broken.

Munn's knowledge of the fine points of the wrestling game were almost nil. It was only a few months before that he was trying to box but was knocked over a couple of times and decided that he was unfitted for the pugilistic game. So he went in for grappling, and up to the time that he met and overcame Lewis, he seemed to have learned little more than how to apply a crotch and body hold. This was all he needed.

* * *

BEFORE beating Lewis, Munn had downed several other very good grapplers, and always it was the crotch hold that paved the way for his victories. Munn always got his men by grasping them at the crotch and around the torso, lifting them high in the air over his head and then dashing them to the floor of the ring. This method stunned the luckless adversary, and while he was listening to the peeping of the birdies, Munn would fall on him and hold his quivering shoulders to the mat.

It was in this manner that Munn obtained his first fall over Lewis. He accomplished it in twenty-one minutes, with a crotch and body hold, lifting the "Strangler" clear off the floor, throwing him down heavily and then fastening his shoulders to the padded canvas.

The second fall came quickly after the first, but it was awarded to Lewis, as the latter claimed a foul when Munn again picked him up bodily in his arms and, raising him high over his head, dropped him outside the ring ropes. Lewis landed on the small projection of the platform outside the ropes and then crashed to the floor. He was not only badly shaken up, but appeared to be hurt.

Munn contended that he had not deliberately thrown Lewis out of the ring. He said he merely lifted up the 228-pound "Strangler" and was holding him aloft when Lewis wriggled out of his grasp and fell outside the ropes.

Big Wayne Munn, the Nebraska Giant.

The referee ruled, however, that a foul had been committed by the former gridiron star, and so gave the second fall to Lewis.

The "Strangler" left the ring and retired to his dressing-room saying that he was injured and could not continue the match. Referee Bates, however, gave him fifteen minutes in which to recover his poise. The fifteen minutes were passed and five minutes more before Lewis returned to the mat prepared to go ahead with the match.

The grappling had started for the third fall, and in less than a minute, Munn had again lifted Lewis off his feet and slammed him down with terrific force. Lewis manifestly was stunned and Munn pinned him down.

Munn's feat was loudly and enthusiastically cheered by the crowd, whose sympathies were with the big collegian from the start. Lewis as champion had earned many ill-wishers because of the brutality of his head lock, with which he crushed so many opponents into submission, and there appeared to be few who wanted to see him emerge victorious.

The day after the match Lewis was obliged to go to a hospital for treatment, with a serious spine injury.

In February, only three weeks after he had won the title, Wayne accepted a challenge from Stanislaus Zbyszko and successfully defended the crown at Kansas City. He then beat Pat McGill, Alex Lunden and Howard Cantonwine and, just when it appeared he would have a long term as champion, he came to his defeat at the hands of Zybszko in a return engagement.

Munn didn't last long as title holder. His reign was cut short by the veteran Pole, just a few days after three months from the time that the Nebraska athlete had downed Lewis. By regaining the world title, Zbyszko astonished the wrestling world, for few fans had given the half century old challenger a chance against his bigger and much younger opponent. The Pole looked like a pigmy beside the enormous collegian, yet his vast experience and his science overcame the physical handicaps to enable him to toss the champion.

Zbyszko, who has been champion before, obtained the title for the second time in two straight falls. The first one occurred at the end of 8 minutes and 11 seconds with a forearm hold. After a short rest, the grapplers returned to the mat and in 4 minutes and 53 seconds Munn's shoulders hit the mat for the second time; a forearm and hammerlock being employed.

Munn was banking on his favorite crotch hold, the one with which he lifted Lewis high above his head and hurled him out of the ring. But the veteran Zbyszko was wise to his tactics. He was prepared for this one, the one in which Munn was most proficient, and warded off all the giant's attempts to attain it.

Meanwhile, "Zibby" was putting into play his years of experience and soon transferred his position from one of defense to offense, a situation which became immediately dangerous for the youngster. Munn tried a jiu-jitsu hold on numerous occasions, but they (*Continued on page* 42)

GETTING

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

Joe Rinaldi, a newcomer from Italy.

ACCORDING to Strangler Lewis, Jim Londos, Don George and other stars of the mat world, Nick Lutz is one of the greatest wrestlers of the age. He has a large variety of holds at his command, is slippery as an eel in getting out of dangerous holds and can wrestle both in the present-day spectacular style as well as in the style of the old school.

Nick has taken his brother Jack under his wings and is making quite a wrestler out of him. Jack is as agile as his more famed brother and should be well able to take care of the family's wrestling prestige when Nick retires.

Coming out of the West unheralded and unsung, Nick Lutz made a most telling impression with the mat fans of New England on his initial appearance in Boston as a pro in the East. A product of the University of Southern California, Lutz made a host of friends when he substituted at the last minute for Farmer George McLeod against Pat McGill and gave the veteran Irish heavyweight one of the worst defeats of his career. The young Californian took advantage of opportunity when it knocked at his door, and Pat McGill left the ring the most surprised man in the Boston Arena. Since then, Nick has been one of the country's headliners.

Before coming East young Lutz left a lasting record behind him on the Coast. With but one defeat of any consequence against him, that at the hands of Gus Sonnenberg, when Gus was the N. B. A. champion, Lutz was not known as a national figure in the heavyweight wrestling division. He just plodded along, meeting any one selected for him, and always being returned the winner. Nothing much was printed about his prowess in the ring, and McGill figured that the Californian would be much easier picking than the veteran McLeod. The result of that match has been chronicled.

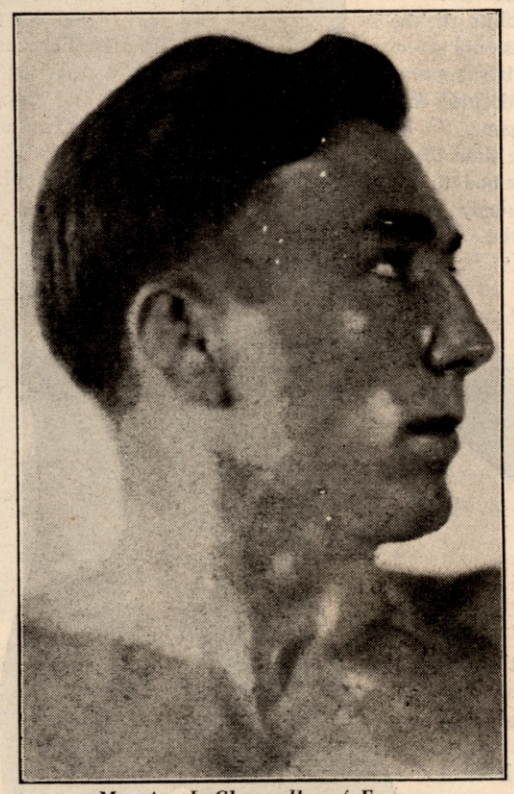
Lutz made his mark, as many of the other heavyweight wrestlers have done, on the gridirons of California. He was star player with the University of Southern California and in addition was an all-round athlete.

This youngster in the wrestling game is a whale of a big fellow, standing six feet tall and weighing about 204 pounds.

Nick also was a very efficient and handsome lifeguard on the beach at Venice, Calif. He always sports a heavy tan that makes pale persons envious.

Joe Rinaldi

ONE of the latest sensations in wrestling is Joe Rinaldi, a newcomer to these shores from Italy, which has been sending over quite a few great exponents of the sport. Although only a recent arrival, Rinaldi has already established himself as a drawing card on a par with the best of the Mussolini subjects who are in America, earning a livelihood from the game.



Maurice LaChappelle, of France.

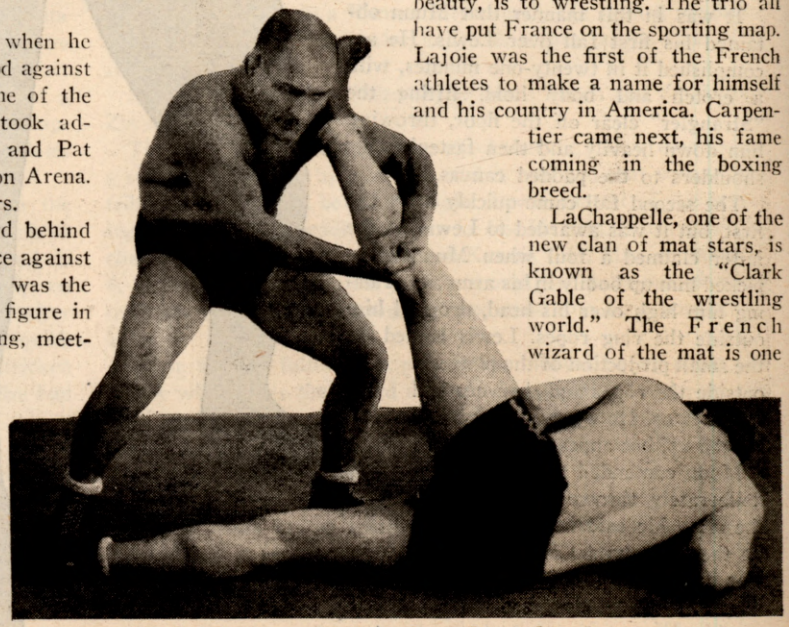
A strapping, handsome youngster, Rinaldi has thrilled his audiences because of his ability to do things a bit differently than what the others show, and this unique feature quickly established him as a popular wrestler in the metropolitan district.

He gave up his regular profession abroad to come to America to try for the world's heavyweight championship. Anxious to do what Primo Carnera accomplished in boxing, he will keep hard at his task in the hopes of bringing the mat championship to Italy. Thus far he has displayed plenty of class and his friends hope he will continue to show enough to enable him to reach the topnotch class.

Maurice LaChappelle

WHAT Georges Carpentier was to the boxing game, what Nap Lajoie was to baseball, that's what Maurice LaChappelle, French prize beauty, is to wrestling. The trio all have put France on the sporting map. Lajoie was the first of the French athletes to make a name for himself and his country in America. Carpentier came next, his fame coming in the boxing breed.

LaChappelle, one of the new clan of mat stars, is known as the "Clark Gable of the wrestling world." The French wizard of the mat is one



Charlie Fischer, applying a leg split on his opponent.

ACQUAINTED

of the most glamorous figures in the profession.

Like the other great French athletes, Maurice is a deceiving young man until you get into the ring with him. He has a suave smile and a personality that makes friends. Yet in the roped arena, he becomes as fiery a human as his famous ancestors. LaChappelle has a great future. Many critics believe he'll prove to be the toughest of the light-heavyweight clan.

Charlie Fischer

A SQUAT fellow, with massive shoulders and the smile of a toothpaste advertisement, stood before the microphone of a middle-western radio station. His breathing was a bit jerky; he seemed nervous and fidgety.

"It is my pleasure at this time, ladies and gentlemen, to present one of the greatest wrestlers of all time—Charlie Fischer, the world middle and light-heavyweight champion. Mr. Fischer was born in—where was it, Charlie?"

"Butternut, Wisconsin."

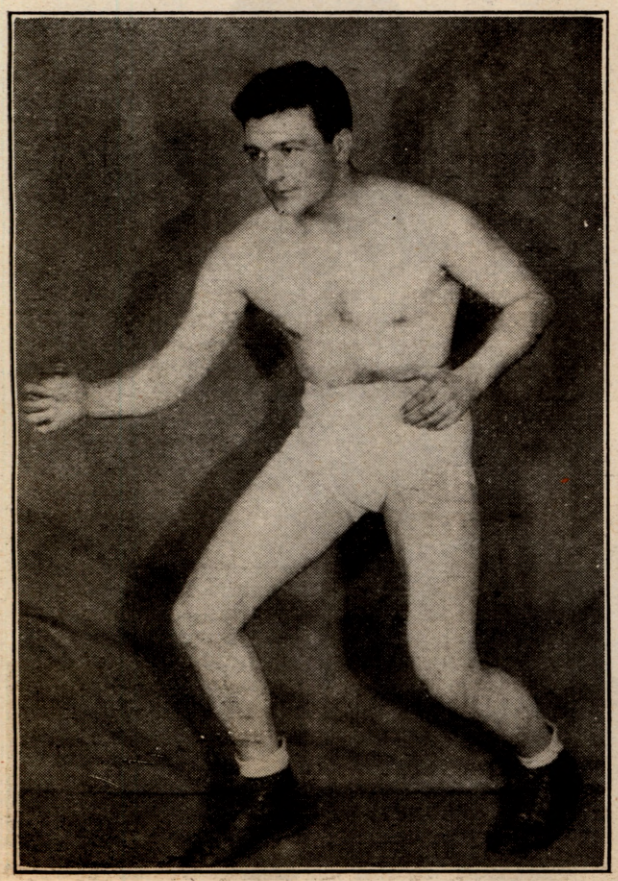
"And when?"

"In 1905. I was one of fourteen children—the youngster of the household."

"And did you become the usual 'baby' of the home? Pampered and all that sort of thing?"

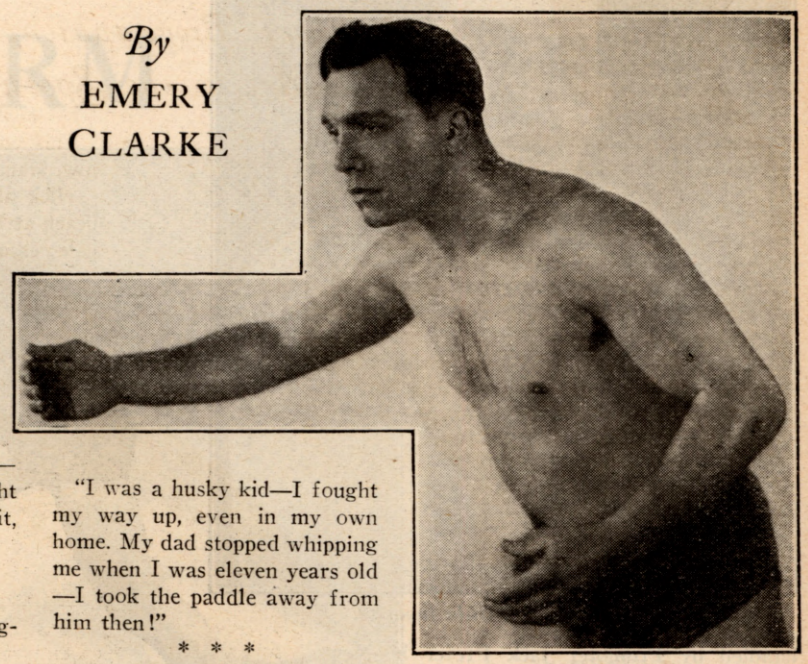
"Not by a long shot! I was only six years old when I found out there was something else to a chicken than a neck!"

"In most families of that size, the 'baby' usually doesn't discover this fact until he nearly reaches the voting age, Charlie. How was it that you made the great discovery so young?"



Max Martin, of Columbus, Ohio.

By EMERY CLARKE



Tony Morelli, of Italy.

"I was a husky kid—I fought my way up, even in my own home. My dad stopped whipping me when I was eleven years old—I took the paddle away from him then!"

* * *

"IT was natural, then, Charlie, that with all of your muscular and other physical and mental traits you should turn to some violent form of earning a livelihood. What started you out as a wrestler?"

"I had been working in the lumber camps of the northern section of the state when one day a big Canuck undertook to put me in my place."

"And what happened?"

"I picked him up bodily and dropped him into the river."

"And then—"

"They left me alone. I went to Chicago a year later and got a job trucking freight. This really was the start which sent me off on the road to gain by two wrestling titles. Of course several other wrestlers claim the titles, but I think my claim is best.

"I worked for a fellow who had as a rival the sponsor of a group of wrestlers. One night, my boss got peeved and bet his rival I could throw any of his middleweights or light-heavyweights. The challenge was accepted and my boss bought me a book on wrestling and showed me some of the holds that evening in the warehouse.

"The next night we went to the gymnasium and I resorted to the same tactics as I used with the Canuck in the lumber camp, picking up my opponent when I could get the hold, and slamming him onto the mat."

"What happened then?"

"Nothing, until they carried him out and my boss ran up to me and told me the fellow was the light-heavyweight champion of Cook county!"

"And then, did you take up wrestling seriously?"

"Yes, in a Swedish gymnasium. In a month I had won the amateur titles of Cook County and two months later I was elected to try out for the Olympic Games. I was runner-up in those tests and when I was not selected to make the trip to Europe, I turned professional."

* * *

"WHAT do you expect to do when you retire?"

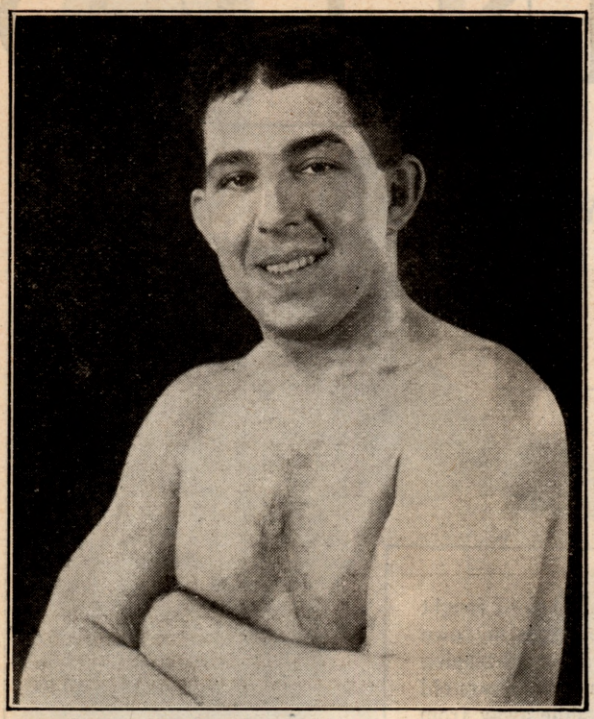
"I want to be a successful farmer. I own three farms now in my home state, and I am buying more as I can. One day I hope to raise good cattle and run a dairy farm."

"From what you have told us, Charlie, we might consider you the Peck's Bad Boy of wrestling—a really tough guy, although I must say your looks belie that."

"I'm not tough—I've been beaten. I'll never forget the ones dad gave me—one a day, whether I needed it or not!"

"And that, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, is Charlie Fischer, bidding one and all a fond cheerio and pleasant memories."

Fischer is one of the many wrestlers in the lighter classes who will be



Dick Griffin, Ohio favorite.

handled by Promoter Jack Pfefer in New York. As a matter of fact, plans have already been completed for Charlie's coming to New York shortly to hook up with the best talent available around here. And when Fischer steps into the ring, the wrestling fans are sure to be agreeably surprised. He's bound to prove a knockout.

Max Martin

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, in Columbus, Ohio, the only son of the Martin family, who was christened Max, was born. And today he is known in wrestling circles as the "romantic wrestler." Max scales around 195 pounds and has been called the American Apollo.

He has displayed his craft around the country, wrestling in every section, North, South, East and West. He got his early athletic training at the West Virginia University, where he was a football idol and also engaged in many wrestling encounters.

He was an orchestra leader and they say he's almost as mean a crooner as Rudy Vallee or some of the other stars. Ofttimes while touring the country he made his appearances before local microphones and was quite a hit.

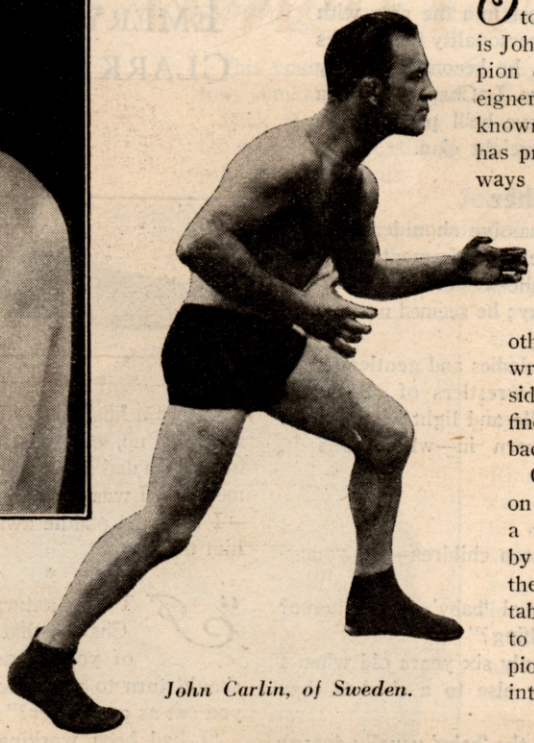
Martin's favorite hold is known as the rattlesnake. To make good, Max first doubles up like a jackknife, from which peculiar makeup he uses the flying tackle to bring about the downfall of his opponent.

Tony Morelli

RATED as one of the most popular Italian mat stars, and promising to become more of an attraction than was George Calza, Gino Garibaldi or Renato Gardini, Tony Morelli has become one of our outstanding idols of matdom among the Italians in New York City. The wizard of the game of a thousand and one holds has created such a furor among the wrestling élite, that he is rated among the topnotchers.

The young 175-pounder's best hold is a headlock. He also has become adept in the use of the toe hold and body scissors. He perfected the hold in his native Italy long before he came to America to seek fame and fortune. Morelli is one of the leading grapplers of the light-heavyweight clan.

Tony is a Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of a chap, a perfect gentleman outside of the ring and a wild man when in action. The dual make-up has not injured Morelli, so far as becoming an idol goes, for the public seems to understand him quite well and likes his wrestling considerably.



John Carlin, of Sweden.

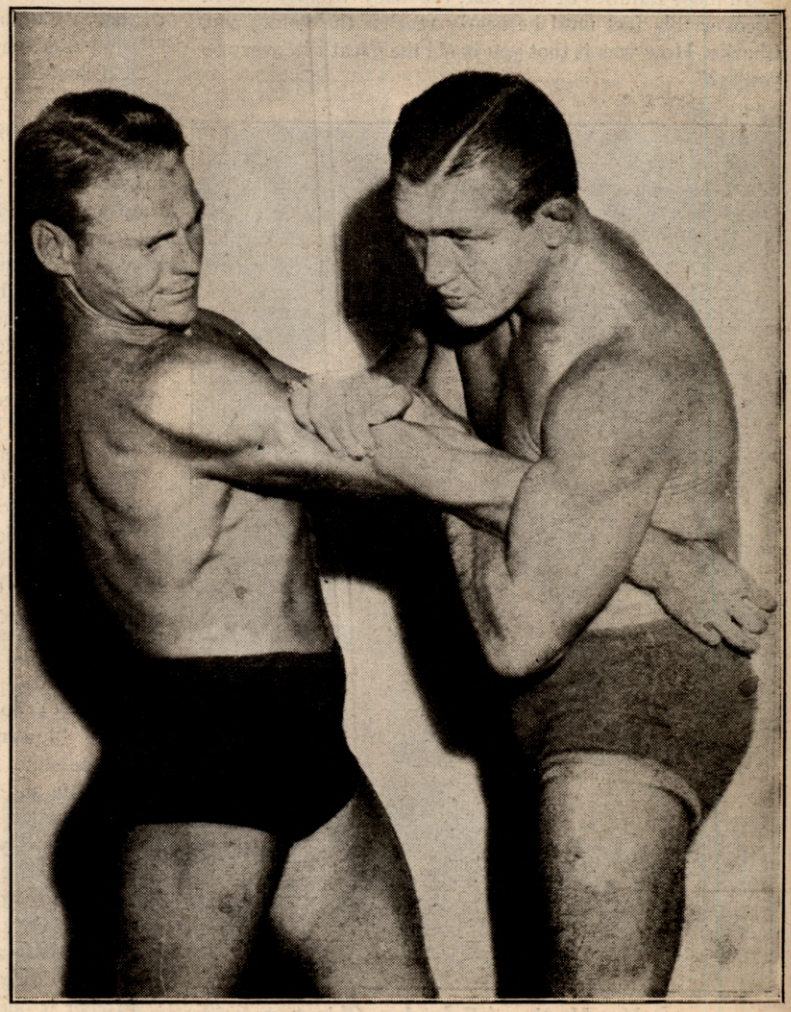
John Carlin

ONE of the few Swedish mat stars to invade the sport and make good is John Carlin, who is known as champion of his race. The powerful foreigner came to this country as an unknown a short while back but already has proved so successful that he's always in great demand and invariably is seen on most of the billings.

He was a sort of all-round track star in Sweden in his younger days but gave up the other features to concentrate on wrestling, at which he enjoyed considerable success in his native land, finding little difficulty in turning back all competition.

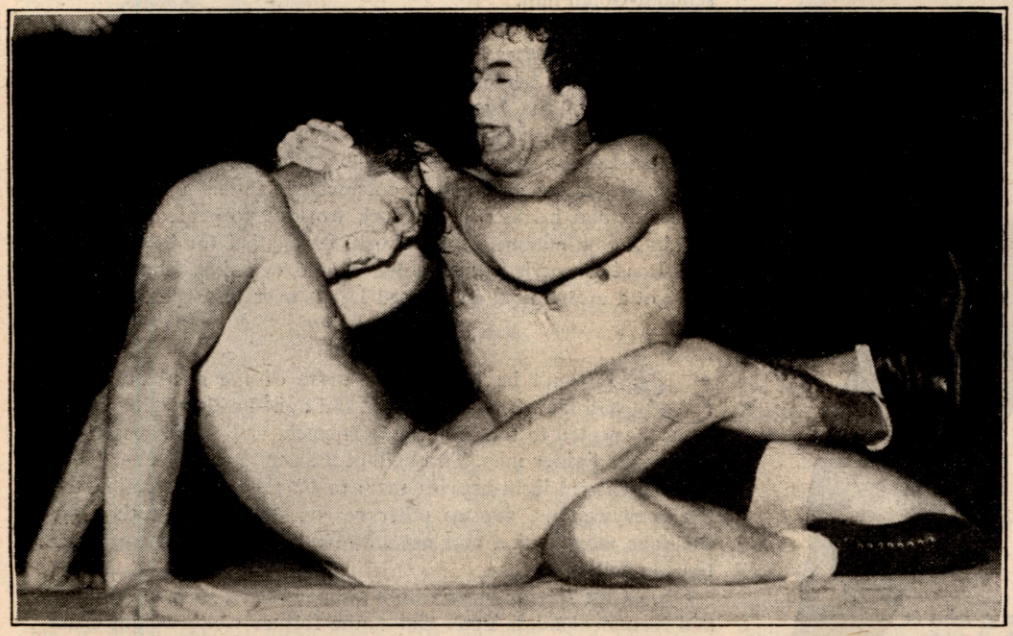
Carlin does not depend entirely on any special hold to win, but has a way of discouraging opponents by simply permitting them to wear themselves out and then turning the tables and clamping their shoulders to the canvas. The Swedish champion has turned many a sure defeat into victory by outsmarting his foe.

(*Continued on page* 51)



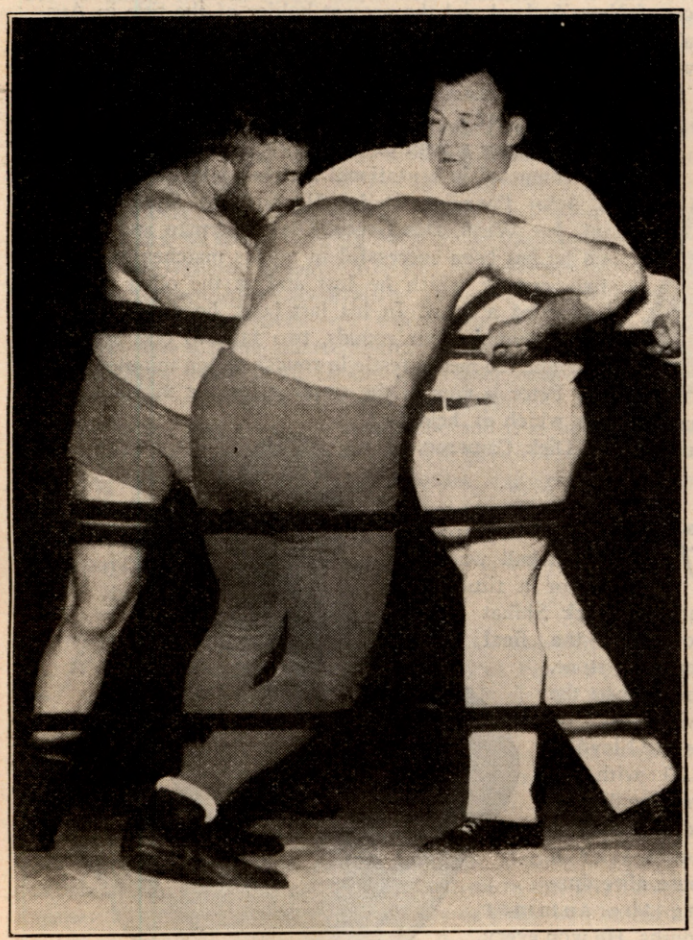
Jack Lutz (left), and his brother Nick.

SNAPPED *in the* PACHYDERM MARKET

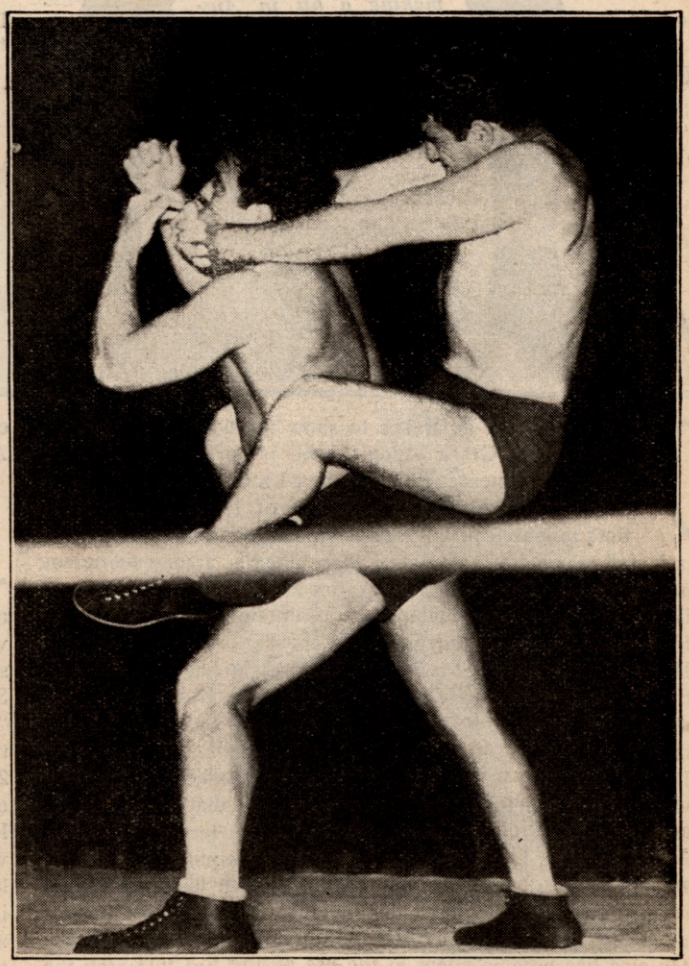


Just a playful little game of hair-pulling with Jim Londos, the Greek Adonis, taking the aggressive. Jemmie is trying to make Mike Mazurki, former Manhattan College football star, yell "quits," in their recent bout in California, one of eleven matches which Londos won handily on the Coast in the outdoor season that just closed. Londos downed his rival with an airplane spin in thirty-four minutes.

The Greek idol has returned East, where he will show at the leading clubs throughout the winter. He is in prime condition for a strenuous campaign, which will include matches with the best heavyweight grapplers in the Curley-Bowser-Packs-Fabian-Daro combine.



Know the referee of this wrestling match? Yes, it's Jack Sharkey, former heavyweight fistic champion, who is now a pub owner in Boston and officiates on the side. Here we see Jack trying to separate bewhiskered Red Reilly and Joe Firpo in a Boston match. Firpo first won over Tony Popolino who was ko'ed by Sharkey, then he engaged Reilly in his second bout of the evening.



Jim Londos applying a face lock and a leg scissors on Sammy Stein in their match at Los Angeles. Jemmy took the first fall in forty-five minutes and the second in forty-nine seconds. Stein started off like a whirlwind, but found the pace too hot and was glad to have the bout end as quickly as it did.

NEWS

By EDWARD MERRILL

Gus Sonnenberg, who is making a hit in Australia, where he is touring with several other American stars.

JIM LONDOS continues to show the way to the pachyderms. The Greek Adonis, who is certain to hold his crown until next summer, enjoyed a most profitable summer out on the Coast. In fact, all of Jack Curley's wrestlers migrated to the Pacific where the summer campaign was in full swing for a period of three months, among the talent appearing in the Coast bouts being Jim Browning, Abe Coleman, Mike Mazurki, Sammy Stein, Man Mountain Dean, Gino Garibaldi and Ed Strangler Lewis.

Browning was defeated twice by Londos, who has been showing better form since beating Gentleman Jim in the East than at any time. The type of competition in which Londos has engaged, has done him a world of good.

By far the most important contest in which he has engaged since winning the title from Browning, was that with his old enemy but now friend, Ed Strangler Lewis. Fourteen times during their long career, Londos has had his shoulders pinned by Lewis, but in their latest match in Chicago the tables were turned, as was expected and was predicted in these columns. The largest gathering that has seen a wrestling bout since the famous Gotch-Hackenschmidt affair in that same city, turned out to watch the Greek and the Beverly Hills veteran grapple, and they had the distinction of being present at what turned out to be not only a record attendance affair, but a record gate.

The official attendance was 35,256 with gross receipts of $96,302. The former mark was 30,000 and $88,000, paid for the Hackenschmidt-Gotch mill.

Londos tossed his man with a hammerlock and three-quarters Nelson in 49 minutes and 27 seconds. Lewis weighed 240 pounds and the Greek Adonis, 205. Lewis was able to withstand the punishment of the hammerlock, but when Londos also secured the three-quarters Nelson, he succumbed to the holds. Lewis outwrestled Londos in the first forty-five minutes.

He also outmaneuvered and outsmarted Jemmie, and on several occasions had his terrific headlock working to perfection. Twice within a few minutes of the finish, he applied the headlock and had Londos worried, but on the second occasion, Londos broke and got a crotch hold and tossed Lewis over the ropes.

* * *

IT won't be long before some of the good Australian and New Zealand welters and light-heavyweights are imported to this country to compete against our best talent among the lighter men. Throughout the country the welters, middleweights and light-heavies seem to be a better attraction than the heavyweights, for no other reason than because they give the fans more action and are more earnest in their work than the big fellows.

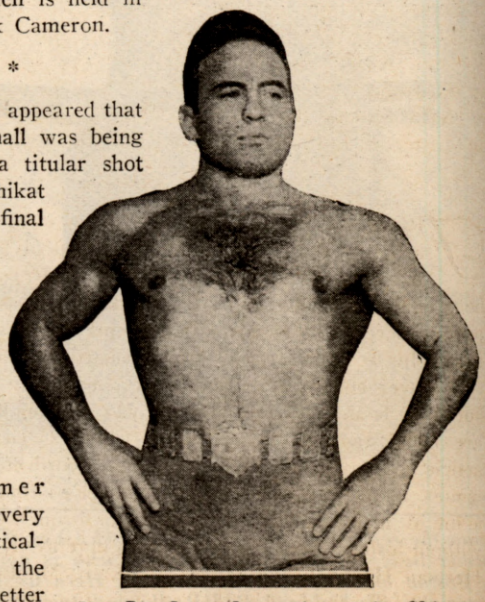
One of the foreign stars whose praise is being sung in Australia and New Zealand, is Peter Guion, the former welterweight champion of New Zealand and the present holder of the title in Australia. Peter was born in Auckland twenty-four years ago and weighs 160 pounds. He has chest measurement of 39½ inches and an expanded chest of 43 inches. His biceps measure 15½ inches, forearm, 12½, thigh, 21½ and calf, 16½—excellent measurements for a man of his weight.

He has competed in sensational matches with George Vassiles, John Paradise, Bullet Hanan, Sid Squires, Otto Kant, Joe Webb, Des Green, Ossie Norman and others, and he has been successful in all his matches except in two, one of which he lost and in the other he was awarded a draw. In his last bout, he defeated Ivan Walheim in four rounds, two falls to one. In Australia the men wrestle in rounds of ten minutes each.

Peter is now in the running for the middleweight championship which is held in Australia by Dick Cameron.

* * *

JUST when it appeared that Floyd Marshall was being primed for a titular shot and that Dick Shikat would be the final stepping stone, Shikat upset the "wise ones" by tossing Floyd in 21.20 with an arm and leg lock. Shikat went like a house afire during the summer months. He won every match from practically every star in the East and looks better now than at any time in his career.



Jim Londos, whose victory in Chicago over Lewis was gained before a record attendance and record gate.

of the MAT WORLD

Stanley West of Chicago.

Shikat will find plenty of work during the indoor season.

* * *

Out in the Middle West they are singing the praises of two light-heavyweights who are coming to the fore in great style. The grapplers are Stanley West of Chicago and Marion Mynster of Charleston, W. Va. West was a former amateur who a few weeks ago lost to Charlie Fisher, the N.W.A. champion. The verdict met with considerable disapproval and West tried to obtain a return engagement but up to this writing, has failed to have his challenge honored.

Mynster at one time held the N.W.A. title. He is noted for his clean work. His specialty is a turnover scissors, something like the airplane scissors made famous by Jim Browning. Both West and Mynster expect to be seen in the East this winter.

* * *

GUS SONNENBERG, the Dartmouth College football star who made the flying tackle in wrestling popular, is now popularizing the mat sport in far-off Australia. Gus received a most enticing offer from Charley Lucas of Stadium Limited and was quick to accept it. With his wife accompanying him and Shikina, the Japanese grappler who has been tutored by Sonnenberg, the former American gridiron hero has increased the invading army of wrestlers now sojourning in the land of the kangaroo, and is being starred there.

Sonnenberg made a hit in his Australian debut with Wong Boeck Chung on August 25. Gus's appearance has bolstered the interest in the mat art in the Antipodes, and it is safe to predict that before he returns to America he will have rolled up a record for gate receipts since the revival of boxing and wrestling interest in Australia.

Harry Mamos, the Greek, and Dan Koloff are also doing well in Australia. Both are well known in this country.

* * *

FROM the North Carolina Boxing Commission has come a letter taking issue with the record of Ernie Stephens as listed in the October issue of THE RING. As we want to be accurate, we feel that Mr. Stockard's message is worth repeating here. We are sorry that Stephens' press agent saw fit to doctor his record. Here is Mr. Stockard's report:

"I never enter into a controversy with any magazine writer, but there is an article in your October number in which the facts are badly twisted. It is Emery Clarke's 'Getting Acquainted' article and deals with Ernie Stephens' record in this territory last winter. Stephens wrestled here a number of times and he did win a lot of matches, but he did not go through the entire season without losing a bout. He was beaten here by the Masked Marvel, Herman Hickman and Mayes MacLain. MacLain beat him two straight falls, the first in 15½ seconds. Jim Hesslyn beat Stephens twice. Once in Winston-Salem and once in Raleigh. Jim Henry also beat him in a battle fought at Winston-Salem.

"Stephens wrestled in this section for several months and won a large number of matches. He defeated some good men, including Herman Hickman. He met Hickman here twice, winning one and losing one. Probably the two toughest battles ever staged here were between Stephens and Bill Middlekauff. My recollection is that both of these were draws. They were bloody matches and the fans still talk about them when wrestling is mentioned. Of course this is not a matter of vital importance, but there are quite a number of regular readers of THE RING here and this claiming to have gone through the entire season without losing a single bout has stirred up considerable talk. Being connected with wrestling in the capacity of chairman of the local commission, these fans naturally have a lot to say to me regarding the article and I promised a number of them that I would call your attention to the error.

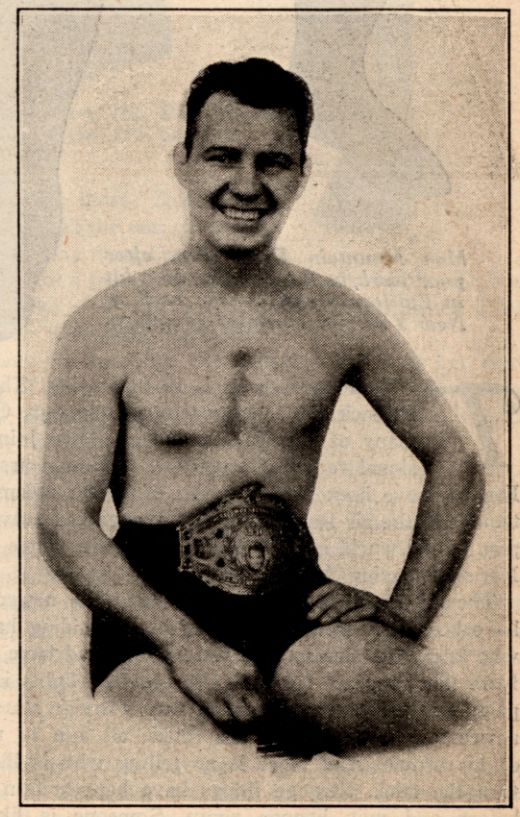
"For a long time Stephens was the king bee among the heavyweights on this circuit and when he lost to the Masked Marvel he was handicapped by a very bad arm. But there is no alibi for the lickings he took from Hickman, Hesslyn, MacLain and Jim Henry.

"Wrestling was absolutely dead in North Carolina for about six years. It was revived last fall and is going pretty well at present. It will continue to improve, provided the promoters bring in good men and put on good cards. The commissions can do a lot by keeping on the job and keeping the punks out. It is not such a hard job to check up on these promoters and find out whether they are reliable or not. It is much easier to keep the undesirables out than it is to build up a town that has been ruined by some crooked would-be promoter who can only bring in a bunch of carnival grunters.

"The promoters in this territory are bringing good men and men themselves are doing their part. The fans are getting their money's worth, plus *lots of action* and that's what counts."

A promoter's woes in wrestling is one headache, but a matchmaker's is like that hydra-headed monster with nine heads which gives him just that many headaches. Such is the lot of Leon Balkin, who makes the pairing for Jack Curley.

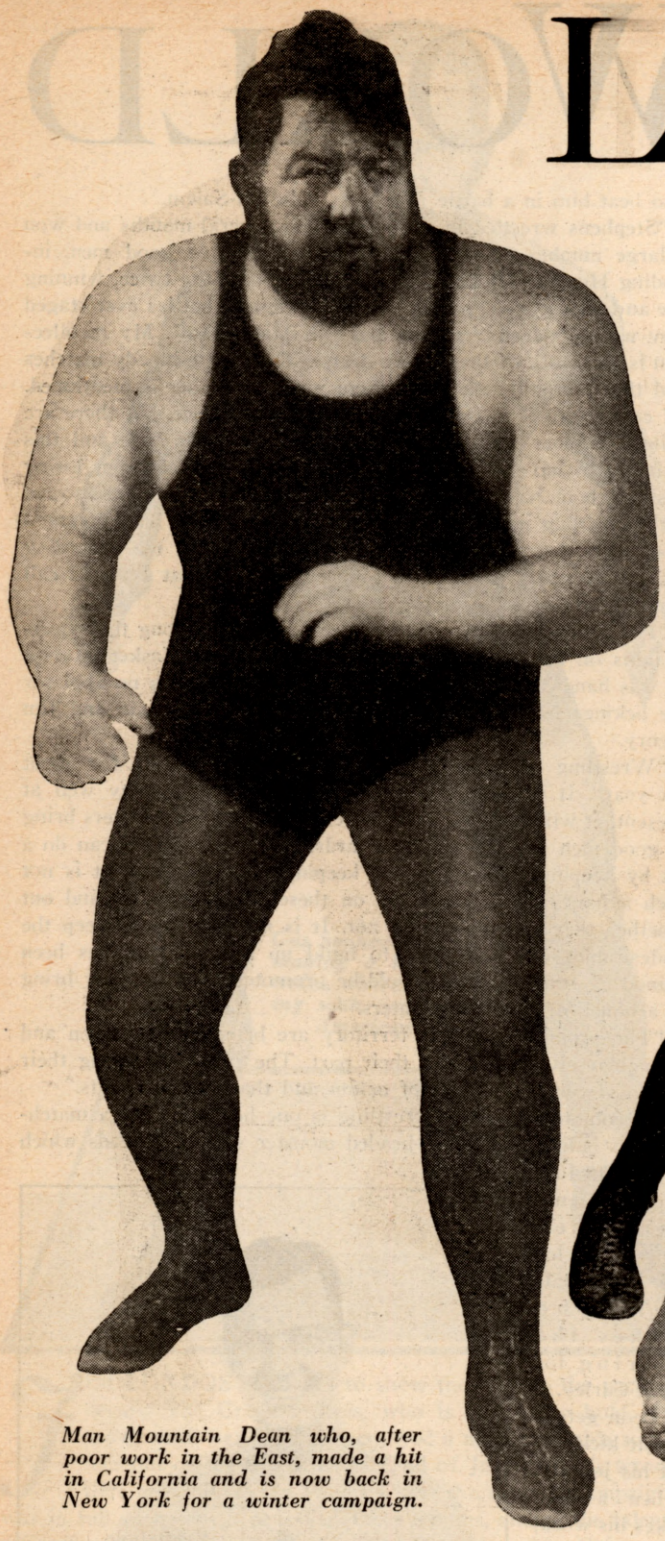
Leon gets a great kick out of his job and when a man likes his work, he is bound to be a success. That's one reason why Curley conscripted Leon eight years ago when Curley discovered him in Shreveport, La., where Leon was making things hum in a wrestling way. Balkin is a former boxing promoter.



Marion Mynster of Charleston, West Virginia.

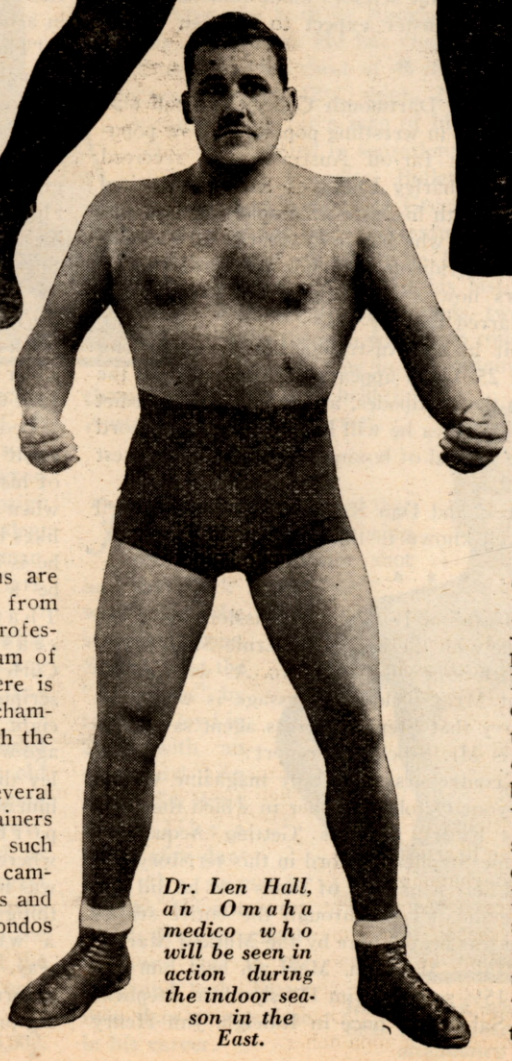
LONDOS

By JACK CURLEY



Man Mountain Dean who, after poor work in the East, made a hit in California and is now back in New York for a winter campaign.

Dick Shikat, recent conqueror of Everett Marshall, who is hot on the trail of a championship match.



Dr. Len Hall, an Omaha medico who will be seen in action during the indoor season in the East.

THE indoor season is in full swing. The veterans are all back for a heavy winter campaign. Collegians from many of the leading colleges have joined the professional ranks of wrestlers. Foreign stars, the cream of Europe, have been imported. All of which means that there is trouble in the air for Jim Londos, recognized heavyweight champion of the world in New York and all the states allied with the National Boxing Association.

The air is full of whispering about the newcomers. Several have been in secret training under the guiding hand of trainers who know the mat sport from A to Z, and have displayed such form that they are ready for the leading lights in the big campaign that has just gotten under way. Foreign stars, veterans and newcomers from the college ranks, all aim to relieve Londos of his crown. And there is no telling who is likely to turn the trick. Strange things have happened in sports before and may happen again. Someone is likely to prove himself a William Tell and shoot the apple off the head of the Greek Adonis. Who? When? Well, that's another story. Let's get acquainted with the leading lights. Here goes——

* * *

SHAKE hands first of all with Big Swede, Thor Johanson. Weighs 315 pounds. Some baby! Make a nice little watch charm for Earl Sande, the Jockey. And every ounce of him, solid brawn and muscle. Would you like to be squeezed by this ferocious giant? Old Bob Fitzsimmons used to say:

"The bigger they are, the harder they fall." Thor says he is not that type. We shall see be-

BEWARE!

fore the wrestling season of '34 to '35 comes to a close how good he is.

* * *

What! Another medico crashes the mat game! Dr. Len Hall is his moniker. If these medico gents will keep on trying, one day we shall see a world champion graduate. Dr. F. B. Roller came near landing on top. Only Frank Gotch stood in his way. The rest of them were cleared away like weeds in a rose garden.

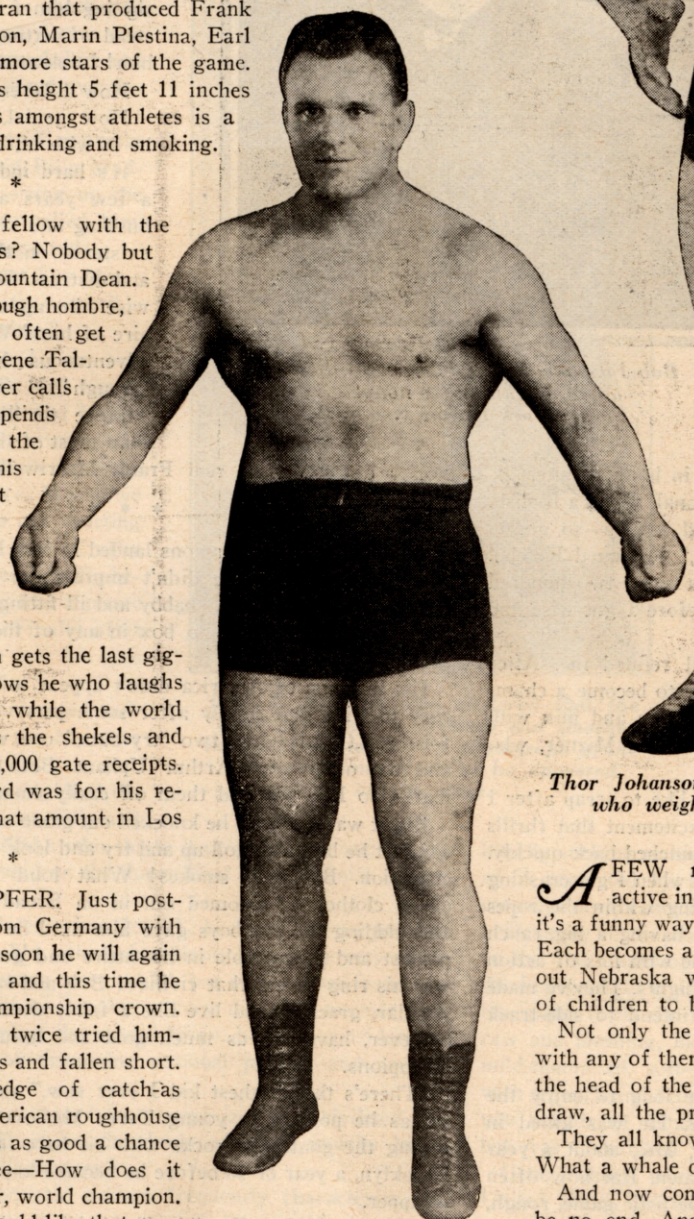
Dr. Hall was born in Omaha twenty-five years ago. Graduated from Iowa State in 1926 and then took a few years at the College of Medicine in Omaha. Took up wrestling with old Farmer Burns, the same veteran that produced Frank Gotch, Charles Hanson, Marin Plestina, Earl Caddock and a few more stars of the game. His weight is 218, his height 5 feet 11 inches and as in most cases amongst athletes is a total abstainer from drinking and smoking.

* * *

And who is this fellow with the fuzzy-wuzzy whiskers? Nobody but our old pal, Man Mountain Dean. And say, is he some tough hombre, even though he does often get licked. Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia never calls out the militia. He depends on Dean to move the mountains. Hence his nom de guerre. A lot of fans, promoters and wrestlers laugh at Dean. Yes sirree, they get a good laugh out of him. But, believe me, Dean gets the last giggle and the world knows he who laughs last, laughs best. So while the world smiles, Dean collects the shekels and draws as high as $30,000 gate receipts. That's what his record was for his recent tour. He drew that amount in Los Angeles.

* * *

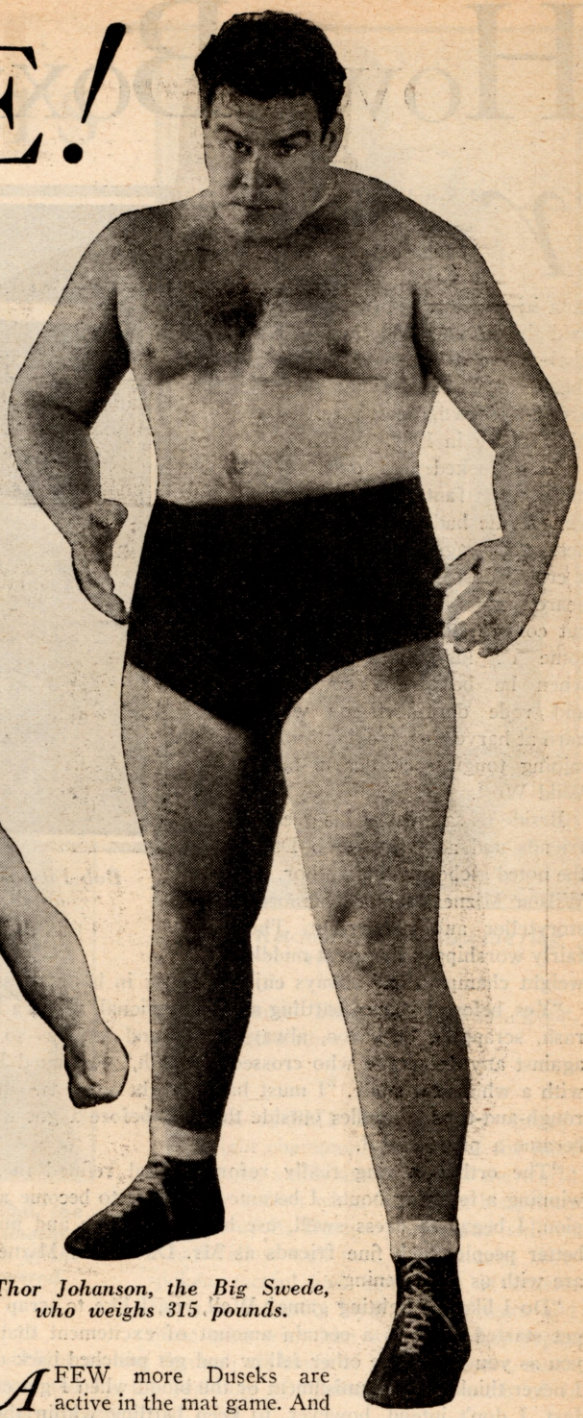
HANS KAMPFER. Just postcarded us from Germany with the news that soon he will again invade this U. S. A. and this time he will annex the championship crown. Maybe so. Hans has twice tried himself out against Londos and fallen short. With added knowledge of catch-as catch-can and the American roughhouse style, Kampfer stands as good a chance as anyone. Let's see—How does it sound? Hans Kampfer, world champion. Maybe, even Hitler would like that.



Hans Kampfer, the German heavyweight who has returned from a successful tour of Europe.

* * *

A special huzzah for Richard Shikat. No one can afford to take liberties with Dick. He has worn the championship toga and admits he likes it. Anyway be informed that Shikat comes forward for the season in a lion's rage and if he does not emerge as the champion, he will land mighty near the top. Dick will spring a new hold that he vows is the undoing of Londos or any other wrestler. Shikat *uber-alles*—that's his slogan. Just defeated Everett Marshall, a topnotcher.



Thor Johanson, the Big Swede, who weighs 315 pounds.

A FEW more Duseks are active in the mat game. And it's a funny way these Duseks have. Each becomes a menace to the title holders. Mother Dusek, out Nebraska way, can truly boast that she raised a lot of children to become wrestlers.

Not only the boys but the daughter can hold her own with any of them. Of course we all remember Rudy Dusek, the head of the tribe. He is still very active. Win, lose or draw, all the promoters like to bill Rudy.

They all know he spells satisfaction. Next came Ernie. What a whale of a warrior he is. And only a kid at that.

And now comes Joe Dusek and Emil Dusek. Seems to be no end. And just to brand them good wrestlers and highly satisfactory to the fans is not telling it all. In presenting their names in this column, let us just say these latest additions to the game are well worth considering. Get acquainted with them. As Joe Humphreys would say, "They are worthy foes for the champions."

* * *

BOHEMIA'S gift to the mat game—that is Stanley Pinto. He was born in Bohemia, the land of good fellowship, on May 23, 1898. He came to this country when he was only ten years old. Weighs 205 pounds and (*Continued on page* 51)

How Boxing *Humanized*

"YES, indeed, I was a fearless, rough-and-ready young buck when I knocked around Montana in my lean and hungry days," said the lion-hearted Stanley Ketchel to me as we sat chatting on the porch of his training quarters at Woodlawn, in Westchester, N. Y., back in 1909.

As I looked him over in his big flowing, fantastic, red Japanese kimono, he had nothing of toughness and swagger characteristic of a crude, desperate fighter, but appeared more like a refined, clean-cut college student, as he recalled some of his weird adventures when he became a cowpuncher and rode dare-devil or worked hard at harvesting, picking hops, or mining tough rock quartz in the Wild West.

Beside us sat two of his greatest friends and admirers—Bob Davis, the noted globe-trotting author, and Wilson Mizner, famous humorous storyteller and playwright. They fairly worshipped the great middleweight champion and always enjoyed being in his company.

Bob Fitzsimmons who began to doll up after knocking out nonpareil Jack Dempsey.

"Yes, before I started battling as a professional, I was a foolish, rash, scrapping buckaroo, always ready and anxious to go up against any desperado who crossed my path," continued Ketchel with a whimsical smile. "I must have fought some two hundred rough-and-tumble scuffles outside the ring before I got wise and became a professional.

"The orthodox ring really reformed and refined me. After winning a few ring bouts, I became ambitious to become a champion. I began to dress swell, use better language and mix with better people, such fine friends as Mr. Davis and Mizner, who are with us this evening.

"Do I like the fighting game? Well, yes, I like to scrap after I get started. There's a certain amount of excitement that thrills you as you punch the other fellow and get punched back quickly. I never think of the punishment or the blood when I get crashing fast. I don't intend, however, to keep battling within the ropes more than a couple of years. I'm stuck on having a big ranch out in Michigan. It's the open country for me with lots of action and fresh air. None of the Broadway bright lights. They've made a bum out of many a good fighter and I intend to side-track them."

* * *

POOR Stanley Ketchel! He didn't live long to enjoy the bracing atmosphere and his ideal life. He was killed in cowardly fashion on a ranch near Conway, Mo., about a year after my cheerful chat with him at Woodlawn. But how often have I seen, during my sixty years around the fistic game, rough, coarse novice fighters become polished and gentlemanly after some strenuous experience in the ring. Queensberry rules seem to humanize them, as it were, instead of brutalizing them, as most puritanical cranks imagine. I don't know of any classy professional fighter who is really rough and rowdy and anxious to display his scrapping ability in barroom brawls or elsewhere. They much prefer to fight for a fat purse within the ropes after they become professionals.

Spider Kelly, the famous ring second of San Francisco, said to me about a year before he passed away.

"You know, I hired Jack Dempsey as a bouncer for my joint in Frisco, that was long before he was known as a boxer. There were some very rough characters who used to raise thunder in my place, but after Jack lambasted a few of them in the most terrific style, I had peace and order for many moons. What a holy terror Jack was in his ham and bean days! He fought and beat all the desperate disturbers, hammer and tongs. What a chance I missed in not signing him for a ring career, instead of letting Jack Kearns grab him! Look at what I missed!"

How different Dempsey is today!

How genial, polite and refined he is with all comers!

It's hard indeed to imagine that a few years ago he was a hobo hustling and struggling for a mere existence on the road of hardship and distress. Didn't his ring career wise him up and make a millionaire of him? What a romantic and adventurous life he has passed through!

More thrilling and spectacular than most of the blood and thunder stories of fiction! A real Frank Merriwell experience.

* * *

WHEN Bob Fitzsimmons landed in San Francisco from Australia in 1890, he didn't impress the fistic experts at all. His clothes were cheap, shabby and ill-fitting. He was practically broke and quite willing to box in any of the sporty saloons for a few paltry dollars.

His invasion of America didn't appear to be any too bright or rosy to Fitz. But finally after some perseverance the old California A.C. gave him two "try-outs," one with Billy McCarthy and the other with Arthur Upham. Both of them were soft marks so Bob polished them off easily enough.

But it was not until he knocked out game nonpareil Jack Dempsey that he began to doll up and try and look the part of a world's champion. But holy smokes! What loud ridiculous song and dance clothes he bloomed out in on Broadway! What a laugh and kidding the playboys gave him until he finally became more modest and respectable in his attire and general deportment. It was his ring career that civilized Bob and taught him how to be popular, gracious and live like a fairly decent lord. Some lords, however, have not as much gold and luxury as many of our champions.

"There's the toughest kid I ever saw," said a friendly cop to me as he pointed to young Terry McGovern who was playing among the goats and rocks with his bare-footed gang in South Brooklyn, a year or so before he became known as a professional scrapper.

"They call him 'Terrible Teddy,'" continued the policeman. "A very good name for him. He's the boss among all the boys in the neighborhood and can lick them all, even the bigger fellows. I don't believe he ever owned an overcoat or a pair of gloves, save an old pair of dilapidated boxing gloves someone gave him.

Little did I think at the time that this rough-and-ready hobbledehoy would, in a very few years, be crowned the world's featherweight champion! From a shabby newspaper boy he soon became quite well dressed and a favorite among leading men, not only of the boxing game but those of the turf and theatrical profession.

Great Fighters

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

One Time Manager of John L. Sullivan

IT was remarkable, however, how the ring had tamed his uncouth spirit and made him a most cheerful, agreeable human being, considering the wild rough-and-tumble way he was brought up—or rather dragged up—among the goats and rocks of Gowanus.

What a helter-skelter hard nut John L. Sullivan appeared to be when Billy Madden, his first manager, and Jim Keenan brought him over from Boston in 1880 to pit him against any heavyweight in the fistic arena. He was dressed very roughly with a short pea jacket, the tightest pants I ever saw a man wear, a blue flannel shirt and a slouchy cap pulled down over his wicked, blazing eyes.

"Look him over and tell me what you think of him." said Billy Madden to me. So after sizing up the "Big Fellow," as they called him, rather carefully, I suggested:

"You should at least buy him a new, decent hat. That's a terrible looking cap he's wearing."

So they took John L. out and bought him a fine silk high hat at which Sullivan balked and kicked about wearing it. He certainly did look ridiculous considering the queer makeup he wore. When we reached Harry Hill's old sporting resort on Houston and Crosby Streets, John stood very gruffly before the bar swearing like a pirate about the high dicer. Finally after trying to pull it down over his eyes continually, he roared:

"To hell with this damned nuisance!" as he threw the hat over behind the bar.

The friendly bartender picked the hat up, brushed it off carefully and handed it back to Sullivan who threw it up in the air and finally jumped on it as it landed on the floor. That was the finish of the fine silk hat.

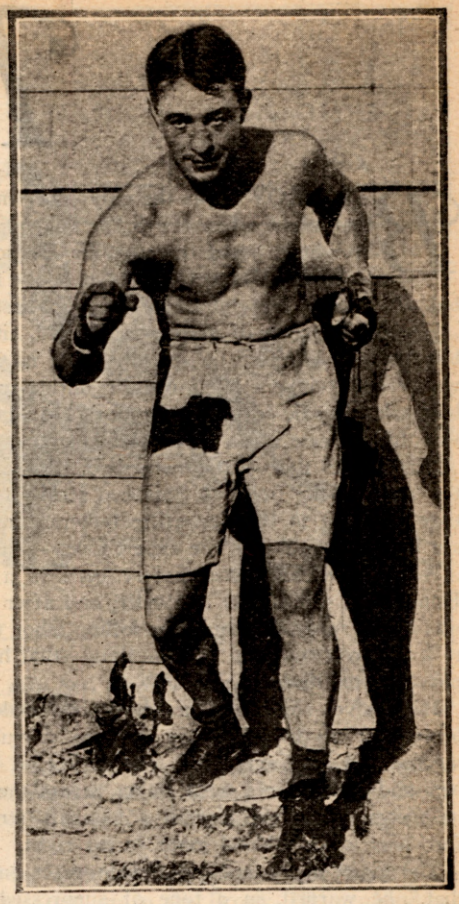
John L. Sullivan who declared that the "stove pipe" was a nuisance and smashed the hat. Here we have a photograph of the "Boston Strong Boy" as he appeared on the stage.

A couple of years later, when John L. became the very popular king of Fistiana, he, like other champions, became a very swell dresser and nearly always wore a high hat in the most fastidious manner. Not only did he acquire a very dignified manner, but some fifteen years before he passed away, he read considerably and was very fond of discussing national politics and ancient history.

Was it not his ring career that humanized and civilized the famous gladiator, like it has hundreds of other worthy high-class ringsters in fistic history?

Some of the modernistic writers frequently characterize the old bare-knuckle fighters as a bunch of disreputable low-down rough-neck bruisers, who spent time between ring combats in wild dissipation and rowdyism. I can recall many of the old London rule battlers but can only name three who disgraced the manly art of self-defense, and I should know, for I managed John L. Sullivan, was a ringside scribe at all big fights and had a boxing magazine that rivaled Richard H. Fox's "Police Gazette."

Men such as Tom Hyer, John C. Heenan, John Morrissey, Jem Mace, Joe Goss, Tom Allen, Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, Prof. Mike Donavan, Jem Ward, Billy McClellan, Dick Hollywood, Johnny Keating, Ed Price, Johnny Dwyer and other bare-knuckle fistic stars certainly were not disreputable low-down bruisers. They were gallant, great, glorious gladiators.



Stanley Ketchel, who said that the ring refined him.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY, former heavyweight champion, was one of the most savage, annihilating fighters the world has ever known when he was in his prime. But out of it, Dempsey was, and still is, a hail fellow well met, gentlemanly, soft-spoken, tactful and thoughtful of others. He is so intensely loyal to his friends and those who wish him well that they repay him by sticking to him through all kinds of public censure, much of it prompted by the jealousy of "failures" and much of it entirely unwarranted.

Dempsey in the ring was known as "the Manassa Mankiller." In the first round of his bout with Jess Willard, when Jack won the heavyweight championship, one blow of his left hand ripped the giant Willard's face from temple to chin and laid it open, raw and bleeding, like a piece of freshly killed beef. The same mild-mannered, soft-spoken Dempsey knocked out Fred Fulton with a punch and felled Luis Firpo a half-dozen times in less than two rounds of actual combat. He was a savage in the ring, but was humanized when out of it.

Gene Tunney, who succeeded Dempsey as champion, a former United States Marine who saw service in the World War, and a rough customer for any man to stack up against inside the ropes, was just the reverse in private life. Gene's "human side" is reflected in a decided preference for the company of refined, genteel people and he is as much at home in so-called "society" as the most blue-blooded resident of Park Avenue. This was true of Gene both before he won the heavyweight title and after his retirement.

* * *

PROBABLY one of the most "human" boxers known to fistic annals was Mike Schreck. His home hang-out was a popular saloon called, "The Blue Goose" in Reading, Ohio, a suburb of Cincinnati. Here he was (*Continued on page* 46)

The FIXER

BART HOYT was the only sober man in the forecastle that night when the S. S. *Dolphin,* nine thousand ton freighter, nosed out into the Hudson from the foot of Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, bound for the port of Istanbul. He knew nobody aboard, it was his first voyage.

Not much chance of getting acquainted, either, that first night, but the next morning he speedily made up for lost time. There were frayed tempers. Hang-overs resulting from a week's glorious bust ashore made for a tense atmosphere all around. Particularly was this the case in the stokehold.

Stripped to the waist, tawny bodies, sweat glistening, red in the glare of the furnaces, balanced seedily to the vessel's roll as they fed fuel to the devouring boilers. Bart hadn't found his sea legs yet; he lacked the expert touch—was clumsy.

Actually he had never before been in a ship's boiler room. Handling a shovel was a novelty, and after two hours of it, he was about ready to drop. Man-killing labor to anybody not used to it. He was thankful for one thing—that he had kept in sound physical condition.

His shovel slid over the steel plate under the coal and he brought it up for the open furnace. Simultaneously, the ship lurched and Bart staggered. The shovel hit the side of the fire-box and its contents went flying across the stokehold. One of its pieces, about the size of a baseball, struck the leg of the ferocious looking blond giant to his right.

The giant swore, a regular deep-water oath. "Twice you did that," he warned, in a tone of suppressed fury. "You do it again and I smash you."

Bart shrugged his aching shoulders. "I didn't try it," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" The other spat. "What talk is that? I don't speak that language. I tell you—don't do it again."

Bart's brow was creased as he bent to the bunker door. A quick, resentful gleam had leaped to his dark eyes, but he stemmed his rising anger with a crooked little grin. Johnson, the giant, was still under the weather. Probably feeling as dog tired as he was himself. He straightened, the shovel coming up, aiming carefully for the open fire box door. Another lurch and—Crash!

Johnson's bellow of rage drowned out the noises of the boiler room, as, throwing his shovel aside, he made a rush at Bart. His fist swung for the smaller, lighter man's jaw. He missed. They were at grips.

Work suspended, providing a mildly interested audience, the black gang on the watch stood by, keeping a respectful distance, as the struggling figures moved onto a clear space in the center of the flooring.

Johnson, right arm around Bart's back, left forearm pushing up on his throat under the chin, was threatening to snap his shipmate's neck. Taken by surprise, Bart was momentarily helpless.

* * *

THE whole thing seemed unreal to him. Down there, far removed from the sunlight, in a superheated air where there was the constant hiss of steam and chugging of pumps, to be one of these red, gleaming firemen—to his weary brain it conveyed the eerie sensation of a nightmare. Then, to be fighting for his very life with the biggest and strongest of these red devils! All at once he choked.

That brought him back. The instinct of self-preservation was asserting itself. His mind began to function. He caught the hand of the arm that was jamming into his windpipe and strained against it. It was no use. He twisted the arm; that relieved the pressure somewhat. He could see clearly now.

Johnson's face, leering down into his, was almost touching. Bodies, sticky with sweat, Bart's like that of a child compared to the massive frame of his antagonist, were locked in fierce animal embrace.

Bart still had his grip on Johnson's hand. His position was desperate. No chance of help from outside; he had to depend on himself. His fingers tensed, tightened over Johnson's huge paw.

He felt the giant stiffen slightly. It reminded him—reminded Bart of how he happened to be here aboard the *Dolphin.* That day, less than a week ago—! But no time to think of that now.

He remembered he had a second hand, the right. Bringing it into play, his fingers gripped like steel talons into the arm, just above the elbow, that was trying to dislocate his neck. He concentrated himself for effort, directing all his strength into his fingers.

"Ee-yow!" Johnson suddenly screamed with agony. His arm tore from Bart's throat and he sprang back. In a flash, Bart was after him. Head down, he dived at the giant's waist line. They were on the coal, down.

"Here! What the hell's this?" Authority was on the scene. The third engineer pushed forward. The gang scattered.

"Here!" Bart was on top of the prostrate Johnson and the engineer smacked him on the shoulder. "Cut that out. You're not in the back room of any saloon now. Get on with your work."

The men got to their feet, Johnson massaging his left hand and arm. Picking up his shovel, Bart was grinning, a grim little flicker of amusement in his glance. He was fagged out, weary, but the conflict had revived his flagging spirits somewhat.

Fifteen minutes passed. The engineer was gone. Out of the tail of his eye Bart was regarding his late adversary. Johnson was doing the same for him. Presently the big fellow came forward.

"Hah! You got some grip in them fingers of yours," he said, appreciatively, rubbing his hand.

"I guess so," Bart agreed. Hostilities appeared to be over. "If it weren't for that grip, I shouldn't be here, Johnson."

"Here?" the giant took him up. "Here? With a grip like that you should be here? No!" he answered. "Not for firing boilers in a ship, that grip."

Bart was smiling; he found it rather diverting. The change in Johnson's manner, all antagonism gone, and now these friendly overtures. The big man's back was bruised and bleeding, where he had landed on the coal, but apparently it caused him no concern.

"What weight are you?" the giant asked.

"About—about a hundred and seventy," Bart replied. "Why?"

"A hundred and seventy and you throw me—two hundred and forty! That's why I ask." He looked into Bart's face searchingly, and his normally ferocious expression got more ferocious as he stared. "Listen, I tell you, but I never tell anybody else. I think, maybe, I can trust you." He paused. "Hah! Not now. I tell you after." And he went back to his furnaces.

* * *

IT was on the forecastle head that evening, standing at the rail, watching the spray break from the ship's bow, that Johnson told Bart of an incident in his past which he had never confided to anyone else.

"You might not believe," he began, in his heavy, serious way, "that I am a man with a heart—a tender heart just like a woman!"

"Well," Bart laughed, "I shouldn't have believed it this morning, that time you were trying to knock my head off."

"That was different. I had a mad on. Besides, I never feel good the first morning after sailing. You made me sore; I thought you were picking on me. And when I get sore, my heart gets hard."

Bart felt like laughing aloud. Johnson struck him as being irresistibly funny.

"And when I get sore and my heart gets hard, I forget that once I killed a man."

"You killed—!" Bart gulped. All thoughts of fun were gone.

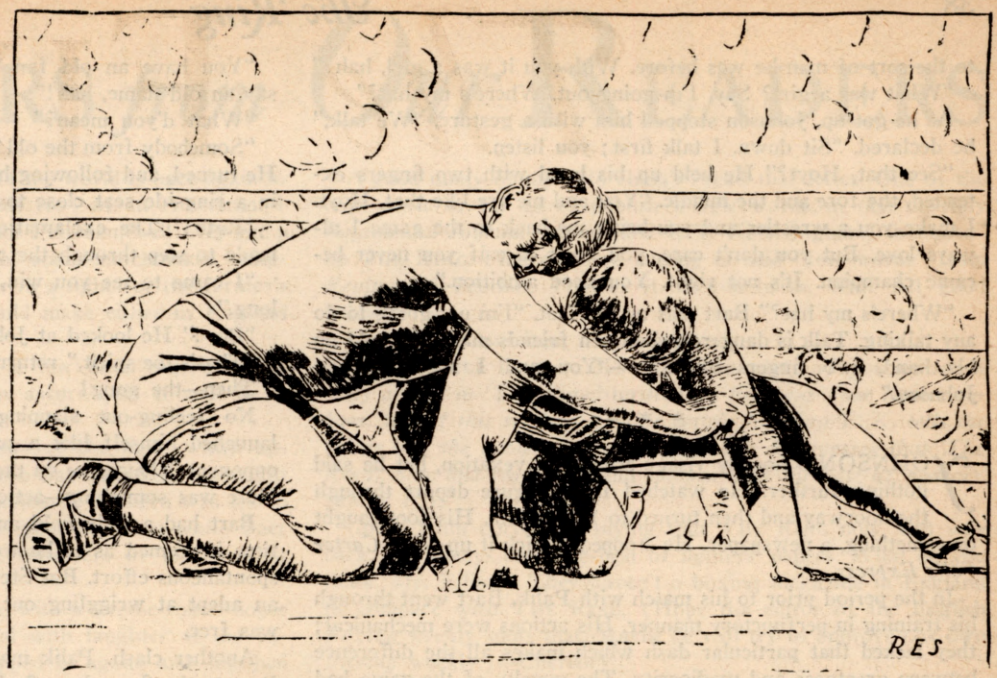
"Yes; once I killed a man."

Overhead the moon shone faintly through the clouds. On every side the ocean was deserted; no sign of life anywhere. Up there on the fo'c's'le head Bart shivered suddenly. He was standing beside—

How a Manager's Knowledge of the Fair Sex and a Woman's Love Enabled Bart to Win the Heavyweight Wrestling Championship

By

JOHN MACNEISH



Bart's only thought was of Ruth and, to gain her, he decided to make quick work of the championship match.

"It was an accident; I don't try to kill him. I am Sven Jurgen, see? You have heard my name—Sven Jurgen? But after I kill that man, I call myself Johnson."

"Sven Jurgen?" said Bart. "You don't mean the wrestler?"

"Yes, I am that same Sven Jurgen, the wrestler. I throw a man over the ropes and he lands on his head on the cement floor. His neck is broken. The coroner says I am ab-absolved. He calls it 'death by misadventure.' But—but two years pass and I wrestle no more. My heart is too tender, and when I am sober, I see always that man lying on the floor with his head twisted under him."

The giant sighed. "It is too bad! I tell you this thing, Hoyt, but I tell it to nobody else. In the stokehold, a man must be hard-boiled or he makes trouble for himself. With me I make my talk and my face hard-boiled but, underneath, my heart is tender. It is all right to tell you this, Hoyt, for I know you don't belong here."

"And where," Bart asked, solemnly, "where do I belong?"

"You belong on the wrestling mat . . . . Yes, yes," he insisted as Bart was about to raise an objection; "I know best. With the grip that's in your fingers I'll make you a champion. Let me see your fingers. Hah! Champion—and you will never need to throw a man over the ropes!"

"But—"

"We have a long voyage and I have plenty time to teach you many of the things you should know."

* * *

JOHNSON kept to his word, and in the three months that elapsed before the Dolphin returned to the United States he had Bart in condition—fit, he declared, to meet anyone.

They were paid off on a Monday. Going to Manhattan, they put up at a rooming house in the neighborhood of Washington Square.

"No good times," Johnson laid the law down. "You're in training and I am the trainer. I look after you."

Bart accepted the big fellow's management without objection. As a matter of fact, he had grown accustomed to it by this time. In addition, a strange friendship was existing between the two. Strange, because Johnson never inquired into his pupil's past history. Bart respected him for it; sometimes, too, felt like confiding in him. In some respects, their stories were similar—not that Bart had ever killed anyone. Not killed, but every bit as bad.

On these occasions, Bart's thoughts would fly to Ruth, and he would see her again as he had seen her when she sent him away. The expression in her blue eyes—it made him squirm even now. She hated him. Was that not worse than killing a man? Bart felt that it was. For Ruth had been the beginning and end of all his hopes and desires.

He could never go back to Carter Falls. Could never bear to have Ruth look at him like that again. No; he was finished. Nothing mattered any more. So he followed the career his manager was laying out for him.

On the second Friday after landing, Johnson got him a place on the program of an arena up in the Bronx. His professional début. There, turning to account what he had learned aboard the Dolphin and, utilizing to advantage the tremendous crushing strength in his fingers, he threw his man in short order.

Other engagements followed. In a few months his name was on the tongue of wrestling fans all over the country. Writers spoke of the bone-crushing grip in his fingers. More significant—leading contenders for the championship were avoiding meeting him.

* * *

BACK in New York once more. Almost a year had passed. Johnson was seeking an encounter for him with Steve Palik, the champion. But Bart was not really much interested.

Only one angle of his sudden prominence roused him—they knew of his success back home. In a newsstand at Times Square, where they carried papers from all parts of the world, he managed to pick up a copy of *The Carter Falls Express*. There, on the editorial page, he saw his name mentioned.

"Bart Hoyt, our young fellow townsman," the paragraph said, "seems to be making a big name for himself in the ancient sport of wrestling. There's even a chance of a world's championship coming to Carter Falls. Here's wishing you success, Bart."

It made him smile. He was in his room, the paper lying across his knees, when Johnson came in. The manager was excited.

"We're meeting Palik," he broke out. "It's all fixed. I fix it."

"Hm!"

"Hah! Hm! Is that all you say? I tell you, you meet the champion. Don't you know what it means?"

"Sure, I know." Half serious, half teasing, he said, "Just another job." He wasn't a bit thrilled.

"Sometimes, Johnson," he went on, "I feel like quitting. Jobs are meant to be quit; they're only stop-gaps. You know how you felt about being a fireman on the *Dolphin*—you did it because there was nothing else. You were a wrestler but scared to go back to it. With me—" He clasped his hands and stared down at the rug.

"So!" Johnson nodded. "And what is it you are scared to go back to?"

Bart's eyes lifted. "What—?" He laughed. "You do get some crazy ideas into your head, Johnson, don't you?"

The giant's glance narrowed; he regarded him shrewdly. "There's always something," he said, "when a man can't go back

to the sort of man he was before. With you it was a girl, hah?"

"What was a girl? Say, I'm going out. Where's my hat?"

As he got up, Johnson stopped him with a gesture. "We talk," he declared. "Sit down. I talk first; you listen.

"See that, Hoyt?" He held up his hand with two fingers extended, the fore and the middle. "You and me are like that, Hoyt. I make you a wrestler and you bring me back to the game I always love. But you don't care, you don't care if you never became champion. It's not right. You need ambition."

"Where's my hat?" Bart was on his feet. "I'm not going to do any talking. Talk is dangerous between friends and"—he held up his hand, two fingers extended—"You and I are like that, Johnson."

* * *

JOHNSON'S homely visage creased in vexation, but he said nothing further. He watched Bart's figure depart through the doorway and then turned to follow him. His foot caught on something, a newspaper. He stooped to pick it up—*The Carter Falls Express.*

In the period prior to his match with Palik, Bart went through his training in perfunctory manner. His actions were mechanical; they lacked that particular dash which makes all the difference between greatness and mediocrity. The novelty of the game had worn off for him, and the fact that he was meeting the champion affected him not at all.

As for the plaudits of the crowd and being in the limelight—they had never counted. He had no illusions about himself, was not in the least vain. Pictures in the newspapers, showing him in action, he looked at and laughed. They mattered nothing. He was going nowhere—going alone, and at the end of the road there was nothing worth while.

And yet it might have been so different. If Ruth had been there! If he hadn't allowed his jealousy to get the better of him!

In his mind's eye he saw her as she was that day when he snatched the camera from her—the camera Henry Baisley had given her—and smashed it to pieces in his fingers. A beast, she called him. He knew then that it was Henry she really loved. And yet, before that, he had thought—Oh, what was the use?

Bart's lack of pep, fire, primordial essence—whatever it was—had his manager worried.

"This Palik, I tell you," Johnson pointed out, "is a tough man, mean, too, and cunning. To beat him, you will need to be right on your toes. You need will power."

"I beat the other men you put me up against, didn't I?"

"Yes; but this is for the championship. Championships are always different. Other things count."

"What sort of things?"

"Well, outside things. It is hard to tell. But in championship matches outside things count more than in ordinary matches. They are more important and the man with the strongest will at the hour of the engagement is usually the winner."

"You've been reading a book, Johnson. That psychology stuff is a lot of hokum."

"Hah!" Johnson frowned, horribly. He was thinking. Only three days before the engagement. Hoyt was in no state of mind for beating the champion. In that, more than strength was required.

"Tomorrow morning," said Johnson, suddenly, "I go upstate to visit an old friend. I don't know when I'll be back. Late maybe."

"Well, have a good time," said Bart.

In his trip, Johnson must have taken Bart's advice for, when he returned to New York the following night, he was radiating satisfaction and genial warmth. He did not discuss his journey with Bart, but slapping that young man on the back he uttered an enigmatic—"I fix it."

He had.

It was the night of the fight. The men were in their respective corners. Preliminary formalities had been gone through. Johnson took the robe from his man's shoulders, a wide grin on his face.

There, in the tense moment just before the sounding of the gong, he sprang his surprise. He whispered in Bart's ear:

"You have an old fan here tonight, Hoyt—maybe I should say an old flame, hah!"

"What d'you mean?"

"Somebody from the old home town, from Carter Falls. Look!" He turned, and following his glance, Bart's eyes fixed on a figure in a ringside seat close to his corner.

"Ruth!" The exclamation broke from him involuntarily. He made to step through the ropes when his manager arrested him.

"I came to see you win, Bart," the girl called. "Don't be too long."

"Boy!" He looked at Johnson. "I won't be a minute," he said.

"That's the spirit," returned his manager. "I fix it."

Then—the gong!

No feeling-out slapping and fumbling in that bout. Bart launched himself like a panther springing to the kill onto his opponent. They were on the mat. The audience was in an uproar. Here was something—action!

Bart had a body hold and wrist lock on the champion. For a time it seemed as if he were going to flatten Palik in his first spontaneous effort. But Steve had experience to sustain him, was an adept at wriggling out of tight corners. In five minutes he was free.

Another clash. Palik managed to apply a headlock and threw Bart to the floor. In a flash he was up. Ruth was waiting. Palik met him with a forearm smash to the jaw. Instinctively Bart's hands lifted. Subconsciously he had been expecting the move.

His bone crushing fingers clamped on the champion's arm and hand. It was like that long ago morning in the stokehold of the *Dolphin.* Outside the ring Johnson danced in excitement. He knew what was coming—an arm that would be paralyzed for hours afterwards!

Bart's only thought was Ruth, and Johnson. Johnson had fixed it. He had only to dispose of this man and then—and then his lost hopes were recovered; more than recovered.

Palik was howling. He swung his left suddenly, frantically, for Bart's chin. Backing clear, Bart released his grip and then stepped in to apply a wicked headlock. Tossing the champion to the mat Bart sprang after him. Palik was finished, his right arm helpless, and Bart had small trouble jamming his shoulders to the mat.

* * *

THE second fall was accomplished in three minutes. Palik came out, arm hanging limp, and the challenger took him up like a sack of grain and pitched him to the floor. The champion's resistance was merely technical after that. Using an arm lock Bart firmly placed the fading king's back to the floor.

The new king's first concern was of Ruth. Where was she?

"She's in the dressing room," Johnson explained. "I look after her." Throwing the robe over his man's shoulders he chuckled aloud. "You needed her to win, Hoyt. I know it and so I fix it."

Bart joined him in laughter. "What did you know? How did you know it?"

"Two and two," said his manager. "I know how to count and how to read. I read *The Carter Falls Express* when you are finished with it. Then I go up there, to Carter Falls, to visit my old friend Ole Jacobsen, who runs a general store. He tells me all about it."

"You knew Ole Jacobsen?"

"He tells me of how Ruth Dorsey does not smile for more than a year, since this wrestler, Bart Hoyt, her boy friend, goes away."

"But she sent me away. She said she hated me."

"Hah! Women are funny. They hate most those they love best, but it only lasts a little while."

"And—and—"

"And so I tell her that your heart is breaking for her, and that to win the championship, you need courage, ambition. I ask her to make you win it for her. I make her understand."

They were at the dressing room door and Bart grabbed his manager's hand. "I'll never forget you for this, Johnson." His eyes were misty. "You've done more for me than I can ever repay."

"Hah! Ruth is waiting. Go in, Hoyt. Make her happy."

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

THE heavyweight championship of the world is once again in the hands (and pretty safe hands too) of an American. I wonder if our own heavy champ, Jack Petersen, will ever get a crack at Baer! Would love to hear of some matchmaker bringing Max and our own champ together in a fight for the former's title. What a draw such a battle would make either in England or America!

Well, Nat, I would like to write a few lines regarding the recent Baer-Carnera "battle." I can assure you it will be a "chota grip" only, Nat. So here goes!

Quoting English newspaper accounts of the fight, which appeared in the days following it, Carnera was outboxed, outfought and out-talked. According to one newspaper, Carnera was led to his corner where he collapsed on his stool and wept while Baer was carried out of the ring on the shoulders of his cheering admirers.

Baer, we read, broke Carnera's nose with a terrific round-house right. Max then stepped back, roared with laughter at the expression on his opponent's face, stepped in again, and smashed home a still harder right in the same place. The film of the fight didn't show anything like the above quoted newspaper accounts.

I have witnessed the fight film four times now. The "Dancing Adonis" sure danced a jig round Carnera—maybe it was just as well he (Baer) did—as I noticed he was "lost" when in the clinches. In almost every clinch why was it the referee separated them so soon? Was it because Primo might have hurt Max when close in? I studied the film carefully, and not once did the Californian allow Carnera to "pin" him against the ropes. Once again, it was just as well Baer didn't allow such a thing to happen.

Personally, I think Carnera gave Baer a boxing lesson in practically every round. Primo, the first out of his corner in almost every round, completely dominated the fight, forcing Max to retreat and to smother clumsily, replying to Baer's taunts and grimaces (and occasional "raspberries") with an accurate, well-timed left, against which the Californian had apparently no defense.

As the rounds proceeded, one could see Baer was beginning to tire. As they came up for the eleventh round; I expected to see some dramatic and sensational change. I saw this:—Carnera ran briskly out of his corner, and the familiar story of the previous rounds was repeated, with Baer on the retreat, and backing away to his left.

Towards the end of the round Max attacked wildly, (he was as wide open as the Sahara) and one of his badly timed swings connected high up on Primo's head. Carnera, momentarily staggered, beheld the referee precipitate himself upon Baer, and before he (Carnera) knew what was happening another blow from Max landed on Primo's chin. (A "la" Carpentier vs. Ted "Kid" Lewis bout, way back.)

Carnera again staggered, fell, and without waiting to take a count was up. As the "Ambling Alp" regained his feet what did he see? Lo and behold! the ref was walking with Baer to his (Max's) corner, and the next thing Primo knew was that Baer was declared the winner.

I can honestly say, Nat, such procedure from the referee had some reaction on me. Carnera will have many sympathizers in this country.

This letter suggests that I am prejudiced against Baer, but I was quite indifferent as to who won. I was probably biased against Max by the reports of his outrageous behavior before and during the fight. I know such "skit" is termed "ring strategy," but is it sportsmanship, Nat? Hardly, eh?

If you wish, you may publish this letter in your popular magazine.

Listen to this, Nat. Just prior to my leaving India I sent you a letter. That letter you published in one of the issues of THE RING a little later. Now I guess said letter sure boosted "Our RING" up tremendously.

A good many of my "old china's" read that letter. One of the boys went so far as to publish a few words in our monthly *Regimental Journal* stating how I, T. Ketteringham, "bummed" up THE RING. Find enclosed cutting of said "few words" from *Regimental Journal.* Publish it if you wish, Nat. All good publicity!

Here's the news item as printed:

"WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—*How many of you missed a tasty article in 'The Ring,' written by Fighting Tom Ketteringham, late of this section? In this article Fighting T. K. tells the editor and the noble wide world just how he guesses that 'The Ring,' now and way back, has always been the best of fighters' papers. B.S.*"

Guess I am correct in saying that THE RING now, and way back, has always been the best of fighters' papers. What do you think, Mr. Editor? They haven't a boxing magazine in England to compare with THE RING. (Hope the editor of the English *Boxing* weekly spots that. Maybe he will try to improve our own *Boxing* weekly.)—Cherrio!

TOM KETTERINGHAM,
Hauto Aldershot, Eng.

* * *

THE question has often been asked, "Who are the greatest prize fighters of all time in their classes? Here is my answer:

Heavyweight—James J. Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, John L. Sullivan.

Light-Heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons, Battling Siki, Jack Dillon.

Middleweight—Stanley Ketchel, Harry Greb, Jack Dempsey, (the Nonpareil).

Welterweight—Joe Walcott, Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy.

Lightweight—Joe Gans, Battling Nelson, Benny Leonard.

Featherweight—Terry McGovern, Johnny Dundee, Young Corbett.

Bantamweight—George Dixon, Johnny Coulon, Jimmy Barry.

Flyweight—Pancho Villa, Jimmy Wilde, Frankie Genaro.

I have made a careful study of this section and I think these are a good selection. What do you think?

GARLAND E. LEFLER,
Elmer, Oklahoma.

I think there is room for a big improvement. What have other readers to offer along this line? [Editor's note]

* * *

I AM a regular subscriber to your very fine journal, THE RING, and am writing to you from this far-off, so-called "Darkest Africa," to tell you how much we appreciate your articles and reports on boxing and wrestling. It is a matter of regret, however, that there are no columns devoted to South African boxing and wrestling.

Out here, the color line is drawn, so we have European and non-European titles, etc. I shall be glad if you will endeavor to make a feature of South African boxing, just as we find columns devoted to Australia. If you are unable to get anybody to send you reports and news from here, I am prepared to send same to you, for publication in THE RING.

At the same time, I am anxious to know if you have any record or particulars of a boxer, Motee Kid Singh, from British Guiana, who came to South Africa recently to fight in feather-weight contests. He is supposed to have fought Midget Wolgast, a few years ago, while a flyweight.

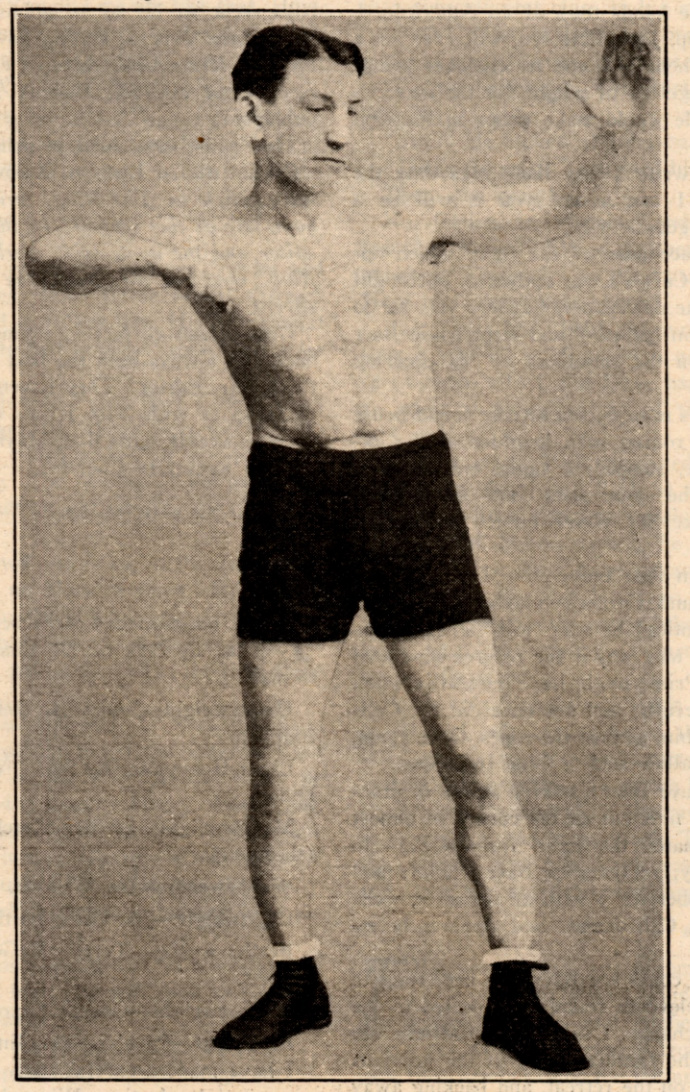
J. B. CHETTY,
Durban, Natal,
South Africa.

When FISTIC HISTORY *was*

By GEORGE T. PARDY

THEY have a boxing Board of Control in South Africa these days, with all the modern trimmings, and while the Dark Continent has yet to produce a real honest-to-goodness sensation in the slugging line, some pretty hefty mitt-men have hailed from there. In due course of time, a regular champ may be developed in the land where an American reporter once went scouting for Missionary Livingston, at the behest of Mr. Bennett of the New York *Herald* and scored a beat, possibly because no other editor around those parts cared enough about Livingston to set a competitor on the Stanley trail.

However, that is neither here nor there! South Africa is a great deal more interested in pugs than missionaries in this year of grace. Don McCorkindale quite recently invaded fight circles in this country, invested with the African heavyweight title. He won his first battle, in Madison Square Garden, but flivvered in Chicago when King Levinsky roughed him about for ten frames, whereupon Don exited back to England, where he is a favorite with British fans. And a few weeks ago, in London, Jack Petersen defeated Ben Foord, another African entry for heavy honors.



Rudolph Unholz, the Boer lightweight.

Just before the World War began, there were signs of a boxing revival in South Africa. It is possibly news to many sport followers that the country in question was once a rallying ground for knights of the glove. Yet there was a time when fistic history was made there. Breaking out of hostilities prevented the carrying out of a scheme formed by a British syndicate to bring off a big athletic carnival at Johannesburg, in which champs of all weights from Australia, America and England were to take part, and which included the building of a huge arena for holding boxing contests.

Among the promoters were two men who made money by exploiting pugilistic encounters in that section of the globe. One was an Australian, named Warden, the other Randall Merton, a Briton, who had resided for twenty-five years at the Cape and in Johannesburg. Both were interested in the game during 1891, when boxing first began to flourish on the Rand. It was a time when the gold fever gripped South Africa and every incoming steamer carried crowds of adventurers seeking fortune in a foreign clime. Naturally the love of sport, always strong in the Anglo-Saxon spirit, dominated these men, and it was not long ere the resonant swat of the stuffed mitt on the muscular neck of the slugger became a familiar sound in the land.

At first the battles staged were mostly between husky but unscientific beginners, but money being plentiful and gambling for high stakes the fashion all around, extravagant sums were put up for the novices to scrap for, and professionals of note commenced to scent from afar financial provisions worthy of their attention. One of the early arrivals was Owen Sullivan of Australia. Owen was a tall, muscular heavyweight, who had beaten some of the best men in the Antipodes.

Prior to Sullivan's debut in Africa, Jack Burke, the "Irish Lad," Nonpareil Jack Dempsey's old rival and the man who fought a bare knuckle draw with Charlie Mitchell, lasting an hour and seventeen minutes, had established himself there and whipped every opponent who faced him. Warden and Merton were instrumental in bringing over Sullivan for the purpose of matching him with the invincible Burke.

The latter's greatest admirer and backer was a plunger named Joe Lees, who had earned considerable notoriety by his readiness to risk large sums on the mere turn of a card. Lees' luck was proverbial, and any game of chance in which he participated, from the tables to the turf or ring, usually ended in his favor.

It did not take Messrs. Warden and Merton long to induce Lees to furnish backing for Burke against the invader, and a match was duly arranged for $10,000 a side. The fight took place and Burke was knocked out in the fourth round.

As a matter of fact, the whole affair, in modern slang phraseology, was "in the bag"! Burke was such a strong favorite on the Rand, that his admirers had come to look upon him as unconquerable, and they backed him loyally.

The conspirators cleaned up a small fortune, and Lees was loser to the extent of $100,000. But the worst was yet to come. Lees, although warned that he had been a plot victim, refused to believe that Burke had "sold" him. Jack was quite a diplomat, and when, after the battle, he came to Lees and wept bitterly because the fortune of war had depleted his benefactor's wallet, the latter was deeply affected and bade him not take it so much to heart. But Burke was inconsolable. He said he would never rest until he had enabled his kind friend to make good his loss.

"It's like this, Joe," explained Burke sadly. "This here Sullivan's too good for me, and I ain't as young as I was. But there's lots of folks around who think I've still got a chance to lick him yet. He'll give me another match. There'll be your tip to win back your quids and more with 'em. I'll fight the blighter again, and you back him to win. It's a safe bet. I couldn't whip him if I wanted to, and he'll get me in a few rounds. I'll make a good enough showing to satisfy the boys, and that'll be all."

* * *

THE plan sounded okay to Lees, and he said so. Sullivan willingly consented to a return match and both men went into training. This time Lees, with a view to recouping his pre-

made in SOUTH AFRICA

vious losses, and with a sure thing in sight, plunged magnificently. He stood to win about $200,000 on Owen, and felt grateful toward the faithful Burke. The latter probably felt also grateful because Fate had delivered into his hands a victim who though already skinned, was ripe for a second trimming.

Among Sullivan's entourage was Lachie Thompson, once welter champion of Scotland, who fought Dick Burge and other good men of his day. Lachie, for some reason, was not taken into the confidence of Sullivan, with whom he was training, and the Scot supposed that the match would be strictly on its merits.

Thompson appeared in Owen's corner as chief second on the night of battle. For three rounds Sullivan seemed to have the better of matters, and the good-natured Lees sighed in sympathy to see Burke taking such a terrific lacing, despite that fact that the plunger was betting on the Australian. In the fourth round Sullivan left an opening in his guard and Burke smashed through a swing to the jaw. Down went the Australian and lay like a log, partly under the ropes in his own corner. As the referee counted "Five," Lachie Thompson craned his neck over the platform edge where his principal reclined.

"Get up, Owen—get up!" he implored. The fallen boxer opened one eye and winked a wink pregnant with artful meaning.

"Shut up—you bally fool," growled Sullivan softly. "It's all right, you'll get yours!"

Whereupon a great light flooded Lachie's mind and he ceased to remonstrate. A few seconds later, he was assisting his defeated principal to his chair, while down in the crowd, Joe Lees raved and swore, realizing that, for the second time, he had been led like a lamb to the financial slaughter-house.

* * *

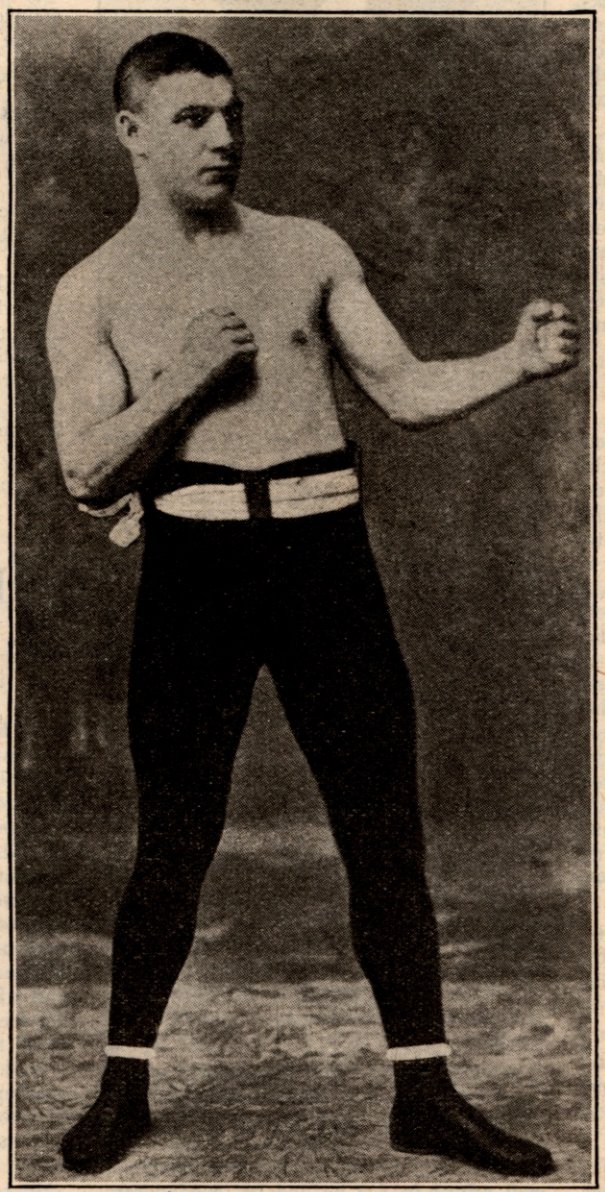
ALTHOUGH it was pretty much a matter of general knowledge that both of the Sullivan-Burke battles were in the "fixed" category, the boxing game continued to flourish. Fresh fistic importations came from abroad, mostly of Australian brand. Bill Doherty, Tut Ryan, Herb McKale, Tom Duggan, Tim Hegarty were among the gladiators who sought their share of easily garnered South African shekels. The lowest admission to fights was five dollars in American money, payable in gold; and $30 to $50 was no uncommon price for a ringside seat. Money flowed like water into the hands of visiting boxers, whether they were of high or low degree. American fighters were few in number. Boxing was being conducted on a large scale in the United States just then, and Uncle Sam's glove-wielders had enough to engage their attention at home without wandering farther afield.

Yet it is probable that had the American representatives known of the exact condition of things in South Africa, many of them would have adventured in that promising region. Kid McCoy was about the first of any account to awaken to a sense of the opportunities presented there. He arrived in Johannesburg in 1896, obtained a match with Bill Doherty and kayoed the Australian in nine rounds.

Incidentally, it was at first McCoy's intention to fight under an assumed name, make Doherty an overwhelming favorite in the betting and clean up royally. But a certain Broadwayite tourist ran into McCoy shortly after the latter's arrival, recognized and greeted him and when the news spread that the formidable Kid was to be Doherty's opponent, McCoy's betting plans were hopelessly skewgeed, although he was well paid for his victory.

* * *

THE McCoy-Doherty contest was satisfactory in every way, although the local favorite lost, for they fought on the level, which was more than could be said for many combats afterwards scheduled. "Fixed" fights became the rule rather than the exception, and the game began to fall into disrepute, the crooked gambling element having obtained complete control of the situation.



Denver Ed Smith, who knocked out Joe Goddard in 18 rounds in New Orleans, then was stopped by Goddard in four rounds in South Africa. It was the last named fight which soured the public on boxing and brought a temporary end to the sport.

Some frauds perpetrated under the guise of "straight" bouts were of a truly amazing nature. One of the most bare-faced was engineered by a sportive gent from Chicago, who passed under the name of Thomas Starkey. This enterprising promoter had the sublime audacity to appear in South Africa with a giant black in tow, whom he introduced to the sporting public as Peter Jackson, the great Australian heavyweight champion.

This was in 1898, when the real Jackson, after a residence of several years in London, had gone to America to fight what proved to be his last battle—with Jim Jeffries. It would seem that discovery of the imposition ought to quickly have been made in a place like Johannesburg, which had long been a Mecca for Australian boxers, most of whom might be expected to know the real Jackson.

But it so happened that none of those present had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the colored star. The counterfeit looked enough like Peter in complexion, stature and general appearance to pass muster with people who had never met the latter.

And so up to now the gods had smiled upon Thomas Starkey's little speculation.

It afterwards became known that the ci-devant Jackson was an Australian previously employed as a fireman on an ocean liner, whose acquaintance Starkey made during a voyage from the Antipodes. Struck by the negro's magnificent proportions, he conceived the idea of taking him to South Africa and foisting him upon the sport-loving

Johannesburgers as Peter Jackson. Starkey, who was something of an athlete himself, coached his new find in the rudiments of boxing, until the negro could spar enough to make a presentable showing, and boldly proceeded with his plan.

Inside of a week after his arrival, Starkey had the fake Jackson matched with Bill Dawson, a local heavyweight, known as the "Pride of the Rand." Dawson was a big, powerful fellow, but possessed such a high regard for Jackson's reputation, that Starkey had a hard time persuading him to meet the colored man. The wily American assured Bill that Jackson would deal mercifully with him. All Dawson had to do was—take a punch on the jaw and go out in the second round!

There was no sense in his attempting to make a fight of it, for if Jackson once lost his temper, it would be goodbye Bill! For this service, Dawson was to be paid $1,000, half of which he would receive before the contest, and the remainder at its close. Starkey rightly figured that there would be plenty of money bet on the local man despite the reputation of the supposed Jackson, for Bill was well liked and his countrymen would back him regardless of whether they won or lost, if it was only from a sporty sense of loyalty to their own.

The man from Chicago also helped his cause along by dropping hints in the right spots regarding Peter's poor condition, due to the luxurious, dissipated life the colored man had led in London, thereby stimulating the betting on Dawson. Starkey invested over fifty grand, nearly all the money he possessed—in wagers on his man, and waited confidently to make a killing.

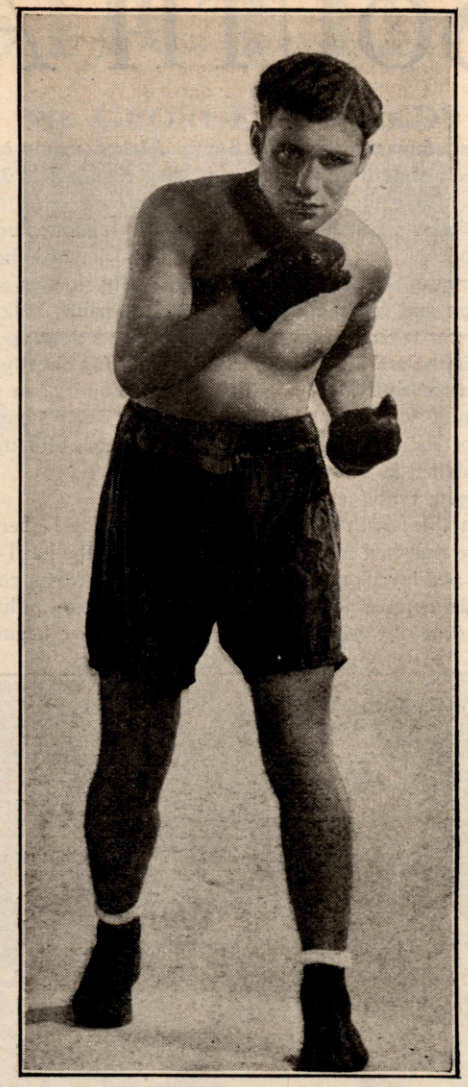
* * *

TWO nights before the one scheduled for the fight, an unexpected obstacle arose in Starkey's path. A telegraph operator in press service received a cablegram stating that Peter Jackson was matched to box Jim Jeffries in San Francisco. Being a far-seeing young man, he understood what the situation was. He pocketed the dispatch and went to interview Mr. Starkey. The latter, confronted with the prospect of a complete overthrow of his plans, confessed the truth, but offered to make it worth the operator's while to suppress the cable and hold his tongue. The operator yielded, and Starkey dug down into his already depleted treasury and handed him one thousand dollars. But the wire expert had no intention of altogether keeping faith with the arch-plotter. Instead, he sought out Bill Dawson and confided in him.

"The measly swine!" said Bill, in virtuous indignation. "Wot, ho, but the lads 'ill bloomin' well lynch 'em, when Hi tells 'em of 'is trick! Blimme, but I likes a bloke to plye strite, so Hi does!"

"You'll tell 'em nothing," retorted the intelligent wire man. "Just listen to me." And Bill, the man who despised crooked ways, inclined his ear.

The result of the conference was that Mr. Dawson made an eleventh hour demand upon Starkey for the rest of the money he had been promised. He must have it all before entering the ring, otherwise, there would be no fight. Starkey, who was beginning to realize the truth of the Scriptural assertion that—"the way of the transgressor is hard!" groaned in bitterness of spirit, but being helpless, went out, borrowed the money and passed it over.



Peter Mascia, rugged welterweight from Brooklyn.

Bill and his wire friend thereupon laid out every penny they possessed in wagers against "Jackson." At the appointed time, the rival gladiators leaped from their corners. Bill rushed like an avenging demon and swung a right that cracked loudly on the negro's chin. Immediately "Jackson" hit the floor and stayed there. It was all over in less than thirty seconds.

Pandemonium broke loose and Dawson's friends yelled hoarsely and crowded forward to shake the victor's hand. Starkey stood an instant, gazing at the wreck of his hopes, and then vanished from the building. Also, he vanished from his hotel without paying his bill—for good and sufficient reasons.

Whither he went—no man knew, nor was his engaging countenance every again seen in Johannesburg. Other hands revived the negro and the victorious Dawson gave him the price of a passage to England. He could well afford it, for he and his confederate had cleaned up nicely. When the truth became known, there was much indignation expressed against the smooth-tongued American, but nobody blamed Dawson, who was given full credit for tackling a man he supposed to be a real champion.

* * *

FOUR months after the "Jackson" affair, Denver Ed Smith arrived from the United States. He was matched with Joe Goddard, whom he had previously defeated in eighteen rounds at New Orleans. In the fourth round, Smith went down and was counted out. Coming on top of the Starkey episode, this fairly sounded the knell of boxing for the time being. The authorities stepped in and prohibited all glove contests.

In 1901, after the Boer War, the sport came to life again. Big purses, for that day, were in evidence, ranging as high as $10,000 and $15,000 for twenty rounds, and the boom continued for a couple of years. During this period Rudy Unholz, a lightweight, who fought most of the top-notchers of his division in this country between 1910 and 1914, was one of the active glovemen in South Africa. Although Rudy always went by the name of the "Fighting Boer" in this country, he was never really connected in any way with the farmer folk of the republic.

He was born in Germany, and when the Boer War broke out, enlisted in and fought with the British Army. But the Boer slogan was a good one to conjure with in South Africa, and so Rudy adopted it. One of his ring experiences was of so curious a nature that it deserves to be listed more definitely than by the pages of a record book.

Rudy was matched to fight a chap named Sailor Bourne for twenty rounds. At this time Unholz was in rather low financial circumstances, and the bout came as a regular life saver. The man who procured him the match was Jack Grant, who also acted as Rudy's chief second and adviser. Grant was not a stickler for moral ethics. His life motto was—"get what you

(Continued on page 43)

From Milo to Londos

(*Continued from page 25*)

were but toys with which Zbyszko was accustomed and from which he easily extricated himself, only to leave a look of surprise on Munn's face.

Stanislaus grappled for eight minutes, picked Munn up bodily and hurled him to the mat with a deafening thud. It was only a matter of a few seconds before the shoulders of the giant were stretched simultaneously on the floor.

The second fall was obtained in less time and with less effort. He lifted Munn from his feet to the length of his arm over his head, and again slammed him to the floor.

In 4 minutes and 53 seconds after the beginning of that period Zbyszko had secured his shoulders to the mat. The bout was over and the heavyweight wrestling title of the world had again changed hands.

In our next installment we will tell of Zbyszko's match with Earl Caddock, and of his one-night stand against Francois Marture and Jim Londos and several other of his matches.

When Fistic History Was Made in South Africa

(Continued from page 42)

can, even if the getting be accomplished at another's expense!"

The house was a good one, and the box receipts promised to run over $10,000. Of this only a small portion would accrue to Unholz and Grant. Obviously it would be far more pleasing to cut up ten grand among four deserving people. Such was Grant's fine commercial notion, and he arranged matters accordingly.

* * *

THREE of Grant's pals hung around the building entrance until the boxing began, and it was crowded to capacity. In the box office was stationed a Scotchman, celebrated for his ability to receive coin of the realm and make change expertly—but otherwise not a particularly bright or sophisticated person. When all the receipts were gathered in, the laddie from the land of the heather placed a steel box containing the currency on a chair beside him, "put on" a pipe, and proceeded to smoke placidly.

While thus engaged, his attention was drawn to a row between two men who had entered the lobby. They were arguing as to who was to pay for admission. They waxed wroth, and right under the nose of the box office occupant threatened each other, and finally came to blows. It was a bully scrap! Clinching desperately, they rolled on the floor, striking savage punches and cursing loudly.

Enraptured, the Scotchman leaned far out of his wicket window, watching the performance. Debarred from witnessing the fights inside, here was one—the real thing, being pulled off for his exclusive benefit. So much he saw with gratified eyes. What he did not see was the snake-like approach of a third party to his side door—a hand armed with a twisted bit of wire that deftly picked the lock—the approach of the same hand to the cash box and the withdrawal of the treasure. Soon the combat ceased and the scrappers separated and walked away.

Inside the building, Rudy Unholz was battling manfully and slowly wearing down his man. Grant fanned him vigorously as he came to his corner in the eighteenth round.

"Your're doin' fine, lad," he assured the sweating warrior. "Keep it up!"

"Vat you dink iss in the house, Yack?" asked the thrifty Rudy, rolling an appreciative eye over the crowd.

"Not a penny less than two thousand pounds, me lad," replied Grant cheerily. "A nice bit out of that for you and me, what?"

Rudy nodded gleefully and plunged back heroically into battle. He was fighting for Glory's sake alone—but didn't know it then. Later the sad tidings of the plundered treasury were to fill his soul with anguish. But when that time came the cheerful Mr. Grant was not there to help him bear up under affliction. Rudy got the decision at the end of as tough a twenty-round mill as he ever went through—but nothing more!

Today boxing is again on a fairly high plane in South Africa. Under proper supervision, the sport is making rapid strides. The amateur game, in particular, is progressing. South Africa sent a splendid team to the Los Angeles Olympics and most of the boys who competed as Simon-pures here are now doing well as professionals. It took years to bring the sport back into its own, but now that the public accepts pugilism as a sports activity, we may soon see a South African carrying off a world title.

ADDITIONAL EUROPEAN NOTES

By JOHN S. SHARPE

Len Rowlands, Dagenham, proved successful against Red Pullen, Wales, who was beaten on points in twelve rounds at the Stadium Club, London. Jack Powell, Sheffield, after scoring a one-round K.O. over Len Osborne, Bethnal Green, was asked to enter in another bout, and met another brother of the Osborne who was K.O.'ed. The Younger Osborne, "Buster", won in the fifth when the referee stopped the bout, after Powell sustained cut eyes.

Johnny King, Manchester, made short work of Ellis Ashurst, Denaby, by scoring a T.K.O. in the fourth round.

In the supporting bout of fifteen rounds, George Slack, Doncaster, retained his Northern Area heavyweight title when he outpointed Alf Robinson, Manchester.

Phil Milligan, Oldham, won the Northern Area flyweight championship when he K.O.'ed the holder, Percy Dexter, Sheffield, in the seventh.

Jimmy Wilde staged a good show at Wimbledon Greyhound Stadium.

Charlie Baxter, Birmingham, and Billy Bird, Chelsea, provided a clever and fast bout before Baxter received the decision.

Teddie Phillips, Canada, won over the tough Belgian, Louis Weustenrad, in a hard punching bout.

Arthur Killeen, Bolton, clearly outpointed Johnny Peters, Battersea.

Jeff Dickson's office boy, George Daly, Blackfriars, gave a very good display of hit and runaway when disposing of that clever Welsh ex-amateur, George Reynolds, in eight rounds.

Herbie Fraser, Westbourne Park, defeated Harry Jennings, Bethnal Green, in twelve terrific rounds at Bethnal Green Drill Hall.

Harry Mason, British welterweight champion, again met with defeat, this time at the hands of the South African, "Panther" Purchase, at the Mile End Arena, London.

Victor Berliner started his ring shows with three amateur champions. Alex Bell, cruiser champion of Scotland, scored a clean-cut K.O. over Roy Graham, Plymouth, in the ninth. Joe Connelly, feather amateur champion of Scotland, stopped Joe Horridge, Rochdale, in the seventh round. J. C. Walters, 1933 A.B.A. champion, beat Battling Croft, Sheffield. Harry Brooks, St. Georges, K.O.'ed Fred Capenter, Cardiff, in the fourth. Frank Hough, Battersea, stopped Ted Carroll, Birmingham, in the fifth.

Freddie Mitchell, Dartmouth, gave a good display when he K.O.'ed Kid Kelly, Plymouth, in the seventh.

Terrence Morgan, Newport, defeated Bob Morgan, Abertidwer, in fifteen rounds.

Tiger Ison, Leicester, boxed a twelve-round draw with Even Johns, Tylorstown, at Ferndale.

George Chaplin, Walsall, won by a T.K.O. over Bert Taylor, Birmingham, at Walsall.

At the opening show of the Rochester Casino, Dick Morgan, Australia, defeated Seaman Harry Ewin, Chatham, on points, and Bill Bevan, Poplar, beat Billy Buchanan, Hoxton.

The Wandsworth Greyhound Stadium staged one of the season's best attractions when they fixed Jimmy Walsh, the nineteen-year-old Chester lad, who though only a featherweight, easily accounted for the British lightweight champion, Harry Mizler, some two months ago. In matching Walsh with Maurice Holtzer, who is undoubtedly one of the best featherweights in Europe, his managers enhanced his reputation, but Walsh came out of the contest with flying colors, although the contest was ended by Holtzer being disqualified for an accidental low blow in the sixth round.

George Daly, Walworth, was unlucky in getting only a share of the verdict against Jack Flynn, Belfast.

See you all next month. British readers can get any of Nat Fleischer's Ring Bookshop by writing me at 3 Edward St., London E-1, and their orders will be attended to.

PITTSBURGH CHATTER

By PHIL GOLDSTEIN

THE middleweight championship of the world came back to the Pittsburgh District when Teddy Yarosz defeated Vince Dundee, the champion, at the pirate's ball park before a crowd of 28,000, the largest to see a boxing bout in Pittsburgh. The officials disagreed, Dr. George McBeth and Al Grayber, the referee, voting for Yarosz while Leo Houck, Penn State boxing coach, cast his ballot for Dundee. The Gross receipts were $57,301, The largest gate of any previous local boxing show. Dundee received a flat guarantee of $25,000 and Yarosz' share of the gate was $8,045, plus $500 training expenses.

Paul Pirrone, Cleveland, Ohio, belted out an eight-round decision over Al Diamond, of Paterson, N. J., in the semi-final, the best fight of the night. Young Stuhley, of Chicago, who in his last local appearance lost to Anson Green, looked very impressive by the manner in which he disposed of Al Sabano, of Syracuse, N. Y., stopping him in the second round. In the second bout, Ross Fields, Weirton, W. V., knocked out Joey Forchione, Canton, Ohio, in the fifth round and in the opener, Johnny Durso won by technical K.O. over Marty Gornick. Jack Dempsey was the third man in the ring in both the Pirrone-Al Diamond and the Stuhley-Sabano bouts.

Lou Brouillard stopped Anson Green's bid for a match with Teddy Yarosz, by winning over "Homestead's dark destroyer" by a technical K.O. with only ten seconds to go in the eighth round, at Hickey Park, Millvale. The show was a sell-out. The gross receipts were $4,269. Al Quaill, promising Brookline middleweight, looked very good in winning by a technical K.O. over Jack Delcherone in the second round. It was the first time that Delcherone had been stopped. Casey Rhodes defeated Bill Flannigan in the second six and, in the opener, Dick Ambrose received the referee's nod over Dick Wicketts, after the judges had rendered a split verdict.

In the last show of the outdoor season at Hickey Park, Mose Butch knocked out Ray Boree, of Florida, in the fourth round of their scheduled ten round bout. In the semifinal ten, Frankie Hughes, of Indianapolis, defeated Tiger Joe Randall. In what was to be the first ten, K. O. Huber, of Philadelphia, entered the ring with a Gob's cap and pipe looking like Popeye, the Sailor, for his bout with Mike Barto, hard-punching lad from New Kensington. After Mike let fly his first left hook, they carried the sailor's cap, the pipe and K.O. Huber from the ring. In the six-round opened, Marty Gornick and Jackie Holt fought to a draw.

Around the ringside at the Yarosz-Dundee fight were five former world boxing champions, including three ex-middleweight titleholders, Frank Klaus, George Chip, and Lou Brouillard. Jack Dempsey had a ringside seat with Mrs. Jack Dempsey, the former Hannah Williams of musical comedy fame. Johnny Kilbane, former featherweight king, sat beside this writer.

Harry "Stonewall" Weinberg, two-hundred pound former star Duquesne University guard and now with the Pittsburgh Pirates professional team, intends to continue wrestling after the local football season. He has had three matches in West Virginia and won all three. Ray Fabiani, the Philadelphia wrestling promoter, who will stage shows at Duquesne Garden, here, this fall and winter, should give this lad the once-over.

Lou Brouillard and his manager, Maurice Lemoine, received a severe setback after the former had given the Pittsburgh fight fans a very pleasing performance when he decisively defeated Anson Green. Upon awakening the morning following the fight, they discovered that an entry had been made to their room sometime during the night, and the trousers of both had been stolen. Brouillard's purse, over $1200, was in one of the pairs of trousers.

BOXING STEW—Lou Palmer, blind former boxer, who makes his home in Louisville, Kentucky was a visitor in Pittsburgh recently . . . . Al Quaill has won all of his eight professional fights, scoring three knockouts and has had all of his opponents on the floor . . . . Joe Mazer, boxing promoter, recently opened a new grill and Barbecue on Washington Boulevard . . . . Teddy Yarosz was introduced as the new middleweight king by Joe Humphries at the recent McLarnin-Ross fight. Teddy was covering the fight for a local paper . . . . Dominick Mancini recently underwent a tonsil operation and is now back in training . . . . the sportsmen's enterprises, consisting of local men who staged the Yarosz-Dundee affair, will promote fights at Duquesne Garden.

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Jack Dempsey

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from Nat Fleischer

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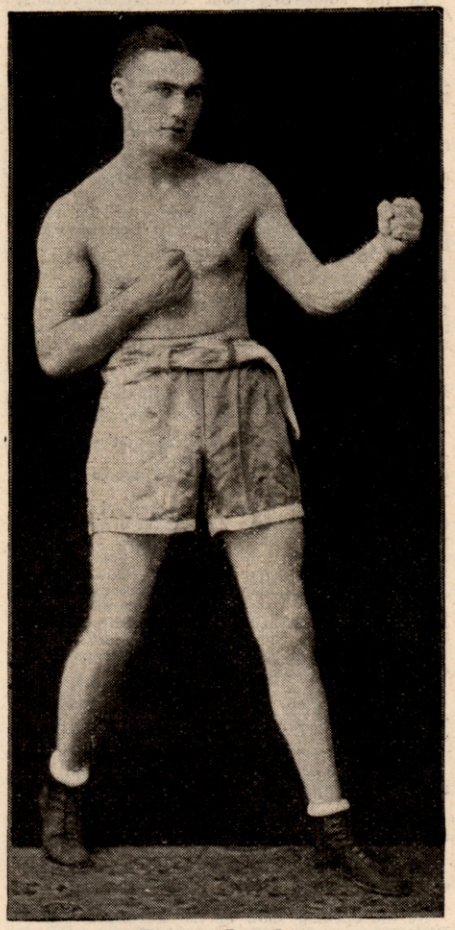

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Lee Ramage Sized Up

(*Continued from page* 15)

"Certainly he belongs, and why not? They claim that Steve Hamas, through his knockout of Max Schmeling, is the most logical contender for Max Baer's title. Is that statement really based on good, solid argument? I say that it isn't. Lee fought Hamas four times. In Los Angeles in 1932 he won and lost with the big Penn State man and last year, 1933, he drew in Los Angeles in ten rounds and lost in New York.

"Considering that lots of folks thought he should have had the decision in that draw fight, that makes the score fairly even, doesn't it? And you can't say that Hamas has had a chance to improve because that last fight was decided only last November. It isn't as if those fights were many months ago and Lee had gone back in the meantime and Steve had shot forward.

"Let's be sensible. I'll say that Lee belongs, and right up there in that first cabin, too.

"But here's the thing—this kid has got a world of time, and the whole earth ahead of him. Give him two or three years more, when he'll be at an age at which big fellows really come into their own—then you'll see. He'll have the punch then and good-by to the rest of them!"

* * *

NOW, there's an argument you can't go back of or get around very well. I saw one of those fights between Lee and Steve one night and never, in a long lifetime of watching the maulers, was I more deeply thrilled. It was at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles and a goodly throng was there, as the story book might tell you. Steve cracked one of those right-handers of his on Lee's chin near the end of the second round and Lee fell in a heap. How he ever arose inside of any man's count will never be clear to me or anybody else who saw that fight.

But he did and weathered out the round! Nobody knew until later, that Lee's jaw was cracked plumb in two. Yet he went on for the full ten rounds without a single whimper and at the finish was all but Hamas' master. Do you recall many other better examples of sheer gameness than that? If you can, you win the bowl of hand-painted green peas!

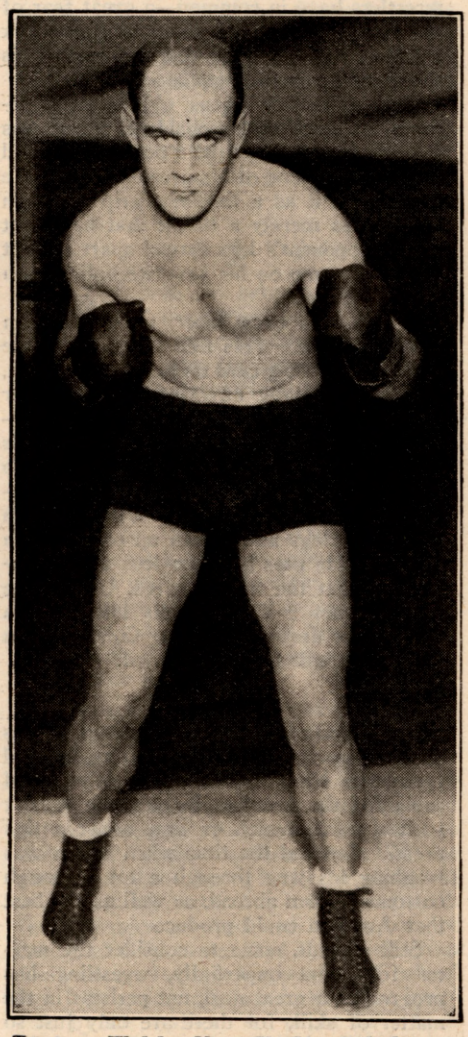
Then there's the Hubley summation of the present-day heavyweights who are struggling upward and onward. He doesn't think much of them and would like to stand them up in a row and let "my feller" take a shot at them, one after another. Best of the Hubley regime is that such a thing as a color line, or anything else like a bill of exceptions, finds no place in his scheme of things. It's black or white, Chinee or German, Slav, Pole or any other nationality just so long as there is a little money in sight.

* * *

BASEBALL, they claim, lost a shining light and a marvelous prospect when Lee decided for fisticuffing instead of the diamond sport. Ask Sam Agnew, an old-timer of the major league circuits, who first saw the possibilities of this young sprout down around San Diego. He begged Lee to let him get the opening for a thorough trial in the minors and then the jump to the big top. But Lee loved to fight and though quite fond of baseball, he saw quicker financial returns in the ring. And here he is, ready for any of them. What's lacking right now, as Hubley pointed out, is a possible lack of vitality, a complaint common among young heavyweights. He'll have it in two years.

It is said that Ramage and Hamas have a tacit understanding, and even possibly an agreement, not to fight again unless one or the other is directly concerned in the heavyweight title. Then the entente cordiale will cease and they'll be at it again renewing the old feud.

But in the meantime, as already brought forth, Hubley reads, metaphorically, between the lines of these big fellows who are in the spotlight right now and sees plenty that tickles his risibilities, for, be it known, both "Pop" and "my feller" have a keen sense of humor and certainly laugh a great deal, even in the face of serious ring encounters.



Tommy Walsh, New York's light-heavyweight contender.

As far as Hamas is concerned, Hubley points out that Charley Harvey's star has a tremendous handicap in a bum knee, his right, which is the result of an ancient football injury. Despite an operation—or maybe there was more than one—the knee never got back to normal.

Discussing the other good heavies, Hubley has this to say of them:

"Charlie Massare has bad eyes and is subject to cuts." The same goes for Art Lasky, at whom Hubley has a particular grudge because Brother Maurice wouldn't rematch in Los Angeles after a great argument came up when the decision was given to Lasky at the end of a pretty close battle.

"Carnera never could fight much, being so built physically as to be incapable of hard punching ability. Eddie Hogan is a good prospect and so perhaps is Al Ettore, the young Italian, now being exploited by Lew Tendler, at one time one of the greatest of lightweights and undoubtedly the best southpaw of that or any other division (with sincere apologies to Young Corbett of Fresno).

"Ray Impellitiere is far too big and clumsy ever to amount to much. Abe Feldman also suffers from that more than common complaint of weak eyebrows, a defect that often is almost fatal to a man's future. Neusel, the German star, has weak ribs and a bad knee, as he showed last month in his fight with Max Schmeling. And that about lets them out of the picture, and as for Schmeling, his victory over Neusel proved nothing, for Neusel was far from a fighter of the first rank!"

Ramage has no bad features that could be listed as physical liabilities. He's sound as an old-time dollar and really hasn't been pushed around by anybody to the extent of getting permanent disabilities. That's why I think he'll do, eventually. In his battle in Los Angeles with King Levinsky, a battle that he took on rather short notice, but with extreme cheerfulness at that, he got a bad start but at the end was having all the better of it.

He had a bad seventh round with Art Lasky and almost collapsed but his extreme gameness and recuperativeness came to his rescue and at the finish he was going great guns.

So Lee probably *does* belong, all things considered.

Answers to Puzzle on Page 51

M	E	N	D	O	Z	A	■	G	R	A	B	■	S	■
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G	O	A	L	■	S	S	■	E	D	■	L	U	M	P	S
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R	R	■	L	■	A	L	E	S	■	■	■	B	■	■	E
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ARMY DRILLS by Frank Idone

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If I Had My Way About Wrestling

(*Continued from page* 22)

STRANGELY, these men of the mat, these consummate actors, these super-superior showmen, take on all the brutish instincts of feeding time in the zoo once they get inside of the ropes. But their faces coming out of the dressing rooms after the show disclose that the benign has returned—the absolute gentleness that is within all of them, showing them in their true light.

Just a lot of big, healthy, hearty boys after finishing a playground romp and entirely ready for another!

To me, Dick Daviscourt's expression of pained surprised and reproval just after he has received a sock in the nose is worth the price of admission alone. That of itself rates this particular disciple of drollery and hard wrestling a top place. His eyebrows, twitching as only he can make them twitch and wiggle, convulse one. The late Frank Daniels, my favorite comedian, was the only other human being I ever saw who could move one eyebrow up and the other down at the same moment. Dick can do it even better because he does it entirely without makeup or additional props.

There are other wrestlers out on the Pacific Coast equally as amazing with their own little specialties and mannerisms and idiosyncrazies—and all of them rate high in that proposed School of Expression that I'd establish in every town in much the chain-store fashion that now prevails, only I'd make it bigger and better.

* * *

ONE of my favorites is George Zarnoff, who objects to being called "Count" because he isn't a count at all and has no ambition to sell a fake title to some American heiress. This bird, and he is all of that, for he certainly can fly through the air, specializes in the "dead pan." He is a bald Buster Keaton, the best dead pan ever seen on stage or screen, and the very antithesis of the others in that he extracts wild laughter from the ringsiders by never changing expression no matter how heated the milling may become.

And he can, with the greatest of ease, put on a contortionistic act that is most amazing, no less, his balt pate making the whole performance all the more deliriously funny. Yet a great wrestler withal, outside, perhaps, of being a bit too light for the heavy trucks and oversized tires that pass over his Rooshian frame during the course of an ordinary evening's work on the mat. No, I'll have to skin that back—George tells me he's an Ukranian and not one of those Rooshians.

There's a lot of interesting magazine material back of this big little feller from European fields. He could tell a story and maybe some day he'll be in the mood. I hope I'm around anytime when he starts popping off.

The "count's" thirty-five years old now and has been wrestling and in different sorts of athletics, since he was seven. He comes of a family of circus performers and was put in the business almost as soon as his dinky little legs were strong enough to stay stiff under the stress of a flipflop and the just ordinary cartwheel of acrobatics.

You see, George never lost sight of the value of limberness and balance that he learned so early in life, and has applied it to the wrestling game as one of his strongest assets. He can twist himself and his double joints out of seemingly inexplicable situations, even when embraced by much stronger and rougher men.

* * *

THE Ukranian is smart. Not only is he a finished wrestler but he has added to his extensive bag of tricks that degree of showmanship and entertaining versatility that folks are mighty glad to pay to see.

And one thing that struck me forcibly about Zarnoff was something that foreign wrestlers have in common—a great fear of the toe hold. At least those who go back a little way always showed that trait. It is the world's greatest bugaboo to them.

This grip may be as old as catch-as-catch-can itself and probably is but it was the late Frank Gotch who perfected it and turned it into one of his greatest assets. He never used it as a finishing grip but with him it was merely a threat that he might get an opponent's legs spread apart so that he could clamp on his favorite half nelson and crotch lock.

Others who came later, perfected it in other directions. This Leo Numa, a blonde giant who is a big card on the Pacific Coast, and an especially effective heart-flutterer among the femme fans, he's that comely—has a rather astonishing thing that he calls the "flying toe hold." Instead of trying to get the grip from a top position on the canvas, he makes a flying feet-first dive into an opponent's legs and comes up on top with the grip. He uses his own legs almost entirely to get the thing started. Use of the hands comes a few seconds later. It's a spectacular device and never fails to get a roar of delight from the crowd.

* * *

ZARNOFF'S dislike of this grip was shown several times when he declined to wrestle Numa unless the trick was laid aside for the evening. So you see it isn't such a great stretch of time between this present day and the time when Gotch was laughing his way through a lot of tough customers from abroad, as well as the best that America could produce.

Still and all, come to consider the matter fully and impartially, wrestling has progressed a great deal, not perhaps in the matter of skill, for there are only just so many grips and holds that may be used. But it seems to me that the beef itself is better than it used to be—the men are more powerful and sturdy and just as game under punishment, and many of them just as well versed in the niceties of the sport. Certainly there are many more of them.

And I'm wondering if the Frank Gotch that I once knew and idolized and heroized, a mighty man withal, came back today in full possession of all his wealth of stuff—would he have such an easy time as he used to have? I'm wondering!

And as I started out to say, if I had my way, Gotch would be back tomorrow, that being just one of the things I'd see to at once!

How Boxing Humanized Great Fighters

(*Continued from page* 35)

always surrounded by a band of parasites and a few real friends. Immediately after a bout he would hurry home to his *rendezvous* and a day later would be flat broke. Though he could not be ranked near the top of the heavyweights he gave some of the best ones of his day bitter battles.

Shreck had a huge chest and it was needed to encompass his great heart. He was as gentle as a kitten out of the ring, but when provoked to wrath it was well enough to give him a wide berth, because he punched first and then sought to identify the remains.

Reading had, at the time Mike was in his prime, an unwritten rule against Negroes entering the village and so vigorously did the white population enforce it that most of the colored folk for many miles about avoided the town like poison.

One summer afternoon Shreck was tilted back in his chair before the saloon when a great commotion began down the street. A moment later a ragged young Negro, his face twitching with terror, emerged from the cloud of dust and dashed past Mike at a speed which would have shamed Paavo Nurmi. At his heels came a group of white men and boys numbering about forty.

Mike had no liking for colored persons as such, but it seemed that the abject plight of the young negro (who had probably been kicked off some passing train and knew nothing of the local feeling against his race), aroused his sympathy.

Each punch accounted for a man and those who passed turned to watch the battle, forgetting about their quarry. Mike must have knocked at least eight of them cold before the proprietor of The Blue Goose and policemen stopped the affair.

"I wouldn't have interfered, but that Negro was so damned skinny and so scared that I felt it my duty to take a hand," Mike explained.

Feather Dusters

(*Continued from page* 21)

Jim Corbett, Peter Jackson, Abe Attell and Johnny Kilbane and others who rode to the top with an overabundance of "fight" brains, but don't forget that Slapsie Maxie must not be utterly devoid of gray matter in this fight racket. At any rate we know he didn't get on top by the use of a murderous wallop.

These three aren't by any means the only "feather dusters" that have succeeded in the hempen arena, not by any means. Nevertheless, they are three glaring examples of a fistic success where a wallop was a missing article. All of which goes to prove that a punch, though a mighty useful weapon, isn't strictly necessary.

Other exponents of the art of hit, stop and get away, who won fame unaided by a savage sock, include guys like Packey McFarland, Jem Driscoll, Jack O'Brien, "Battling" Levinsky and Jack Britton and Mike Gibbons. But what they lacked in a finishing punch, they more than made up for in the old gray matter.

When Welters Waged Wild Fistic Wars

(Continued from page 14)

for the referee but to declare it a draw. In the year following, Kid McCoy became welterweight champion by stopping Ryan in the fifteenth round at Maspeth, L. I. This was the battle in which McCoy tricked Ryan into believing that the latter had an easy task before him, with the consequence that Tommy failed to train rigorously, went into the ring in poor condition, and fell a victim to the wiles of the suave Kid.

Shortly after the Maspeth affair, both winner and loser deserted the welter for the middleweight ranks, and Smith fell heir to the title of the former class. This was in 1896, and the Mysterious One held on to the crown until January 15, 1900, when he lost it to Rube Ferns on a foul at Buffalo. On December 18, 1901, Joe Walcott, the great little colored fighter, became welter champion by knocking out Ferns at Fort Erie, Ontario, in five rounds.

It was while Ferns was still welter king or, to be specific, on September 23, 1901, that the then lightweight champion, Frank Erne, endeavored to accomplish the feat, later successfully performed by Barney Ross, of winning welterweight laurels. Erne's attempt ended in disaster, as he was knocked out by the Rube in nine rounds.

* * *

OF all the welterweights Walcott was undoubtedly the most extraordinary in that he was ever willing to fight whoever his astute manager, Tom O'Rourke, cared to send him against. Welters, middleweights, heavies—they all looked alike to Joe. Almost a dwarf in stature, tremendously broad of shoulder and long in the reach, with no neck to speak of; Walcott's jaw was a hard target to land on, and his ability to stand punishment was only equalled by his terrific punching powers.

It would require more space than this article allows to give a list of the big fellows that were toppled over by the Negro star; enough to chronicle the astounding fact that, in the year prior to his becoming welterweight monarch, he knocked out Joe Choynski in seven rounds. As a matter of fact, while O'Rourke made strenuous efforts to match Walcott against Ryan and McCoy, while each was respectively welter champion, both the Kid and Tommy evaded the issue. Either might possibly have beaten the colored crack, but they were taking no chances. Walcott in his prime was undeniably a good man to avoid as a fighting opponent.

O'Rourke had unbounded faith in Walcott's prowess and not without excellent reasons. The veteran manager, one of the best that even handled a fighter, only made one error while handling Joe. That was when he fancied Walcott could train down to the lightweight limit. Jack McAuliffe was still lightweight champion, but on the point of retiring, and Kid Lavigne was universally looked upon as the man to step into McAuliffe's shoes. O'Rourke resolved by a bold stroke, to establish Walcott as the logical successor to McAuliffe, and amazed the fans considerably when he announced the matching of Joe with Lavigne.

The articles called for a fifteen-round bout at Maspeth, L. I., on December 2, 1895, with Walcott agreeing, not to scale 133 pounds, but to stop the Saginaw Kid within the fifteen-frame limit, or forfeit the decision. Joe was lighter then by a few pounds, than when he created a furor in pugilistic circles by dumping middleweights and heavies with scant ceremony but, at his best, he never scaled much over 142 pounds. However, O'Rourke was mistaken in thinking the Negro could be trimmed to the 133 mark and conserve his strength. For a few rounds, Joe gave Lavigne a hectic time, but weakened visibly as the bout progressed, and toward the close Lavigne, who had wisely devoted all his attacks to the body, was driving the Barbados Darky from rope to rope, and won by a large margin.

* * *

IT will be perceived that what O'Rourke tried to do with Walcott, was exactly contrary to Barney Ross's plan for fighting welter McLarnin. Where Barney built himself up, Joe was compelled to trim himself down. The latter process is always a severer strain than the former, as any fighter who has sampled both can tell you. Incidentally, Frank Erne, whom we have already referred to as stepping up from his lightweight throne to make an unsuccessful grab at Rube Fern's welterweight sceptre, was equally unfortunate when he endeavored to train down to 130 pounds for a handicap match with Terry McGovern, monarch of the feather brigade.

Here again, was a reversal of the Ross methods in the McLarnin battles. It was a roasting hot July in 1900 when Erne prepared for McGovern, and the lightweight champ suffered the tortures of the damned as he sweated the poundage off his frame to make the required scaling mark. On the afternoon of the day of battle, he was down to weight all right, but broken out with fever blisters, parched with thirst, but not daring to drink water, and abstaining from food, except for a few spoonfuls of calves' feet jelly grudgingly administered at intervals by his trainer. As might have been expected, Erne's punch, after the opening round, had about as much pep and force to it as the kick of a lame canary, and McGovern knocked him silly in the third.

A curious feature of many of Walcott's encounters with heavier men was that the big fellows frequently insisted that, whereas they could come in at catch weights, Joe shouldn't scale over the 142 mark. Walcott was so used to this sort of thing that on one occasion, when scheduled to go against the middleweight, Dick O'Brien, he postponed eating supper until after scaling time at 6 o'clock. It happened that this time, O'Brien had agreed not to weigh over 154 pounds, whereas Walcott was permitted to come in at any weight he liked.

Evidently Joe didn't quite understand the terms of the match, for after the weighing-in had taken place, he astounded his pilot by asking meekly — "Please, Mistah O'Rourke, kin I go feed now?" O'Rourke's wrath at learning thus that his charge had deprived himself unnecessarily of a strengthening meal at a time when he needed all the heft he could conveniently carry, may be imagined. But in the long run Joe's abstinence made no difference, for he knocked O'Brien cold anyway.

* * *

WALCOTT lost his title to Dixie Kid on a foul in the twentieth round of a San Francisco battle in 1904. The verdict was unjustifiable, so much so that the referee had to run for his life out of the clubhouse, pursued by an angry crowd of disgruntled spectators. Dixie Kid afterwards graduated into the middleweight division, and Walcott was once more the critics' choice for welter champion. But in 1906 Honey Mellody of Boston defeated Joe in fifteen rounds and claimed the title.

It should be noted that the Walcott who lost to Mellody was no longer the black terror of the days when he enacted the rôle of Jack the Giant Killer with such shining success. For one thing, the years had taken their toll of a war-worn veteran. For another, Walcott's right hand was partially crippled. The injury in question was received one Fourth of July when George Dixon and Joe were patriotically celebrating by setting off fireworks.

Some practical joker passed over a giant firecracker to Walcott and suggested that the latter might display his gameness by holding it in his hand up to the last second before it went off. Walcott, whose mental processes outside of the ring were never exactly equal to his battling sense, cheerfully consented. The huge cracker beat Joe to the punch by exploding prematurely and wrecked his mitt nearly beyond repair, to such an extent in fact that he never thoroughly regained the full use of it, from a boxing standpoint.

* * *

MELLODY, by the way, was once the victim of an adverse turn of Fortune's wheel, after a fashion which suggests that the Bostonian must have been of a singularly trustful nature. This occurred when he was matched to fight Buddy Ryan of Chicago in the latter's native burg. Doc Message, a Chicago promoter who also ran a sort of medical institution, was looking after Mellody's interests in the Windy City. The Doc was a strong believer in the powers of electricity to cure most human ills. Among other things he was possessed of a newly invented apparatus, so designed that when a patient sat in its chair and grasped a pair of handles through which ran a certain voltage his joints were supposed to be "suppled-up" to an india-rubber degree of elasticity.

In addition to this, the Doc was equipped

with a brazen rod, armed with which, he stood over the chair inhabitant and touched him lightly with the point of the instrument. A newspaper reporter in search of fight gossip entered the medical sanctum one afternoon, and saw Honey Mellody sitting on the power-giving electrical combination, while the Doc got busy with the brass rod. The reporter demanded an explanation of this new training stunt and got it.

"This," said the Doc solemnly to me—I was a reporter for a Chicago newspaper—"Is one of the most wonderful discoveries ever made by scientists. You see this youth here?"

The reporter admitted that he did.

"Well," asserted Message in confidential tones, "this isn't for publication, but I know I can trust you. This rod is charged with electricity, those handles Honey is gripping are sending the voltage through his frame at a rate you couldn't realize ever if I tried to explain it to you. But the main point is this. Mellody takes these treatments every afternoon, and will do so right up to the fight date. By that time his whole system will be so thoroughly impregnated with this new form of electricity that no kind of a punch could jar him!"

* * *

THE reporter hinted that Buddy Ryan had jarred quite a few opponents into temporary oblivion with his shock wallops, but the Doc's mobile features curled into a pitying smile.

"My dear boy," said the medical sharp patronizingly, "you simply don't understand. Even now, if Mellody allowed you to kick him clear around the block, you couldn't hurt him, because he wouldn't *feel* the impact of your shoes. So far as Ryan's blows are concerned, he might as well be punching a man clad in steel armor. I'm telling you right now, if you want to make a little extra spending money, get down on Honey Mellody with every cent you can scrape up. His number's as good as up!"

"How about it, Honey?" queried the somewhat incredulous news-hound.

"What the Doc says is the goods," declared the boxer seriously to me.

I went away from there, wondering whether Doc Message was kidding himself or his hearers. But the sequel proved conclusively that the electrical expert not only believed all the magnificent flapdoodle he had dished out to me but had succeeded in completely innoculating Mellody with his electrical religion.

Buddy Ryan was a terrific two-handed puncher, whose one-two right and left hooks for the jaw were famous for their deadly efficiency in sending an opponent to dreamland. Mellody was fully aware of this fact. So were his seconds, who warned him to hoist the high shoulder and keep his chin tucked in from the first tap of the gong.

Therefore they were amazed to see Honey stride from his corner with both hands held low and his jaw projected invitingly. Buddy promptly let fly for the chin target with his justly celebrated right and left hooks. Both blows crashed home and Mellody fell forward on his face as limp as a stewed oyster, knocked out so quickly that the spectators scarcely realized that the fight had begun, before it was all over.

Those who afterwards heard why Mellody, confident in the belief that no punch could hurt him, had taken such a fool risk, were at first inclined to think that the Doc had backed Ryan secretly and persuaded Mellody that he was invulnerable to Buddy's assaults, so as to make a sure winning. But it turned out that Message had actually dropped over two thousand dollars in wagers on the Bostonian. The whole affair was simply another instance of the extraordinary lengths to which human credulity can sometimes go.

* * *

MELLODY lost a twenty-round decision to Mike (Twin) Sullivan before a Los Angeles club in 1907, in a bout advertised as being for the welter title. But interest in the class had slowly waned since Walcott's championship days, and thereafter for several years, although there were a number of claimants for the crown; including Jimmy Clabby and Ray Bronson, nobody seemed to care particularly who was really legitimate leader of the division. In fact the championship may be said to have lapsed until Kid Graves proclaimed himself its owner in 1914. Graves was not a very exciting performer, but for a couple of years he held his own against all comers successfully enough.

Finally Jack Britton and Kid Lewis outgrew the lightweight division, in which both had distinguished themselves, and in a general competition for the welter class title Britton won it through a twenty-round decision gained over Lewis at New Orleans on April 24, 1916. From then until 1919, Britton and Lewis fought on numerous occasions with varying success, meeting so frequently in the ring that many patrons were inclined to view them as two clever performers putting on an often-rehearsed act. Yet it was nothing of the sort, the men worked strictly on their merits, but were so well acquainted with each other's style and tricks, that, as both were brilliant scientists, it became an ever increasingly difficult problem to decide which was really the master.

Britton finally wrote "paid" to the long score by knocking out Lewis on March 18, 1919, at Canton, Ohio, in nine rounds, and was destined to reign until defeated by Mickey Walker in 1922. Jock's career as champion was marked by one odd incident, when Benny Leonard, then the undisputed lightweight king, suddenly followed the precedent set by Frank Erne, and later to be exploited by Barney Ross—the issuing of a challenge for the welter title.

* * *

LEONARD fared better than did Erne, for he not only outpointed Britton, but had him in evident distress in the thirteenth round of their battle. Jack had been floored and was taking the benefit of the count, when Leonard deliberately struck his opponent while the latter was still on one knee. Benny was immediately disqualified and Britton declared the winner.

As Leonard was noted for his coolness in action, and had never been known to lose his head, much surprise was expressed by some of his many admirers over the singular exhibition he had given. There is little doubt, however, that Benny knew exactly what he was doing, and acted out of a set purpose. As lightweight champion he was a big attraction and always sure of making good money. The welter class was not particularly high in public favor, and Leonard probably felt that Britton's title would prove to be a white elephant on his hands, and took the shortest way of dodging an honor he didn't in the least desire.

As regards quality, Britton and Walker were in their time, probably, the most notable performers since the days when the welter division boasted such leaders as Ryan, McCoy, Smith and Walcott. In fact each outclassed his field to such a degree that lack of proper opposition injured their earning powers to no small extent. Walker lost the title to Pete Latzo in 1926, but later rose to fame as champion of the middleweights, and is still campaigning as a light-heavy.

Joe Dundee succeeded Latzo in 1927, and proved to be a cagy sort of a champ, who selected opponents with jealous care, and was none too anxious to risk his crown. His favorite pastime was engaging in "over-the-weight" bouts, which did not involve title ownership and, thanks to these cautious tactics, he remained seated on the throne until 1929, when Jackie Fields whipped him at Detroit, Dundee losing on a foul in the second frame.

During his second year as champ, Dundee met Young Jack Thompson, a colored boxer, at Chicago, in an "over-the-weight" affair. Knowing the Negro was dangerous, Dundee refused to fight until Thompson got on the scales and showed that he was over the regulation welter mark. As Thompson was a Simon-pure welter, he was compelled to stuff himself with bananas and drink a considerable quantity of water before he could register past 147 pounds. Dundee's precaution proved necessary as a title-saver for, in the second round, the colored scrapper knocked him out. But Dundee was still champion in name, anyway!

* * *

WITH the entry of Fields as welter king began a somewhat bewildering tossing about of the title from hand to hand often in the same stable. In 1930, Fields lost to Thompson and the same year, the colored man yielded to Tommy Freeman.

1931 saw Freeman kayoed by Thompson and the latter beaten by Lou Brouillard. In 1932 Fields again forged to the front and took the title from Brouillard.

Young Corbett III defeated Fields in 1933, and in a second title combat the same year was knocked out in the first round by Jimmy McLarnin, whose recent title engagements with Barney Ross are too fresh in the public mind to need comment.

Only time can tell whether the welterweights will regain the vogue they enjoyed in the old days as lucrative box office attractions. They were in favor when good men were not only plentiful, but ready and willing to fight often, and title-protection by "over-the-weight" matching was an unknown nuisance. There is no lack of likely boys in the country who can scale 147 pounds, and are Johnny-on-the-spot for a chance to distinguish themselves at the fighting game. It is distinctly up to the big-time leaders of the welter division to make their brigade a popular milling once again, by showing willingness to take a gamble and voicing the "let 'em all come" slogan of the gallant old-timers.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Tom Sawyer, Cleveland, O.

Q.—How many managers has Johnny Risko had since he started fighting?

A.—One. Danny Dunn, the man who took him in hand when Johnny was in the amateurs and has remained his mentor ever since. In all his New York fights, Charley Goldman, former bantam star, helps handle Johnny.

Carl Carstens, Camden, N. J.

Q.—I am a beginner in boxing and the instructor I had, but who quit, informed me that footwork was not as important in boxing as is punching? What is your opinion?

A.—They go hand in hand. Without good footwork you won't be able to get the proper benefit of your hitting power. Footwork is most essential. When you have mastered that, then master your hitting. That should come after footwork.

Q.—My instructor made me change my style of fighting and made me so clumsy and slow that I quit him. Was that the right thing to do?

A.—No. You should have given him a chance to show you that he was wrong. As for me, I believe that a teacher should let his man fight in the style which the fighter feels is best suited for him, but when that style is obviously incorrect and cannot possibly bring the best results, you must be foolish not to take your instructor's advice to alter it and adopt a better style.

Tom Jollicks, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Please let me know how best to train.

A.—That is impossible to answer in a question box. You'll find all that is required in my book, "Training for Boxers," or my "Universal Boxing Course." However, as a help, here are some hints:

Keep your eyes wide open.

Watch every movement of your opponent.

Don't bite your lips either in training or actual combat or you are likely to lose part of them.

Let all your movements be light and free.

Don't keep your muscles tense.

Relax.

Don't let your eyes blink every time you walk in towards your man.

Remember you are fighting, not wrestling, hence don't engage in wrestling tactics.

Lift your feet, don't drag them or shuffle along.

Breathe freely through the nose.

Honolulu, T. H.

Q.—What kind of exercises do you advise for the development of the limbs, chest and neck?

A.—Get Army and Navy Exercises from the Ring Book Shop. Also my book, "Progressive Exercises for Height Increase." You will find many splendid exercises for your development in that book.

Q.—Is the Ralph Dowell course a good one?

A.—Yes, he knows his business.

Q.—Has a fighter with a glass chin a chance to strengthen it?

A.—Yes. Take proper chin and neck exercises.

Q.—Does exercising with apparatus, such as chest expanders, wall machines, etc., make one muscle bound?

A.—Certainly not. They are good for you, though one can attain good body development without any apparatus. However, such apparatus does help because of the resistance it offers. Those advertised in "The Ring" are excellent and guaranteed.

Abe Kosky, Davenport, Iowa

Q.—Please tell me all the Jewish fighters, past and present, who are worth mentioning.

A.—Sorry, old pal, ask me something easier. Here are just a few—Daniel Mendoza, Aby Belasco, Dutch Sam, Young Elias, Joe Choynski, Benny Leonard, Kid Lewis, Maxie Rosenbloom, Benny Bass, Al Singer, Izzy Schwartz, Dave Rosenberg, Jackie Fields, Max Baer—well, what's the use of going farther—there are hundreds.

A Reader, Coral Gables, Florida

Q.—You rate Marcel Thil as middleweight king and Teddy Yarosz below Vince Dundee. Why Thil first and why not Yarosz ahead of Thil, who was twice beaten by Yarosz?

A.—Thil is the recognized world's champion. Thil is entitled to first place. Yarosz beat Dundee in two overweight matches, then won the American title from Vince.

A Reader, Little Rock, Ark.

Q.—I never had a glove on, but want to become a fighter. Would you suggest that I start in a private gym? What size gloves shall I use?

A.—No. Take up Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course with a pal. Practice with him for two months, then join a gym and an amateur club and perform as an amateur for about three months at least before turning pro. Use nine- or ten-ounce gloves to train.

Q.—If Carnera gets a return bout with Baer, who do you think will win?

A.—Baer, decisively.

Q.—Who would win, each in his prime, Dempsey or Baer?

A.—My money would go down, hook, line and sinker, on Dempsey.

Q.—In your story in a recent issue by Patsy Haley on Austin Rice, he states that Rice started his career in 1905 and then gives dates of fights which proves otherwise. Is he correct?

A.—Sorry. Through a typographical error, the date was incorrectly listed. It should have been 1894, which Haley correctly had in his copy.

Q.—Vince Dundee, who is recognized by the N.B.A. and other American boxing commissions as the world's middleweight champion, lost to Yarosz, but you recognize Marcel Thil. What are Thil's claims to the title?

A.—When Gorilla Jones held the American and N. B. A. middleweight title he went to Paris and was beaten by Thil at the middleweight limit. Then Dundee followed Jones and was also beaten by Thil at the limit which automatically gives him the right to claim the world's title.

Q.—Was Wesley Ramey recognized by the N. B. A. as lightweight champion?

A.—No.

Q.—Was Sammy Fuller the junior lightweight champion?

A.—No.

Q.—Was Joe Knight the N. B. A. light-heavyweight champ?

A.—No. He was only suggested as an opponent for Maxey Rosenbloom.

Charlotte Raminez, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—I am five feet three and a half inches tall, and weigh 117 pounds. I am very anxious to gain at least an inch in height because I am in love with a charming young man—yes, a clever boxer who is five feet nine, and I look so small when I walk with him. He informed me that you could help me. I am 21 years old and my friends have told me that I cannot gain any more in height. Is that so?

A.—No, Charlotte. Since you are in love, it is my duty to help you gain happiness. A woman can gain height normally up to 22 years and then, by means of special stretching exercises, can add to the height until the age of 25 or even 26 years is reached. I have seen such cases—in fact, I have had several pupils between 24 and 26 with whom I drilled in my special series of progressive stretching, or height increasing exercises, which I am now putting out in book form. I drilled only because of the love of exercising and my keen interest in physical education, but when I saw how much I had attained through the fun of it, I decided to publish my Height Increasing book. Get it.

Q.—Who was the first American heavyweight champion, Tom Hyer or Charles Freeman? What is the height, reach and biceps of Steve Hamas and Walter Neusel? Who besides Loughran is the cleverest heavyweight? Who was the greatest Norwegian fighter of the last fifteen years?

A.—Tom Hyer. Hamas, 5 feet 11½ inches, 70-inch reach, and biceps 15½ inches. Neusel, 5 feet 2 inches, reach 72 inches, and biceps 16 inches. Patsy Perroni. Pete Sanstol.

Johnny Honston, Elmira, N. Y.

Q.—Is the chart offered by the Institute of Physical Culture on knockout punches worth having?

A.—Yes, I think every boy studying boxing can benefit materially from a close study of the chart.

A.B.A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—I am inclined to be stoop shouldered and would like to know what, if any, exercises I can take that will be beneficial to me.

A.—Follow all the exercises I have prescribed in my latest book, "Systematic, Progressive Height Increasing Exercises." They'll turn the trick.

Q.—What exercises will build up the muscles along the top of my shoulders?

A.—Weight-lifting, woodchopping, tree climbing, spading, carrying logs.

Q.—What exercises will build up my neck muscles?

A.—Neck twisting, woodchopping, neck stretching.

Q.—When I chin the bar, I get a strain in my stomach. Will that hurt me?

A.—Yes. Don't do it. You apparently have a slight rupture or a strain.

Kenneth Lillard, Newport, Tenn.

Q.—Is the rabbit punch barred in New York and in N.B.A. states? I lost a contest after the blow to the back of the head had been barred before the fight, but the referee allowed the contest to go on. Was he correct? Please let me have the address of the N.B.A. for a definite ruling.

A.—Yes, barred in all states throughout the country. Also in Europe. Referee was correct. He has a right to use his judgment. If, in his opinion, the use of the punch merited only loss of the round for warning, he can act accordingly. But if repeated often, then he should disqualify the offender.

Manuel Victory, San Jose, Costa Rica

Q.—I am 21 years old, 5 feet 11, weight 140 pounds, have a normal chest of 36 and expanded 38. My biceps are 11½, forearm 9½, waist 28½, neck 14, ankle 8, thigh 17, calf 7½, and reach 72½. What do you think of them?

A.—Excellent. You are well built.

Q.—How many rounds was the Firpo-Dempsey bout scheduled?

A.—Fifteen.

Thomas Hood, Boston, Mass.

Q.—What fighter comes from the largest family? I wagered on McLarnin, but my friend says that Dublinsky comes from the largest.

A.—Your friend wins. There are twenty-one children in the Dublinsky family and only eleven in the McLarnin family.

Q.—Please name several cases in which a brother of a famous fighter has gained fame in the ring.

A.—Abe and Monte Attell, the Twin Sullivans, Vince and Joe Dundee, Leach and Monte Cross, Billy and Frankie Petrolle, and the Gardiner brothers, among others.

Sol Goldman, Long Beach, Cal.

Q.—Is Jack Johnson still engaged as a promoter?

A.—No, he gave up his place at Teteboro and joined Dave Barry, referee of the second Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago, where Dave has been running a special show at the World's Fair. Johnson and Tom Sharkey have been giving exhibitions and lectures there throughout the summer. I don't know whether they are still there.

Margaret Walsh, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—Is there any book that you can recommend on exercises for women to keep slim?

A.—No, but I'll get one out this winter if you girls want it. I have had so many requests from the fair sex for advice on that line, that I have decided, if you want it, to keep the American girls where they belong—Lord bless 'em, right on top of the world—by publishing a book of seventy-five special exercises for them—exercises that will keep them young, healthy, and slim. The name of the book will be: "How Women Can Keep Slim, Young and Healthy." What do you say, girls? Shall I go through with it?

A Montgomery Reader

Q.—Did Willie Dynamite Gayle ever hold the world's lightweight wrestling championship?

A.—Not that I know of. The title-holders in the smaller divisions are too complicated to keep track of them. Never heard of him holding a world title.

Georgia Grappler, Adel, Ga.

Q.—How can I make a cheap gym outfit? How can I make a punching bag and a sand bag?

A.—Cannot make a punching bag. Sand bag, by filling a large sack with sawdust and some fine sand or cotton waste.

Q.—How can I gain weight?

A.—Read my "Training for Boxers" or my "Height Increasing" book, in each of which there is a chapter on weight gaining.

Q.—Who would win a Gus Martel-Joe Gans bout, both in their prime?

A.—Don't make me laugh. No comparison. Of course, Gans.

Q.—What are the favorite wrestling holds of Lewis, Browning, Shikat, Londos, Sherry, Szabo, Marshall and Savoldi?

A.—You'll find them fully described in my book, "Modern Wrestling."

Q.—What is the name of the headlike instrument which Strangler Lewis uses to practice on?

A.—A specially made wooden head with spring attachments with which he develops the pressure.

Q.—How can I develop scissors and head-lock holds?

A.—Study my book, "Modern Wrestling." Best for such purpose.

Q.—Would you advise one to join an amateur club and box and wrestle as an amateur before turning pro?

A.—Yes. Always the best method.

Thomas Norman, Kansas City

Q.—I have noticed in your book advertisements from the Atlas Company, Jowett Institute, Whitley Institute, Hercules and Allan Hendricksen. I am anxious to subscribe to one or more special strength courses and also want to purchase some home gymnasium outfits. Which course, in your opinion, is the best and what outfits would you suggest?

A—Both the Atlas and Jowett courses are excellent. I know many lads who have taken them and have built themselves into strong, sturdy fellows. As for the gym outfits, the three mentioned above are all good concerns. They carry only the best and you'll have to take your choice or, better still, get what each advertises.

A Reader

Q.—Did Tommy Paul beat Fidel La Barba and Freddie Miller? What would you do to cure a chicken breast?

A.—Yes. Paul won and lost on several occasions from Miller, he first beat Miller, then lost, then again lost in an N.B.A. championship match. He was beaten by La Barba; beat Tommy four times.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

AFTER a real feint at something doing in August, boxing in Boston is having another of its resting spells with merely futurity signs to cheer it along. The August outbreak came the night of the twentieth, when Al Gainor of New Haven, Conn., finally wheedled into showing in The Hub, won a ten-round decision over Al McCoy of Waterville, Me. The bout, staged by the Goodwin A.C. at Braves Field, was an affair of hard fighting, with McCoy having Gainor down in the second heat for a count of nine. Inasmuch as the Maine boy went into the battle with a damaged right hand and came out of it with two, a return muss in New Haven is a probability.

In the eight round semifinal, another busy affair, Johnny Rossi, Worcester, and Steve Carr, Waterbury, went to a draw. Louis Barrisano, Newton, Mass., a former National featherweight champion, defeated Johnny Bellus, New Haven, in one of the other bouts. It marked Barrisano's fourteenth straight win since turning "pro" last winter. The youngster, fast growing into the 135-pounds division, is handled by Barney Fox, manager of McCoy and other performers.

The affairs of the Boston Garden have at last come to a head with its merging with the Boston Arena under a single management. Henry G. Lapham has been elected president of the combination with George V. Brown, for years connected with Hub athletics, as general manager. Associated with President Lapham in the purchase of the Boston Garden stock from the Madison Square Garden Corporation (the parent body) are Walter O'Rara of the Narragansett Race Track at Pawtucket, R. I.; Sheldon H. Fairbanks, now a prominent horseman and a former Garden manager; Ernest Soucy, formerly a star end at Harvard, and others.

The boxing department at the Garden, being nonexistent at the present writing, whether or not an attempt is made to bring back the sport to its arena remains to work itself out. It has been thoroughly demonstrated that "New Deals" and "Old Deals," 50 cents and such encounters between strictly local boys, cannot be made to pay at the Garden. Because of the overhead, the management has either got to dabble with the big league game or remain dormant.

Dick Madden, the Roxbury Celtic heavyweight who a few months ago seemed well on his way to a New England title, continues in the tough luck department. Defeated a while back by Tony Shucco, Dick journeyed up to Homer Rainault's Valley Arena at Holyoke, September 10, for a feature melee with Lou Poster, New York, Having one win over Poster, Madden fully expected to make it two, but guessed wrong. Poster received the decision. On the same card Eddie Brisco of Malden, a light-heavy hopeful, lost in one round to Joe Kaminski of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Ray Cass, former manager of Frankie Britt, a famous lightweight a few years ago, is being mentioned as having a chance of becoming the matchmaker at the Boston Garden in the event that boxing becomes a fixture there. As one-time matchmaker of the Arena A. A., Cass' ability to bring the right performers together turned in a total gate of more than $100,000 from seven tourneys.

The Goodwin A. C., which staged the Gainor-McCoy bout, did so in hopes of securing Maxie Rosenbloom to meet the winner. But, according to the club matchmaker, an offer of a $5,000 guarantee with forty per cent privilege failed to interest Rosey, the latter being in a dicker with Bob Olin for a bout in New York.

Bud Mignault, a Brockton middleweight who has been turning in consistent performances for months, shortly will collide with Lou Scozza of Buffalo in the feature bout marking the reopening of the Arena, New Haven, for its indoor season. Mignault, under the direction of Larry Barry of Brockton, has been battling for nearly a year without the loss of an official decision. In his last start September 1, at Milford, Conn., he defeated the rugged Eddie Carr of Waterbury.

The Irish-American A.A., of South Boston, which carried through all last season with stirring amateur biff tourneys every week, will be back into action before this issue of The Ring reaches the readers. Better yet, before many weeks the Glover A.C., a "pro" organization, will begin to click regularly in the same arena. Aroused by the call for small clubs, Dick Dunn, for several years a figure in Boston sporting activities, will hook up with Johnny Buckley in a 600-seat club to be opened in the latter's gym in Friend street. With the encouragement of the State Boxing Commission now being given to the small promoter, other similar organizations may come to life here before mid-winter.

Admirers of Norman Conrad, the Wilton, N. H., light-heavy, who recently journeyed out to the Pacific Coast to go the ten-round route with John Henry Lewis, received plenty of cheer because of the fact. Conrad lost the decision, but had the satisfaction of quitting the ring on his own feet.

Jack Sharkey, former world's champion, now in wrestling as a referee, worked in Boston twice during the month, all very much to the satisfaction of the mat customers. It is likely that Sharkey will become a regular third man in the Charley Gordon New England circuit.

Speaking of Promoter Gordon, he believes in keeping the titles moving. The night of September 17, Winn Robbins of Pawtucket, who not so long ago acquired the U.S.W.A. light-heavy crown, lost it to Jose Firpo of Argentine, two falls out of three, in a rough melee staged in the Mechanics Building, Boston. Firpo, a likable chap and good performer, is favored to hang on to the crown for quite a period.

Gerado Labella, New England 112 pounds amateur champion, who received what many regarded as a punk deal in connection with the National championships staged in St. Louis last April, will soon appear as a "pro," battling as a bantam under the management of Harry Kelley, former trainer of Jack Sharkey.

Fanis Tzanetopoulos, otherwise known as the "Greek Tiger," a middleweight, is to make his Boston debut against Johnny Rossi, Worcester, in the ring of the Goodwin A.C. at an early date. The "Tiger," who claims to be the champion of the Balkan States, rates as a tough'un. In seven starts out of eight, F. T. has biffed over his opponents. A bad cut over the eye caused him to lose one decision. Several years ago F. T. worked with Tommy Loughran in Philadelphia, then returned to Greece, to show back in this country last spring.

One of the Old Guard, Fred Scrogey, seventy years old, of Providence, known in his ring prime as "Spider Kelly," was stricken with a serious heart attack while attending the fair at Brockton, Mass., on September 11, and at this writing is critically ill at the Brockton Hospital.

Another member of the Guard, Joe Burke of New Bedford, widely known as a boxing promoter twenty years ago, has been gathered unto his fathers since the last issue of The Ring. When only the club form of sport was tolerated in Massachusetts, Burke was one of the leaders. Many celebrities fought for him and his partner, Danny Shea. These included Martin Canole, Jimmy Briggs, Willie Lewis, Peter Sullivan, Johnny Ertle, Joe Walcott, Kid Pantz, Con O'Kelly, Sr., Jeff Madden and scores of others.

Lou Brouillard, Worcester, having got himself back into the middleweight division, the class where he properly belongs, seems to be meeting with considerably more success than when he was fighting as a light-heavy. Last November when Brouillard lost to Tony Shucco at the Garden, we pointed out that the former champion was carrying too much weight about the waist, hips and legs for a chap of his stature—that he would do better to take some of it off.

Young Lefty, Fall River, forced Alec Law, Birmingham, England, to stop in five rounds at Salem, Mass., on September 17; while in a red-hot co-feature Joey Kemp, Cambridge, a nifty performer, won in eight heats over Henry Goslin, Lawrence.

Andy Callahan, the Lawrence (lightweight) welter, hopped back into the limelight the night of August 30, defeating Henry Emonds, Taunton, in a fast ten-rounder staged in Lawrence. Callahan had Emonds down several times and took six of the stanzas.

Jack Aldare, imported from New York, gave Manny Davis, the colored middleweight, a trimming up at Portland, Me., in ten chapters, on September 14. Aldare's body-punching proved too much for the husky colored boy.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

ALLIE ROWAN, one of the best prospects of the younger crop of fighters to show his wares before local fandom, defeated Abe Wasserman of New York before a capacity crowd at the Teterboro Airdrome. This bout was a rough and bloody go from beginning to the end. As the result of his win over Wasserman, Allie Rowan's manager, Doc Stanford, has received several lucrative offers for his charge.

Al Kenney, a stablemate of Allie Rowan, sent Ben Borman of Camden down for the count three times to gain the decision at the end of the six-round semifinal. Charlie Gordon of Chicago, a classy colored fighter, knocked out Mickey Guliano in the third round; Ace Proodian finished Frankie Barry in the second round; Ernie Tedesco beat Bobby Dallas in four; Angelo Fracasso kayoed Eddie Campana in two; while Emil Calcagni, Joe Jennette's new protege, easily defeated Johnny Vogel in the opening bout of four rounds.

Bucky Jones, Jim Reilly's up-and-coming welterweight sensation, decisioned Eduardo Duarry in the star bout of six rounds at Georgie Cobb's Union County A.A. of Elizabeth. Joe Moresco lost to Charlie Loughran in six; Jackie Corcoran K.O.'ed Joe Micelli, four; Johnny Rickage knocked out Joe Petrullo, one; Joe Turco lost to Willie Lewis by the K.O. route, one; Ken Depew beat Red Allen, four.

Ralph Lenny is in England with his manager, Pete Reilly.

Matchmakers Jackie Farrel and Jimmy Brienza presented another corking card to the fans of Teterboro when they showed Gus Lesnevitch, former Golden Glove champ, to the patrons at the Airdrome.

Lesnevitch defeated Nickey Williams, the old trial horse of Jersey City, in the main event of six rounds. Solomon Flaum who is under the management of Jeff Smith, the old globe trotter of Bayonne, put on a strong finish in the last two rounds to gain a draw with Sam Panico in the semifinal six; George Clark drew with Frank Marchella (6); Seabon Ashley K.O.'ed Leo Dorsey (1); Mario Carbone beat Joe Delanzo (4); Murray Rothenberg stopped Frank Calabrese (3).

Allie Ridgeway's protege Dom Pasculli made a big hit in Budd Lake when he knocked out young Johnny Risko in the second round.

Young Zazzarino, Marion's Bullet, gained referee Gus Waldron's decision over Harry Carlton at the West New York Stadium. Mickey Makar who is handled by Frankie Polo finished Jack Stanley with a left hook to the pit of the stomach in the first round of a scheduled six-rounder.

Referee Joe Anderson, working his first local show since he injured his arm several weeks ago, showed excellent judgment in halting two of the preliminaries in which the lads were outclassed and in danger of injury. Joey Carbone technically stopped Joe Timinaro (3); Joey Tagg and Connie Holmes draw (6); Larry Fallone outpointed Baby Jack Dempsey (4); Jack Garry won by a technical K.O. over Sal Santo (2); Angelo Fracasso knocked out Joe Delaizo (2).

At the Union A.A., Elizabeth—Mickey Bottone knocked out Jack Ennis (4); Freddey Cochrane beat Paddy Gordon (6); Jimmy Amber decisioned Mickey Snell (6); William Cheetum outpointed Johnny Vogel (4); Stanley Carl was knocked out by Willie Lewis (1).

Harry Marchesani, who was a runner-up in the Diamond Belt Tournament last year, is a sensation over in Brooklyn where he has scored eight straight wins in amateur tournaments. Harry is being tutored by Spike Policari of Union City.

In answer to the query—The fight between Johnny Dundee vs. Mickey Greb was held in the Central Arena of Orange, with Dundee getting the referee's decision.

The Tri-State Boxing Tournament, sponsored by Carroll Council Knights of Columbus for the benefit of St. Michael's Monastery, came through with a bang both fistically and financially. Over seven thousand fans paid to see the slam-bang show. The finals follows: 118-pound class—John Hutchinson, Philly, declared winner over Gene Palecco, Newark, when the latter suffered a broken hand in the first round. 140-pound class—William MacDonald, J. C., won a decision over Richard Donohue, Philly. 130-pound class—Louis Pean, J. C., defeated C. Van Lina, Hackensack, decision. 175-pound class—George Brothers, N. Y., won over Ray Miller, Newark, decision. Heavyweight class—James Howell, N. Y., scored technical knockout over Joe Nagliere, Union City (second round).

Joe Shugrue who once knocked out Benny Leonard is now a truant officer in Jersey City.

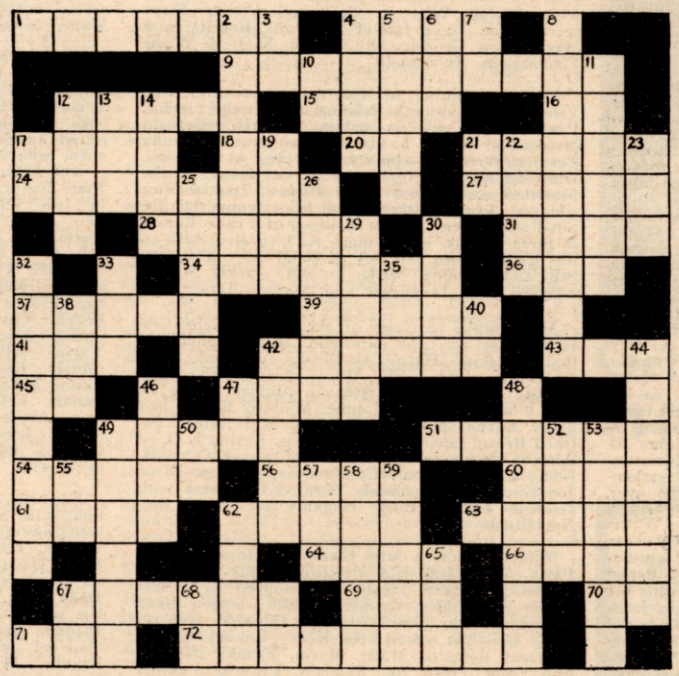
The writer receives many letters per week from fans, fighters, managers and matchmakers asking yours truly for information in regards to everything connected with the fight game. Five letters arrived at my home three days after the September issue of The Ring was on the newsstands. That shows how eagerly everyone connected with the fight game awaits the arrival of the world's best sport magazine, The Ring.

Address the writer at 514-26th Street, Union City, N. J., before the 15th of every month. And please send a self-addressed stamped envelope for a reply. Till next month, *adios*.

For the High and Prep School Boy
If you want to know how to box, subscribe to Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course, the greatest ever written. Outclasses every other course on the market. Nine books sent to you in this course. See "Ad" in this issue. His course leads all others.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Greatest of all Jewish gladiators.
4. Snatch.
9. He dethroned McTigue as light-heavyweight king in 1925.
12. Boxer whose real name was Norman Selby.
15. Win over.
16. Exclamation.
17. The peak.
18. Baseball position (Abbr.)
20. Man's nickname.
21. Small masses of matter.
24. Wrestler with huge arms who met with little success in this country.
27. Odor.
28. Cheating.
31. Engage in pleasure.
34. Wrestler who specialized with a cross arm and grape vine.
36. Violate rule of duty.
37. Frame on which pictures are painted.
39. Man's name.
41. Hit lightly.
42. Forever.
43. Secure.
45. Railroad (Abbr.).
47. Beverages.
49. Place where the Sharkey-Stribling bout was held in 1929.
51. Scattered over.
54. Weaving machines.
56. To sun.
60. Girl's name.
61. Italian coin.
62. The "Cleveland Rubber man."
63. Little round hill.
64. Identical.
66. River in Africa.
67. Joints.
69. Small hat.
70. Either.
71. Dance step.
72. He was the Masked Marvel at the old Manhattan opera house.

VERTICAL

2. Former world's wrestling champion.
3. Army Engineers (Abbr.).
4. Joy.
5. Studies.
6. Emmet.
7. Initials of a top ranking lightweight.
8. The "Black Uhlan of the Rhine."
10. Symbol for Rubidium.
11. Featherweight in 1926.
12. Fighter who was known as the "Gunner."
13. Tin container.
14. Musical character.
17. Government printer's (Abbr.).
19. A play.
21. Long Series (Abbr.).
22. Umpires (Slang).
23. Crafty.
25. Piece of furniture.
26. To draw in air.
29. Chews.
30. Town in New York.
32. The "Fargo Express."
33. Small serpent.
35. Period of time.
38. River in Switzerland.
40. Northern States (Abbr.).
42. Excuse.
44. Lightweight who was Leonard's most persistent challenger.
46. Capital of Peru.
47. Morning.
48. Dempsey knocked him out in December, 1920, at N. Y.
49. The "Sapulpa engineer."
50. Like.
52. Narrow lanes of India.
53. A tree.
55. Ohio Institute (Abbr.).
57. Resembling a horse.
58. Glide on ice.
59. Grappler known as the "Bull."
62. Uncommon.
65. Printer's measure (Plural).
68. Exclamation of surprise.

Answers on page 45

Londos, Beware!

(*Continued from page 33*)

stands six feet. Stan started wrestling as an amateur in Chicago and remained in the Simon-pure ranks for two years—or until he cleaned up everything and everyone and carried off several titles.

Pinto and his family couldn't eat the medals and watches he received for winning in the A.A.U. ranks, so he decided to become a pro, and was a sensation from the start. Didn't lose a bout the first year out. Of course he didn't throw any of the topnotch grapplers, but many lads who thought they had it in themselves to reach the top rung were shunted aside by him.

It wasn't so long ago that Pinto returned from a tour of Australia, where he won five straight bouts against native stars before earning the right to meet George Walker, champion of the antipodes. Pinto won easily. There being no more worlds to conquer after defeating the Australian champion, he returned to the U.S.A. and has been piling up victory after victory, with few defeats to mar his record.

One of his most notable achievements was to hold off Gus Sonnenberg when the famous Dartmouth star, who revolutionized wrestling by introducing the flying tackle, was world's champion. They drew a record gate at Manchester, N. H.

Pinto also has a fall to his credit over Strangler Lewis, but was injured and couldn't continue during the second fall—just as victory was within his grasp. He is now starring in the West. Will come East this winter.

Getting Acquainted

(*Continued from page 28*)

John has built up a unique following for himself among his countrymen. As a matter of fact, he's the first Swede to come here to take part in the fascinating sport and his performances have made him an attraction and given the game an added boost.

Dick Griffin

DICK GRIFFIN, whose parents came from Australia and settled in Columbus, Ohio, when they migrated to this country, is of English-Irish descent, a rarity indeed. He's English on his mother's side and Irish on his father's. Dick is a graduate of Ohio State University, where he made a reputation for himself as a member of the basketball team and as a wrestler.

He is one of three brothers. Dick is 5 feet 8 inches tall, 25 years old, weighs around 180 pounds, is married and a proud papa. His brother Wesley, now basketball coach at Bliss College, was also identified as a professional basketball star in the big leagues for fifteen years.

Griffin's pet hold is what is known as the "neck stretch" and has never been used by any other mat star. Dick, in order to secure the "killing" hold, must first apply both of his legs in bar lock fashion on his opponent's arms, holding him in chancery and unable to move. Then comes the drawing of the head back as far as possible, by simply pulling on both jaws, which usually spells finish for the other fellow.

FROM THE NORTHWEST

By JOHN ALLEN

SEATTLE boxing promoters have cleared the deck for a banner fall-winter season of fisticuffing and all indications point to another twelve months' session of topnotch battling and bumper gates.

Last spring and summer were the best for Seattle in the past four years. The average gate ran around $3000, with the Freddie Steele-Gorilla Jones match hitting the high spots with a pull of $12,000. Henry Woods, the sensational colored lightweight, and Cecil Payne, Louisville battler, drew close to $7000, with a show featuring a double main event, Payne vs. Abie Miller and Woods vs. Red Stevens doing better than $4000.

The first annual report of the Washington State Athletic Commission, given out a few days ago, showed that 574,000 fans paid their way through the gate to boxing and wrestling cards in Washington during the past eleven months, which is not bad at all considering that there is supposed to be a depression on.

Lonnie Austin, Seattle's other promoter, has resumed showing on Tuesday nights. He opened his season at the Civic Arena on September 11, with Max Baer refereeing his main event.

In Nate Druxman and Lonnie Austin, Seattle has two reputable boxing promoters who are a credit to the game and whose word is their bond.

A number of well-known scrappers are now in Seattle. Among the boys working out daily at the Druxman gym, are Henry Woods, colored lightweight star; Davey Abad, St. Louis socker; Bobby Gray of San Jose; Ford Smith, Kalispel, Mont., heavyweight; Joe MacMillan, Seattle bantam; Little Dempsey, Filipino featherweight; Abie Israel, Jewish flash; Sonny Jones, Vancouver, B. C., colored lightweight; Lank Wallulis, latest Northwest heavyweight sensation; Eddie Ivory, Vancouver Irish welterweight, Tiger Al Lewis, Seattle colored junior welterweight, who recently defeated Cecil Payne in a decisive manner; Frankie Galluci, Portland bantamweight; Young Corpuz, Filipino lightweight, and others.

Three Los Angeles and Hollywood battlers are the latest addition to Seattle's fistic colony. They are Johnny Hines, lightweight; Jimmy Wakefield, welterweight and Abie Miller, junior welterweight.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

SEPTEMBER will go down in fistic history as the most active boxing month of the year 1934. The chief excitement of course, was provided when Jimmy McLarnin regained the welterweight throne from Barney Ross. Numbered among the other interesting events were: Max Schmeling's comeback into heavyweight prominence through his nine-round K.O. over Walter Neusel; Teddy Yarosz winning the American middleweight title from Vince Dundee; Harry Dublinsky's victory over Tony Canzoneri; Baby Arizmendi's winning of the New York State featherweight title from Mike Belloise; Jack Peterson's further rise to fistic heights through his thirteen-round K.O. over Larry Gains; Midget Wolgast's double defeat at the hands of Henry Moreno, a bantamweight; Al Brown's defeat by an unknown named Edwards, in Europe and the clinching of the world featherweight title by Freddy Miller who scored over Nel Tarleton in Liverpool.

Numbered among the leading heavyweight bouts of the month was Schmeling's remarkable comeback at the expense of Walter Neusel. Jack Peterson stepped into the heavyweight picture with his K.O. over Larry Gains. Natie Brown won from Eddie Simms and Bob Tow. Lee Ramage defeated Tony Cancela. Charley Massare returned to action with a victory over Steve Dudas. Unknown Winston disposed of Frankie Edgren in five rounds, while Edgren stowed Add Warren away in six heats.

Marty Gallagher disposed of Tony Galento in the thirteenth session. Hans Schonrath drew with Isadore Gastanaga and was K.O.'ed by Obie Walker in five rounds. Walker also finished Scholz in one session. Eddie Hogan whipped Chester Matan. Joe Louis disposed of Buck Everett and Alec Borshuk in two rounds each. Ed Mosebar drew with Jack Willis and K.O.'ed Hank Hankinson in one round. Hankinson disposed of Frankie Limas in two rounds. Lew Poster whipped Dick Madden. Tommy Farr won from Charley Belanger in England. Ralph Ficucello scored over Tommy De Stefano.

Among the light-heavyweights, John Henry Lewis returned to action with a victory over Norman Conrad and a one-round knockout over Tony Poloni. Lou Brouillard turned in two knockout victories over Solly Dukelsky, both ending in the seventh round. Wesley Ketchell disposed of Bob Godwin in eight rounds. Adolf Heuser drew with Adolph Witt in Germany. Young Firpo scored over Tiger Jack Fox. Frank Rowsey won over Pietro Georgi. Ad Zackow K.O.'ed Willie Feldman in six rounds.

Yarosz' winning of the American title from Vince Dundee, was the leading middleweight event. Paul Pirrone, who is making a swell comeback, disposed of Bucky Lawless in two rounds. Young Terry in three and won a victory over Al Diamond. Diamond was also beaten by K. O. Burns. Emilio Martinez scored over Leroy Brown. Tommy Rios whipped Johnny Ketchell but was beaten by Joe Smallwood. Ken Overlin disposed of Frank Remus in three rounds. Kid Tunero K.O.'ed Red Aelli in the sixth. Young Stuhley K.O.'ed Al Salbano in two and Frankie Misko in six. Jackie Aldare whipped Ray Trueheart and Mannie Davis.

McLarnin's recovery of the welterweight title from Ross was the headlight of the month in that division. Harry Dublinsky whipped Tony Canzoneri. Eddie Kid Wolfe drew with Tiger Burns; lost to Kid Azteca in Mexico where he and I had a wonderful time. Willard Brown and Tiger Burns split two decisions. Kid Azteca finished Benny Levine in four rounds. Levine K.O.'ed Alfredo Gaona in one round and was K.O.'ed by Eddie Cerda in four. Cerefino Garcia disposed of Joe Glick in two rounds. Tony Falco drew with Georgie Gibbs. Billy Hogan won from Ray Napolitano.

Tommy Romano was beaten by Jackie Davis, Paris Apice and Kid Frattini. Eddie Ran was beaten by Harry Jacobs and stopped by Bobby Pacho in the third. Kenny La Salle whipped Steve Haliako. Bucky Jones whipped Eduardo Duarry. Andy Callahan scored over Henry Emond. Morrie Sherman defeated Matty Mario. Frankie Hughes won from Tiger Joe Randall. Vittorio Venturi scored over Hilario Martinez. Jack Carroll K.O.'ed Ron Richard in three rounds in Australia. Sammy O'Dell drew with Johnny Martinez. Jack Lowry won over Petey Gulotta.

Young Peter Jackson headed the lightweight division with a three-round K.O. over Manuel Villa. Tony Herrera was beaten by Lou Ambers and Tracey Cox. Benny Bass K.O.'ed Eddie Shea in two rounds and lost on a foul twice to Petey Sarron in four and six rounds. Lew Feldman defeated Battling Battalino. Lew Massey stopped Frankie Marchese in seven rounds.

Roger Bernard K.O.'ed Joe Botta in two sessions. Jimmy Vaughn won decisions over Eddie Anderson. Tod Morgan whipped Herb Bishop. Leonard Del Genio K.O.'ed Jimmy Slavin in four rounds and won from Johnny Bonito. Bonito whipped Charley Bedami. Battling Gizzy won over Tommy Corbett. Paul Junior scored over Tommy Bland. Jackie Sharkey lost to Bus Breese and Patsy Severo. Davey Abad defeated Cecil Payne. Teddy Loder whipped Joey Ferrando. Young Zazzerino outpointed Harry Carlton while Johnny Mauro outboxed Sylvestro Matacena.

Freddy Miller's victory over Nel Tarleton, eclipsed all other featherweight events with Baby Arizmendi's triumph over Mike Belloise running a close second. George Hansford stepped right back into the featherweight picture with a four-round knockout over Tommy Paul. Young Casanova, who has outgrown the bantamweight class, is now fighting among featherweights. He whipped Juan Zurita. Johnny Pena disposed of Joe Paraiso in two sessions. Vittorio Tamagnini whipped Lew Farber. Frankie Covelli K.O.'ed Baby Joe Guzman in one and Bucky Burton in two rounds.

Claude Varner disposed of Bobby Lee in six and Ted Moroney in five sessions. Pete De Grasse scored over Frankie Wallace and Benny Britt. Frankie Covelli K.O.'ed Baby Joe Guzman in one round. Abie Israel drew with Little Dempsey. Varias Milling finished Phineas John is six rounds. Joe Doherty whipped Abie Wasserman. Young Rightmeier K.O.'ed Johnny Siegel in three rounds. Felippo Yambo won from Vernon Cormier. Mose Butch K.O.'ed Ray Borree in four rounds. Jerry Mazza scored over Nat Suess. Chico Cisneros defeated Henry Jackson while Julie Katz drew with Al Ragone.

Edwards, an unknown, stepped into the limelight with an overweight victory over Al Brown, bantamweight champion, and also a win over Parisis. Louis Salica won over Young Tommy. Pablo Dano whipped Peppy Sanchez. Mickey Miller won over Norman Bible in Australia. Speedy Dado K.O.'ed Pete Severedra in four rounds, but was stopped by Joe Tei Ken in four. Emile Pladner drew with Kid Francis. Eugene Huat disposed of Philip Andrade in four rounds. Frankie Wolfram whipped Dario Moreno and K.O.'ed Kid Granite in six rounds. Jim Maharg won from Nipper Morris. Johnny King defeated Ellis Ashurst. Petit Biquet whipped Sangchili. Gabes won over Victor Ferrand. Tony Marino disposed of Bobby Olivas in five rounds.

Midget Wolgast, erstwhile leader of the flyweight class, was beaten twice by Henry Moreno and scored over Henry Hooks and Kid Laredo. Mickey McGuire beat Jack Aitken. Phil Milligan K.O.'ed Percy Dexter in seven rounds. Bobby McGhee whipped Jim Palmer and K.O.'ed Eric Robinson and Teddy Rollins in seven rounds each. Charley Hazell scored over Herbie Hill.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Billy Nash, England.
Bantamweight—Gordon Green, Memphis, Tenn.
Featherweight—Artie Duran, Los Angeles, Calif.
Lightweight—Leonard Del Genio, New York City.
Welterweight—Eugene Emanuel, Syracuse, N. Y.
Middleweight—George Baratko, Cleveland, Ohio.
Light-heavyweight—Dave Carstens, S. Africa.
Heavyweight—Joe Louis, Detroit, Mich.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

These are my ratings for the month ending September 22:

	Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
	World's Champion Max Baer	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1	Primo Carnera	Tony Shucco	Teddy Yarosz	Harry Dublinsky
2	Steve Hamas	Joe Knight	Young Corbett	Kid Azteca
3	Art Lasky	Bob Olin	Paul Pirrone	Bep Van Klaveren
4	Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Oscar Rankin	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5	Jack Peterson	John Henry Lewis	Emilio Martinez	Willard Brown
6	Patsy Perroni	Ambrose Palmer	Vince Dundee	Tiger Burns
7	Natie Brown	Billy Jones	Jock McAvoy	Cerefino Garcia
8	Johnny Risko	Len Harvey	Fred Henneberry	Cocoa Kid
9	King Levinsky	Lou Brouillard	Freddy Steele	Tony Falco
10	Lee Ramage	Wesley Ketchell	Young Stubley	Billy Hogan

	Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
	World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1	Tony Canzoneri	Baby Arizmendi	Sixto Escobar	Midget Wolgast
2	Young Peter Jackson	George Hansford	Merv Blandon	Jackie Brown
3	Cleto Locatelli	Nel Tarleton	Louis Salica	Valentin Anglemann
4	Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Pablo Dano	Tommy Pardoe
5	Lou Ambers	Petey Hayes	Young Tommy	Benny Lynch
6	Tracey Cox	Jackie Wilson	Star Frisco	Maurice Huguenin
7	Benny Bass	Young Casanova	Little Pancho	Mickey McGuire
8	Eddie Cool	Johnny Pena	Joe Tei Ken	Phil Milligan
9	Wesley Ramey	Vittorio Tamagnini	Henry Moreno	Praxille Gyde
10	Eddie Zivic	Tommy Paul	Mickey Miller	Bobby McGhee

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

TOMMY RYAN, retired undefeated welterweight and middleweight champion of the world, en route to Syracuse, stopped off in Chicago in September to attend the combination boxing and wrestling show at Wrigley Field which was sponsored by *The Chicago Tribune*. Ryan, 65 years old and weighing 180 pounds, was accompanied by his wife, the former Miss Ann Lutiger of Chicago. Their visit was the first in seventeen years. They have been residing in Los Angeles, Cal. Ryan, who vacated the welterweight crown in 1897 to move into the middleweight class from which he retired in 1907, does not carry a mark from his scores of battles. He lost his right eye a year ago while attempting to hammer a nail.

Ryan, whose right name is Joseph Youngs, is well fixed financially. He lives on the income derived from real estate and other investments. The highest purse he received for a fight was his third against Kid McCoy at Tattersall's, Sixteenth Street between Dearborn and State, May 29, 1900. For the match, which was called a draw at the end of the scheduled six rounds, Tommy was paid $5,000. A capacity crowd, estimated at 5,000, witnessed it. Ryan had two managers, Parson Davies and Jack Curley.

Billy Stearns, former junior welterweight, was to open a night club, The Gay 90's, Clark and Ohio Streets, last month.

Champion Barney Ross daily displays what the well dressed man should wear . . . . Jack Eile, manager of Solly Dukelsky and Harry Dublinsky, was born at Brooklyn, N. Y., and christened Jacob Fishman . . . . Tommy Corbett, twenty-two, Omaha, Neb., lightweight, served as a jockey at Tia Juana, Mex., when thirteen years old and weighing 80 pounds . . . . He has been boxing five years . . . . Laddie Tonelli, Marseilles, Ill., welterweight, was born in 1914.

Maurice Rivkin studied to be a doctor, and now practices law and promotes boxing at Marigold Gardens, Broadway and Grace Street . . . . Eddie Shea, who was twenty-eight years old November 8, has been fighting sixteen years . . . . Mickey Lennon, who came to Chicago from Pittsburgh, Pa., fifteen years ago, is one of the oldest trainers in the country . . . . Lennon, will be fifty-five years old January 12 . . . . Packey McFarland, member of the State Boxing Commission, is sporting streaks of gray hair.

Max Baer, heavyweight champion, thinks Nate Lewis is a great guy . . . . Davey Day, whose real name is David Daitch, started boxing in 1930 shortly after his arrival here from Des Moines, Ia. . . . . Reddy Mason is sixty-six years old . . . . Maurice and Clint Flynn, brothers, who made a reputation as boxers on the West Side fifteen years ago, are not on speaking terms.

Tommy McHugh, Kansas City, Mo., promoter, may present shows in October . . . . Jack Charvez, twenty-three-year-old Navajo Indian middleweight, has only lost two matches in his last twenty-nine . . . . Revelation that Art Sykes was born of Syrian antecedents caused fans to recall that the last topnotch heavyweight possessing this blood strain was King Solomon. Sykes lost to King Levinsky in a ten-round bout staged as part of the Londos-Lewis wrestling bout which Londos won. Incidentally that match drew a record throng of 35,000 and record receipts.

Jack (Joseph) Doyle, Cork, Ireland, heavyweight, was twenty-one years old on August 31 . . . . When Harry Greb successfully defended the middleweight title against Mickey Walker at New York in 1925 he put on 8½ pounds from weighing-in time at 2 o'clock in the afternoon until shortly before the fight . . . . Johnny Coulon, who lost the bantamweight title to Kid Williams in 1914, still calls himself "champ" . . . . Solly Dukelsky, Chicago middleweight, was graduated from Tuley High school . . . . He came to Chicago from Odessa, Russia, in 1922 when nine years of age.

Bud Taylor, Terre Haute, Ind., former bantamweight champion, now weighing 175 pounds, was contemplating opening a sport rendezvous in the loop . . . . Earl Mastro, ex-featherweight contender, is conducting boxing classes each evening at Community Recreation center, 4711 West Madison Street . . . . Dick Mastro, promising 126-pounder until he retired in 1932, is assisting Earl . . . . Jimmy Buckler, Louisville, Ky., junior lightweight, has placed himself under the direction of Jackie Stewart.

Sammy Mandell's middle name is Richard . . . . His son, seven years old on September 6, has been christened Richard Sammy Mandell . . . . The former lightweight champion says his ten-room $35,000 home in Rockford is paid for . . . . The show headed by Lou Brouillard and Solly Dukelsky at Mills Stadium in September cost Promoter Billy Cepak about $300.

Teddy Hayes, former trainer for Jack Dempsey and Mickey Walker, says he will stay out of the game until his five months' old son, Eddie, grows up and launches a boxing career . . . . Eddie Anderson, veteran Wyoming boxer, who never wore cowboy regalia when at his best, now sports a ten-gallon sombrero at every opportunity.

Calumet City, Ill.—What was the result of the Schemling-Walker fight?—PAUL KUSHUICK.

Ans.—Schmeling stopped Walker in the eighth round at New York on September 26, 1932.

Joliet, Ill.—What are the ages of Ross, Canzoneri, McLarnin, London and Lewis?—GEORGE MCINTOSH.

Ans.—Ross will be twenty-five on December 2, McLarnin will be twenty-nine on December 19, Canzoneri was twenty-six on November 3, Londos is thirty-seven and Lewis is forty-one.

Ceferino Garcia, Pacific coast welterweight, posted a $2,500 check at the California Athletic commission for a title contest after he knocked out Joe Glick at Pismo Beach, September 2 . . . . Chances are he will have to avenge a knockout defeat by Young Peter Jackson before being given consideration . . . . Sig Hart recollects that George (Elbows) McFadden, who fought a twenty-five round draw with Joe Gans in 1899, did his own janitor work at his ten-flat building in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1903.

Johnny Risko, Cleveland, O., heavyweight, celebrated his thirty-second birthday in December . . . . Tommy Loughran, light-heavyweight titleholder from 1927 to 1929, was thirty-two in November . . . . Maxie Rosenbloom, current 175-pound champion, is campaigning eleven years. . . . South Side Jack O'Keefe and his brother Dan have opened a beer tavern at 108th Street and Torrence Avenue . . . . The last time Joe Louis, Detroit, Mich., heavyweight, lost was in a contest with Stanley Evans last year . . . . Louis, who is twenty years old, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 190 pounds.

Angelo Geraci, who as Bushy Graham became a leading bantamweight, has retired with $40,000 in cash and possessing two buildings in Utica, N. Y. . . . . Tony Herrera, El Paso, Tex., junior welterweight, married to an Armenian girl, is the father of a five months' old baby . . . . Ed Jacobson, Deerfield, Ill., family man, won the welterweight championship of the Pacific fleet in 1919 under the direction of Lieut. Jack Kennedy . . . . Kennedy went six rounds with Jack Johnson in a bout in Australia in 1906.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Luis Angel Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, retired . . . . Paul Berlenbach compiled his impressive knockout record . . . . W. L. (Young) Stribling of Atlanta, Ga., started his rise to prominence . . . . Tommy Gibbons knocked out Kid Norfolk . . . . Sid Terris, New York lightweight, became a topnotcher . . . . Gene Tunney knocked out Georges Carpentier in the tenth round.

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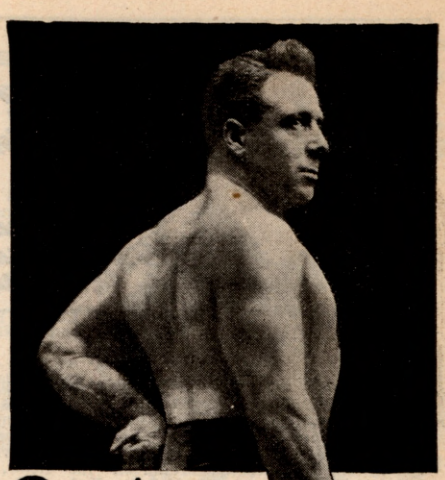

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

AFTER all the preliminary trials and tribulations that preceded the bout, Jimmy McLarnin and Barney Ross finally engaged in their long awaited feud. They staged a grueling fifteen-round contest at Madison Square Garden Bowl and on this occasion, like the last, the officials disagreed as to the winner. Charles Lynch gave the bout to Ross while Tommy Shortell decreed McLarnin the victor, which automatically left the championship to be decided by Referee Arthur Donovan, who voted for McLarnin.

There is no question but that it was an exceedingly difficult task to adjudge the winner after the smashing bout in which these two lads engaged. It was a shame to take the fight from either man. Donovan has been getting the choice assignments of the New York Athletic Commission in the most important events that have taken place in recent years but has never dodged the issue.

Regardless of whether his judgment was correct, he never passes the buck. He always decides one way or the other without calling it a draw, and that's what we THE RING staff admire about Artie.

The gate receipts were far below expectations due to the postponements. However, another championship has passed into history and the Jinx of the Garden Bowl remains 100%. No one has yet successfully defended his title at the Bowl, which should be an omen for future champions who are scheduled to perform there.

Teddy Yarosz gained the verdict over Vince Dundee in their fifteen-round match at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, and with it went the American middleweight championship. This was a split decision with the referee's verdict giving the fight to Dundee.

Yarosz is a speedy boxer, clean-cut type and with activity facing him with several good opponents in sight, he should be able to capitalize on his prize. Thil, who is the rightful world champion, and Yarosz should meet to decide the matter of supremacy.

Lew Feldman turned in a swell victory by winning over Battling Battalino in New Haven. Battalino showed that he is still tough and has that bulldog aggressiveness in his style but Feldman was too fast and crafty for him. There is a possibility of their meeting again in Hartford, which is Battalino's home town. Leonard Del Genio and Johnny Bonito staged a miniature battle of the Marne when they slashed and fought away for six rounds at the Dyckman Oval with Del Genio the winner. This fight virtually won for Del Genio the right to be called New York City's best lightweight as Bonito and Del Genio ranked about even in that particular classification. Both are game, aggressive two-fisted youngsters but Del Genio enjoys the advantage with superior hitting powers. Julie Katz and Al Ragone went to a six-round draw in the semifinal, this being the third time this pair has battled on even terms.

W. W. Carr has opened a new club at Norfolk, Va., which has been named the Fairview Arena. It has a seating capacity of 3500 and Mr. Carr would like to hear from managers who will listen to reason. Joe Vignali, a lightweight protege of Louis Kid Kaplan's, has a style that greatly resembles his teacher, and Manager Ralph Gold thinks that he has a real prize in the youngster. Virgali has a draw with Steve Haliako to his credit, which is quite a feat for a newcomer.

Paul Pirrone, of Cleveland, is fighting as if he were rejuvenated. Belonging in the middleweight ranks, he electrified fans in Philly when he flattened Jimmy Smith in short order and followed up with knockouts over Young Terry and Bucky Lawless. Eddie Mead may still get a break with Clouting Paul who is a youngster so far as ring service is concerned and his chief asset is an important one—the old knockout wallop.

Eddie Devine of Boston is handling Matty Bloom, a young Jewish heavyweight from Revere, Mass., and if present indications mean anything, Eddie has a swell package in this boy who is bowling them over around the New England States.

A new organization has started in Philadelphia called the National Boxers Fraternity and if carried along on the right basis should have a far reaching effect in pugilistic history. Its object is to improve the present boxer, both mentally, morally and physically, and also to provide for boxers who are finished as far as ring service is concerned. They have a three-story dwelling at 16th and Girard Ave., with a fully equipped gymnasium and also a library to pass away the idle hours. Application for membership can be obtained at 923 North 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Harry Dublinsky put over a surprise victory when he scored over Tony Canzoneri at Ebbets Field. This was a shocking defeat to Tony at this time, particularly with a Barney Ross match in view but he accepted the decision like the stoic that he is and later engaged in a rematch.

Anyone familiar with Tony and his ambitions to attain that third Ross match, can readily understand his disappointment in losing to Dublinsky. That's why he wanted the return bout. As far as money is concerned, Canzoneri is well fixed for life but his principal object in remaining in the ring, is to get another crack at Ross. When Canzoneri retires from the ring the fans will really appreciate what a plucky, gallant warrior he was.

He had the best reason in the world for not going through with the Dublinsky match but he kept those reasons to himself and very few persons were aware of the fact that he was physically disabled and should not have been permitted to go through with the match but it was at his own insistence that he got into the ring.

Lew Ambers gave another impressive display when he handed Tony Herrera a good whipping in the ten-round semifinal. Ambers is on the upgrade and there are very few lightweights his superior.

Billy Hogan looked good in winning from Ray Napolitano in the opening ten. Jack Lowery scored over Petey Gulotta in six rounds while Tony Passaro drew with Irving Eldridge in the four-round opener.

Schmeling's nine-round knockout victory over Neusel puts him right back into the heavyweight running and a match between Schmeling and the winner of the Lasky-Hamas scrimmage should find a capable opponent for Baer. Georgie Hansford stepped right into the picture with a four-round knockout over Tommy Paul on the Coast. Hansford only weighed 127 pounds and it appears as if he is still a legitimate featherweight, so back into the ratings he goes.

Al Sweeny is handling Bus Breeze around Chicago and seems to be doing a neat job as Breeze is in action almost every week. Breeze is a lightweight and hails from Manhattan, Kansas. Jack Peterson put Larry Gains out of the heavyweight picture by putting him away in thirteen rounds in England. Peterson seems to be ready for the big-time circuit and would probably fit right into the heavyweight picture. He has color, can hit, and, unlike the average English heavyweight, is aggressive and loves to fight.

Bobby Pacho stopped Eddie Ran in the third round when the latter was forced to stop owing to an eye injury at the Coney Island Velodrome. Kenny La Salle put over a good victory when he scored over Steve Haliako. Carlos Solomon whipped Jimmy Murray, Max Glickman disposed of Jerry Garfield in one round while Johnny Clark scored over Pete De Ruzzy in the balance of the preliminaries.

Baby Arizmendi clinched his right to the featherweight championship of the New York State title, when he beat Belloise. Arizmendi, on what he showed against Belloise, is capable of claiming any title in the world at the present moment. He is a wizard and should go a long way in his chosen profession. He is a an aggressive, two-fisted puncher, takes a good punch himself, and loves to fight. Belloise is a brilliant ring general, smart and crafty and knows boxing thoroughly but could not compete with the superior strength, ruggedness and fighting tenacity of the Mexican. Belloise was dropped in the ninth round for the count of nine but finished strongly in the last three rounds, not enough to win them but to give a good account of himself at the finish. They went fifteen rounds and it was a swell fight to watch.

Vittorio Tamagnini proved too strong for Lew Farber in the eight-round semifinal. Johnny Bonito outscored Charley Bedami in a corking six-round mixup, while Leonard Del Genio K.O.'ed Jimmy Slavin in four rounds, and Johnny Mauro outboxed Sylvestor Mataeena in the first six-rounder. Larry Morrison and Babe McCoy who are partners in a string of boxers from the Pacific Coast seem to have "uplifted" Stillman's Gymnasium from a sombre, quiet place to one of extreme hilarity. Every time Stillman asks for dues for their various charges, McCoy answers, "Show me who I pay and I'll pay you."

Kid Azteca, Mexican aspirant for welterweight honors, went climbing to the top of the ladder by winning a decisive victory over Eddie Kid Wolfe at Mexico City. A crowded house was in attendance and the Mexico fans were given an opportunity to see their idol extended like he never was before. Wolfe was handicapped by a severe lip injury in the first round and this bothered him for the rest of the distance but the fact remained that Azteca showed sufficient skill and ability to enable him to withstand the onslaughts of the aggressive and untiring attacks of Wolfe.

Azteca has a very good left hook to the body and follows through with a speedy right-hand uppercut which is rapid in its flight and almost impossible to follow. He is a frail youngster but takes a solid punch without flinching and loves the fighting when it is thickest.

The boxing fans of Mexico City are an enthusiastic group and show their warm-blooded spirit in decided fashion. They treated both Wolfe and myself like the true sportsmen they are. They are keen boxing followers, and although naturally enough they are with their home prides, they still pay tribute to a game gladiator and cheer him like he were their own. Wolfe made many friends with his gallant stand and Promoter Jimmy Fitten tried to sign him for another bout before leaving, but the lip injury prevented that from taking place.

The Boxing Commission, headed by General Juan Jimenez Mendez, is a capable group and helps the outsider to its utmost. They protect him as far as getting his money and there is no such thing as a visiting fighter getting a raw deal, providing he plays the game squarely.

Boxing is thriving in Mexico and most of it is due to the untiring efforts of Matchmaker Jimmy Fitten and Promoter Jules Lavergne, and the high-class Boxing Commission. Fitten is a hard working type who understands the boxing game from A to Z and anyone coming here expecting to deal with suckers will find themselves sadly disillusioned. Our hats off to Mexico!

General Juan Jimenez Mendez, head of the Mexican Commission, has invented a time clock which is in use at the Arena Nacional. It is greatly improved over the one used at Madison Square Garden. The rounds are divided into minutes with a rotating clock keeping track of the time accurately and to the tenth of a second. There is also an attachment which rings off the alarm when a fighter is floored and the seconds are tolled off automatically. There is absolutely no confusion or inaccuracy in the count. A patent like that, used in Madison Square Garden, would improve the Garden's present system. The Mexican clock is much simpler to operate.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

HENCEFORTH, another Aztec has to be reckoned with among the topnotch bantamweights and featherweights, for no better prophecy of a bright future can be had than the recent victories of Henry Moreno of Merryville, La. Twice the smart little Mexican defeated the pretender to the flyweight throne, Midget Wolgast, and in both instances there were no doubts after the fight as to the victor. These two wins should place Moreno among the elite. However, it is improbable that he can make the legitimate bantamweight limit.

Wolgast did win one battle in New Orleans, his first contest, easily trouncing the slugging Henry Hooks, Indianapolis, Ind. In between the Moreno scraps Wolgast jumped over to Houston, Tex., where he outpointed Kid Laredo.

Two all-star shows were staged by Marty Burke at the Coliseum Arena in New Orleans and in both instances the cards proved dismal failures in both talent and receipts. Midget Mexico, El Paso, Tex., lightweight, and Wild Bill McDowell, a Texas welterweight, both lost, to Honey Boy Snipes, Macon, Ga., and Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans, respectively, through alleged knockouts. Several days later the Louisiana Boxing Commission suspended both Mexico and McDowell indefinitely when proof was offered that they purposely "threw" their fights.

On another card, Joe Saille scored a knockout in the third, over Joe Fryou, both local bantamweights. Saille and Fryou had been stablemates and the bout was probably a true grudge affair. On the same bill, Ralph Chone, New Orleans middleweight, carrying a twelve-pound weight advantage, outpointed the veteran Ray Kiser, Tulsa, Okla., in a lethargic ten rounds.

After only winning by the narrowest margin in ten rounds over Bill Hogroder, Opoulusa, La., featherweight, who came into the bill as a substitute, Al Jerome, New Orleans, La., announced his retirement from further ring activities.

Ervin Berlier, New Orleans, La., southpaw lightweight, has found a spot where the opposition evidently is not so tough. In ten rounds he outpointed Frankie Schottgen, Mobile, Ala., and K.O.'ed Ray Shcneider, Jacksonville, Fla., in two rounds at Mobile.

A new fight club opened its turnstiles, the Westside A.C., in New Orleans, but patronage was exceedingly poor for its first card. In the feature event, Joe Fryou received a disputed ten-round decision over Kid Laredo, Laredo, Tex., bantam.

Jimmy McNamara still shines as New Orleans' best future prospect for ring glory. This time he decisively defeated his arch-rival, Augie Camaratta, Italian lightweight, in the semifinal six-round go to the Wolgast-Moreno return affair.

Among the other scrappers to see action during the month, the following were outstanding: Elmer Freas drew with Bobby Fay, Bay St. Louis, Miss., and trounced Sterling Silver; Silver defeated Roswell Thompson, and Leslie Rush, Mobile, Ala., and Battling Burroughs, Pascagoula, Miss., drew, all middleweights. Honey Boy Snipes decisioned Battling Shaw, Laredo, Tex.; and Henry Deubler kayoed Emil Muller, Norway, and decisioned Oswald Schulingkamp, all welterweights. Joe White beat George Holmes and Benny Nastasi, while Nastasi beat Adam Cook; George Clausen, Mobile, stopped Al Kearney; Jesse Green, a newcomer, knocked out Al Morales and outpointed Boomer Brooker; Matt Brown beat Russell Tucker, and Jesse Doyle defeated Julian Abecilla, Filipino, and Frank Marsiglia, all lightweights. Dewey Cannon, Mobile, outpointed both Alex Hoffpair, Rayne, and Patsy Flannagan, New Orleans; and Ralph Atkins took over Yancey Hall, all featherweights. Kid Laredo decisioned Joe Saille, but Saille stopped Tony Cangiamilla; Vincent Bono won over Clyde Roberts, and Angelo Musso beat and drew with Buck Vaughn, all bantamweights.

K. O. White, junior welterweight, continues to be the "kingfish" among the Negro fighters in New Orleans, win or lose. White, who has hung up an enviable knockout record, was outpointed by Mexican Pete, Arizona welterweight, in a listless ten-round event before some 3,000 spectators. A few weeks later the colored puncher got back into swing by stopping Roy Dunn, Atlanta, Ga., in the eleventh of a scheduled twelve rounds. Again a big crowd witnessed the scrap.

Another dark skinned warrior, Eddie Kid Brown, a lightweight, has also become a favorite in New Orleans through two good victories. In a twelve-round contest Brown outboxed Charley the Kid and then came back two weeks later to hang a K.O. on Abel Vegas in five rounds.

Other colored battlers to show during the month included the following: P. G. Carson, Jacksonville, Fla., decisioned Chester Jones in fifteen rounds; Battling Holiman technically K.O.'ed Bradis Flowers and also won a decision over him; Roy Finn drew with Flowers, and Spark Plug Adams bested Norman Jones, all middleweights. Roland Dixon stopped Baby Wills; Leo Tankerson stopped Baltimore Kid; George Godfrey K.O.'ed Kid Gibson; George Lawson drew with Wildcat O'Conner; Battling Carl knocked out Kid Shrimp, and Al Edwards outpointed Young Manuel, all welterweights. Baby Jack beat Battling Siki; Kid Stringbean defeated Kid Spibbens; Newsboy Brown stopped Kid Thomas; Al Vegas lost to Kid Carl; Young Danno was beaten by Baby Baer and Kid Phillips, but won over K. O. Coleman; Steamboat Johnson decisioned Buzz Jones, and Charley the Kid knocked out Bob Armstrong, all lightweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Tiber Joe Randall of Elizabeth, Pa., and Tiger Thompson of the U. S. Infantry, both exceptional colored fighters, will show in New Orleans soon . . . . Jimmy Beeson, a good middleweight, has become a promoter at Gulfport, Miss. . . . . Duke Durel announces at prize fights and referees at wrestling matches. . . . . The writer is seeking good colored fighters desiring to fight in New Orleans during the winter months . . . . My address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

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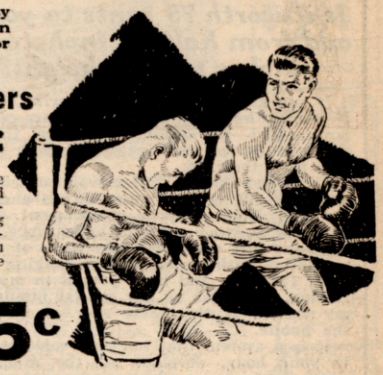

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FLORIDA AND GEORGIA
By HAL DAVIS

FOLLOWING the action of the N. B. A. in vacating Rosenbloom's title, several boxing commissions including North Carolina, Georgia and Florida local commissions immediately named Joe Knight as the world's light heavyweight champion. Knight's claim is considered to be a sound one by fistic men in this section. Joe is the only man to hold Rosenbloom to an official draw in a title fight. It will be recalled that the majority of the sports writers at the ringside that February night in Miami, expressed themselves as being dissatisfied with any decision other than a victory for Knight. The boxing commission there suspended the referee because of the verdict.

Knight has defeated most of the leading contenders, many by the K.O. route, with the exception of Tony Shucco, who was given a decision over Joe in his home town, Boston. Since that time Knight's manager E. H. Griffith, has offered Shucco $500 to meet Knight and several promoters are known to have made Tony flattering offers but so far Shucco has consistently refused to hazard another match with the Southern Dynamiter. Rosenbloom too, has repeatedly refused offers of many times his usual fee to meet the Cairo Calamity.

Asheville is a good spot right now, especially for the bigger boys. The Western North Carolina city draws many times the gates drawn by cities of like size throughout the country. The boxing commissioners, Messrs. Lawrence M. Quigley, J. J. Tallman and P. M. Beeler deserve a great deal of credit for keeping the game on a high plane in the mountain city.

Harry Sawtelle has taken over the Armory in Jacksonville and plans some good shows.

O. E. Webb has built up Hahira, Ga., to the point where he is looking for a larger arena than his present one which seats 1,200. When Pick Grey and Whit Webb fought fifteen rounds to a draw there last month standing room only was available before eight o'clock. Both these welters have been undefeated for the past year. Besides Grey and Webb, Jackie Terrell is a great drawing card in the South Georgia city. Earl Dixon has been winning regularly in that section in the bantamweight class.

Charley "Kid" Baisden is going in particularly good form at the present time. His last bout ended in a knockout victory for the flashy "Kid" in one minute and thirty seconds, when Baisden K.O.'ed Pop Causey in Birmingham. Immediately preceding this bout Charley beat Hardrock Harden in ten rounds at Asheville, while earlier in the month Baisden knocked out Chief Penland at Fort Benning. This makes eleven straight wins for the Columbus southpaw light-heavy.

Bunker Hill, Fort Benning welter, is another who is on a winning rampage. Hill's style is particularly pleasing. He tucks his chin down and tears in. In a few months time he has fought from the six-rounders to the top spot at Fort Benning.

Max Maxwell is a newcomer to Georgia rings. This light-heavy has returned to his home state from an extensive tour of the West, and is making the fans sit up and take notice of a colorful performer.

RAMBLINGS OF A RAMBLER—Washington fight cards continue to be heavily loaded with Florida boxers . . . Bob Wilson, Orlando welter, has been getting plenty of work in the Capitol City, and performing consistently good . . . . A new arena is going up at Miami Beach . . . . It should get a good play, if properly run . . . . Tampa is packing them in at the wrestling shows, while neighboring St. Pete still goes strong for the boxers . . . . Jeff Clark returned from a successful invasion of Chicago, where he had Billy Hood, Ray Boree and Wilbur Stokes . . . . Ocala, Fla., has a new club. Chief of Police Harry Fawcett, promoter . . . . Jake Denning seems serious this time . . . . Joe Lipps has been a consistent winner of late . . . . Earl Johnson looks better than ever . . . . Eric Lawson has deserted the terpsichorean art for a comeback in the ring . . . . Bunker Hill drew with Whit Webb at Valdosta . . . . Tommy Blanton won decision over Frank Mackery at Birmingham . . . . Dewey Kimrey seems better than ever. The big North Carolina heavy blasted Chester Matan out in four heats at Charlotte.

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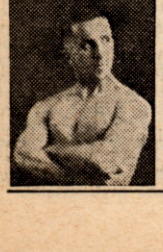

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Lovell, Wyo.—Faye Clark, of Nebraska, sprang a surprise when he stopped "Wildman" Lou Couzzens, of Byron, Wyo. Couzzens' seconds tossed in the towel in the sixth round to save him from further punishment. They are middleweights.

At Brush, Colo.—Carl Walker, Hillrose, state heavyweight champion, K.O.'d Joe Stangel, veteran Kansas City battler, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Al' Reynolds, Denver bantamweight, stopped Sailor Gray, of Brush, in the opening heat of the eight-round semi-windup.

At Idaho Springs, Colo.—In the first fight card staged in this historic old mining camp in nearly twenty years, Joe Jaramillo and Tommy Dixon, both of Denver, fought a savage ten-round draw. They are welterweights.

At Grand Junction, Colo.—Pug Sutherland, Manassa, and Guy Nelson, Grand Valley, fought a slam-bang ten-round battle. Nelson won almost as he pleased from the iron-hearted lad from Jack Dempsey's birthplace. The pair are welterweights.

At Pueblo, Colo.—Ernie Lara, fast rising young Pueblo featherweight, pounded out a victory over Eddie Trujillo, of Denver, over the ten-round route.

In the semifinal, Mickey Moran, Walsenburg K.O. artist, put the skids under Sam Pagano, Pueblo Italian, in the sixth round. The pair are lightweights.

At Walsenburg.—Henry Jackson, Fort Garland featherweight, and Ernie Lara, Pueblo battler, fought a ten-round draw. Though the official verdict was a draw, Jackson won practically as he pleased. Jackson weighed 119. Lara, 126.

Henry Jackson, incidentally, is matched with "Chuckers" Hildebrand, of Durango, for the state bantamweight crown. The little Fort Garland Negro-Mexican already holds the state featherweight title. He ought to be a cinch to "take" the Durango lad into camp.

At Denver.—Once more, Emilio Martinez, fast rising Mexican light-heavyweight, has proved he is ready for the best. Emilio met the rough, tough Leroy Brown, of Charleston, N. C., and the way he splattered the Marine was a shame. Martinez had Brown on the canvas eight times, though he took one trip to the resin himself. Emilio was credited with winning all ten rounds. Give this Mexican a finishing punch and he'll be the classiest performer the light-heavy class has had since the palmy days of Jack Delaney.

Martinez, who is rapidly filling out, will fight as a light-heavy from now on. Heretofore, he has been battling as a middleweight. He tipped the beam at 165 for the Brown fracas. Brown weighed 163.

Eddie Mack, former lightweight pride of Colorado, is looking after the interests of Eddie Trujillo. Trujillo has a long ways to go before he will be in the same class as his manager used to be. Trujillo is a Denver boy.

At Las Vegas, N. Mex.—Eddie Trujillo, Denver 126-pounder, K.O.'d Al Rivers, of Scottsbluff, Neb., in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round battle. Rivers had the misfortune to break his right hand in the third round.

In the semifinal, Phil McQuillan, Negro welterweight of Denver, stopped Bill Perry, of Fort Sumner in three heats.

Henry Jackson, of Fort Garland, state featherweight champion, is in Mexico at the present time. He has a battle scheduled with Chato Laredo at Mexico City shortly.

Remember, the writer will be glad to answer any queries regarding the fight game in the Rocky Mountain region. But don't forget to inclose reply postage. Also, if you want a complete list of promoters in this section, you can get it for a thin dime. Address all letters to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

Wonder why we couldn't see Emilio Martinez in there against some of the top-hands of the light-heavy division. John Henry Lewis, Dutch Weimer, or Steve Ketchell ought to go over big with the clouting caballero. Or possibly Lou Brouillard might be interested in mixing it with the Mex, eh what? Come to think of it, it ought to be quite a match, what with both of 'em being port-siders.

The Olympic Arena is scheduled to reopen shortly in Denver. This swat shop was the scene of many notable frays before old Kid Depression laid its heavy hand on it.

Boys like Don Long, Eddie Mack, Joe Leopold, Buddy Hamilton and Jimmy Hanlon won their spurs in the Curtis Street establishment.

After several months' idleness, the V. F. W. post of Alamosa attempted to start up again. They had Pug Sutherland of Manassa lined up against "Kid" Cannon, of Pocatello, Idaho, for the main event. Cannon failed to show up and the show was a grand flop. Probably just as well he didn't put in his appearance as nobody was overly excited over the battle.

If Alamosa wants to stage fights, they'll have to dig up better timber than Sutherland and Cannon.

Joe Stangel, veteran Kansas City heavyweight, has tossed away his gloves and is giving the grappling game a whirl. Under the name of Jack Wagner, he is quite a card in Denver. Considering his poor fight against Carl Walker, he is a darn sight better matman than he was a ringman.

Any boys in this section who would like to show in Texas are requested to get in touch with L. C. Crumrine, promoter at Borger, Texas. Crumrine can be reached at P.O. Box 57, Borger, Texas.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

WALTER McCORMICK of Springfield, Mass., former welterweight boxer, now trainer and manager of many boys in this section, has a son Walter Jr., with whom he puts on the gloves occasionally, showing him the finer points of the game and, according to reports, Springfield is going to have a sweet puncher when Walter Jr. gets going. He is only fourteen, but is preparing for a ring career. Good luck, Walter, Jr.

Thompsonville, Conn.—Martin Furman lost his first bout to Mickie Bickie of Woonsocket, R. I. Benny Carr won over Jerry Malone. Jerry Catania won over Young Pepe. Goldfish Belasano won by a K.O. over Billy Satrub. George Sweeney drew with Jerry Reale, Roy Carvell K.O.'ed Young Ramadon. Al Menard won over Young Metey. Jackie Brown won over Ralph Pisano. Lou Blondy knocked out Paul Kelly. Young Huvey won from Frankie Scatia. Nick Pepers K.O.'ed Jack Jackson in the first round.

If Roy "Ace" Clark does not get work shortly in the East, he will head for California again this winter. Ace was very successful out there last year. Anyone wishing his services should get in touch with the writer, 411 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Thompsonville—Veterans of Foreign Wars Arena staged a fine card here. Martin Furman and Mickie Bickie fought a sensational draw. Carlo Germano K.O.'ed George Whitehead. Roy Carvell K.O.'ed Mickey Popik in two rounds. Young Peters won over Jerry Reale on a technical K.O. in the second round. Jackie Rogers won over Sally Miano. Jackie Margan won a decision over Sid Gunning. Nick Peters lost to Jack Byra. Kid Riche won over Young Ace Clark.

West Springfield, Mass—Fellippo Yambo won a close decision over Vernon Comier of Worcester, Mass., eight rounds. Charlie Turco, Worcester, Mass., won over Jimmy Martin, New York, in eight rounds. Lou Barissano won a decision over Lou Fox in eight and Romeo Ducharme won over Irish Eddie Logan, New York, in six rounds. Sal Canata K.O.'ed Bud Dempsey in three rounds.

West Springfield, Mass.—Steve Halaiko, Buffalo, N. Y., outpointed Pete Nebo, Seminole Indian, Key West, Fla., in the main bout of eight rounds. Joey Izzo, Hartford, won over Angelo Manna, Worcester, in a close, hard-fought battle of eight rounds. Frankie Egan, Buffalo, N. Y., won over Jackie Daniels of Cuba in the other eight. Ray Trueheart of Easthampton won the decision over Al Saboulis, Worcester, in six rounds. Sammy Athas lost to Pat Robinson, N. Y., in the opener.

Thompsonville—George Sweeney won over Billy Leo; Jerry Reale won over Billy Cot; Martin Furman won over Al Satryb; Richie Gibbons won over Young Rusty; Nick Peter K.O.'ed Kid Black; Billy Satrub won over Emmet Bryan; Ralph Pisano defeated J. C. Rogers; Benny Carr drew with Jackie Morgan; Jackie Clark drew with Jackie Roberts; Frankie Sarno won a technical K.O. over Speedball Robinson.

Holyoke, Mass—Lou Poster, New York heavyweight, won a close decision over Dick Madden, Boston, Mass., in a main bout of eight rounds. Eddie Coderre, Providence, R. I., won handily over Walter Carley of Worcester, Mass., in six rounds. Coderre proved too clever for the Worcester youngster. Joe Kaminski, New York, won over Eddie Biscoe of Boston, Mass., in the first round by a K.O. Ray Trueheart of Easthampton, Mass., remained with Jackie Aldare of New York for eight rounds.

Professor Joe O'Brien has a promising boy in Johnny McGuire, a two-time winner of the Golden Gloves at the Coliseum, West Springfield.

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

THE boxing game here, which has been rather slow during the past few weeks is now showing real signs of life at this writing. Professional clubs are now active in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Austin, Winona, Rochester, St. Cloud, Red Wing, Faribault, Hibbing, Virginia, Chisholm, Brainerd, Bemidji, and International Falls. The pugs should find plenty of work this winter.

Nick Kahler, popular amateur boxing promoter, is rounding a big program into shape for the indoor season. Kahler has acquired the services of Joey Thomas to act as his matchmaker and chief lieutenant. The St. Paul Auditorium will be the scene.

Some of the best fights of the month were as follows: Pat Arnold and Larry Udell fought a savage six-round draw. Henry Schaft won over Fred Atkinson; Russ Schultz won over Red Kemp; Frank Androff won over Kid Miller of St. Cloud by a kayo; Harvey Woods beat Danny O'Shea. Max Kalbrenner won over Louis Walker; But Glover beat Johnny Gould; Olie Andrews beat Johnny Cortez; Red Martin beat Ray Isaacs; Ernest Kilcoine beat Abe Ginsberg.

Jack Hurley, former manager of Billy Petrolle, has returned to the game with a new stable of boxers. He has Babe Daniels, lightweight, Ted Reither and Stan Dorgan, heavyweights; Baldo Bartelli, middleweight, and Bob Crowley a junior welter. The boys all look like comers.

Three knockouts featured the big amateur boxing card staged at the Ramsey County fair at White Beat. Tommy Gibbons, former heavyweight contender, refereed. The results: Tony Turitio scored a T. K. over Len Chickett; Leo Claus won over Abe Meyer; Bob Mortinson beat Chuck Stiles; Gordon Hoppe beat Carl Stiner; Phil Plumbo beat Bob Urman; Fred Valland won over Galen Sarron; Bob Andrich scored a kayo over Jay Yoswa; Ray Beinlott won by a kayo over Matty Fisher.

THIS AND THAT—Jack Hurley received a letter from Promoter Alferdo Guerrieri of Buenos Aires wanting Billy Petrolle for three matches . . . . He had to pass it as Billy has hung up the gloves . . . . Frankie Petrolle, the youngest of the Petrolles, is owner of a beer tavern in Schenectady . . . . He has retired from the ring . . . . Johnny Nichols is teaching boxing in Hibbing . . . . The American Legion of Minneapolis is all set for the indoor season . . . . For the first time in history, Minneapolis has two professional clubs . . . . Frank McCormick has decided to take another fling at the sport . . . . Jerk Doran will act as general manager for his organization . . . . Charley Retzlaff, who holds the only kayo over Art Lasky, is working out every day . . . . Battling Bolo Filipino, junior welter, has joined the Twin Cities fistic colony . . . . He won his last eighteen fights by knockouts . . . . Mickey Donvan of Canada, a good looking bantamweight, also wants to show his wares here . . . . Pat Chilefone is plenty mad, won three rounds of a four-rounder, scored two knock-downs then lost the decision . . . . It happened at Duluth, Minn. . . . . Les Hoffman wants to show the Alabama Kid in this section . . . . The Kid, a colored boy, has a dandy record . . . . Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, and his manager, "Pop" Slater, would like to make a trip here for some bouts . . . . This boy has a very good record, and from press clippings can toss plenty of leather . . . . He has licked Kid Swezey, Eddie Reynolds, Tommy Sacco, and many others.

DO YOU REMEMBER—When Jack Brouwers had Chuck Lambert in 1927 . . . . He fought two ten-round bouts the same day—in two different states, one in the afternoon in Iowa, and the other at night in Minnesota . . . . When Jock Malone was working his head off for a bout with Panama Joe Gans to be held at Boston—back in 1921 . . . . Johnny Ertle, ex-bantamweight champion broke his leg, also back in 1921—and that was tough . . . . Johnny Noye lost a fifteen-round decision to Muff Bronson at Great Falls, Montana . . . . The Joe Schwarts and Benny Vogel fights . . . . Will have some more of this next month.

Readers keep this in mind—mail your notes and pictures in to me by the fourteenth of each month. My address is 746 South Smith Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

THE LAST BELL—An illness of many months caused the death of Tom Brislane, well known Sioux City boxing promoter at his residence here. Born May 2, 1893, in Omaha, Nebr., he came to Sioux City with his parents when a small child. He operated the Brislane Hide and Wool Brokerage Co. For many years he was the leading figure in Sioux City's fistic life, and was widely known throughout boxing circles in the Middle West.

Frankie Wolfram, of Winnipeg, Canada, returned to Sioux City for a one-night stand, and knocked out Kid Granite of Oklahoma City in the sixth round of a billed ten-rounder. Wolfram had little or no trouble with the veteran Kid. Lloyd Pine, a promising feather from Akron, Ohio, slam-banged his way to an easy win over Clyde Bayuth, of Tulsa, Okla., in eight; Mel Rice, Early, Ia., proved without a doubt he is the master of Kid Jobe, by handing the latter a neat licking in six; Buddy Short bested Johnny Hull, while Cappy Wooten edged in a draw with Terry Griffiths.

Wakefield, Nebr.-Sioux City boxers contributed their bit to Wakefield's annual Free Day celebration before nearly 5,000 persons. The bouts, all exhibitions, saw Harold Rogers and Mickey Slater go four rounds; Tommy Sacco and Dallas Olson, three rounds, and another three-rounder between Ernie North and Jackie James. Bill Hawkins was the referee; Howard Graack, well-known Sioux City sportsman, was the announcer.

Riverview Park Arena—Jimmy Wooten, Omaha welterweight, scored an easy win over Goldie O'Hare in six; Battling Nelson lost a hairline go to Huhie Wyatt, Omaha welter, in six; Joe Goeders and Larry Udell fought to a draw in six; Mel Rice won over Billy Lowe. Lloyd Weaver scored over Jimmie Sesto. Mickey Slater shaded Young Jack Johnson.

READERS—*Your news must be in my hands by the 16th of each month.* If you want dope on the game in this section, please enclose stamp for reply. Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

Waterloo, Ia.—Ronny Malcolm, Jesup, La., welter, took a shade decision over Billy Hoon, of Muscatine, Ia., in six rounds. Bert Viscone handed Kid Lehr a licking in five; Arley Thorington defeated Don Schneck in four; Wally Wallace drew with Billy Banas; Jack Densfield outpointed Fred Reed in the opener.

Knoxville, Ia.—Battering his opponent throughout, Johnny Miler of Albia, Ia., won by a T. K. over Johnny Neuman in their bout. Both are light-heavyweights. Neuman absorbed terrific punishment before the bout was halted.

Waterloo, Ia.—Kid Lehr and Bert Visconi went six fast rounds to a draw. Lewis Victor beat Battling Taylor in four; King Court knocked out Pete Stone in two; Sonny Vass lost to Jack Spratt; Wally Wallace and Charley Barrett went to a draw; Howdie Dawson shaded Kid Smith.

Graettinger, Ia.—Johnny Miler, Iowa's ranking light heavyweight, had an easy time winning over Joe Goeders in eight rounds. Goeders was on the verge of a knockout twice, and was also down for a no-count. Wayne Ogle won a decision over Lone Wolfe; Verne Trickel knocked out Barney Hassel in five rounds.

Waterloo, Ia.—Irish Farley and Ray Schneck boxed six rounds to a draw; George Davidsaver shaded Dick Neibur in four rounds; Billy Banas shaded Bob Billings; Jack Derifield drew with Fred Reed.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Ernie Hetherington, 154, of Winnipeg, was awarded a victory over Ace of Spades, Omaha, in five rounds. Abe Hofer and Jock Thompson fought a "No contest."

Oskaloosa, Ia.—Jack Charvez, Topeka, Kan., light-heavyweight, knocked out Tony Sutton in the first round of their eight; John Neuman won by a T. K. O. over Don Anderson; Santos Reyes beat Footz Martin. Bill Henderson and Buck Mitchell drew.

LOOKING BACK OVER THE YEARS—(By numerous requests)—Earl McArthur fought Joe Lynch bantamweight champion of the world at Omaha, Nebr., on January 4, 1924. The Sioux City kid was badly beaten at the end of ten rounds . . . . When Tom Brislane matched "Big" Munn with Jack Clifford, Munn was knocked out and soon after took up wrestling . . . . Jack Lewis, veteran Omaha manager, had such men as Tiny Jim Herman, Jack Taylor, Charlie Long and Billie Rolfe . . . . Sailor Burke doing his stuff at the old Cudahy A. C. . . . . The night we all went down to watch Dave Shade and Morrie Schlaiffer battle at Omaha, Nebr. . . . . Shade just out-boxed Mr. Schlaiffer . . . . The old-timers' list around Omaha; Johnny Sudenburg, Guy Buckles, Buddy Kind, Kid Graves, and Walter McCarthy . . . . Down at Sioux City's Auditorium watching Pal Moore jump around Earl McArthur . . . . Joe Ryan, Sports Editor of the *Sioux City Journal*, covering all the fights . . . . Johnny Lynn and his stable, mainly Glenn Milligan . . . . Sam Slotsky and his stable . . . . Newsboy Brown mixing with Connie Curry . . . . Eddie Morris had the middleweights on the run . . . . The old Gym at Fifth and Pearl Streets . . . . and the one on Nebraska Street . . . . Billy Miske showing the kids how to fight . . . . Eddie Morris handed Charlie Long a lacing in ten rounds at St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Back in 1923, Bobby Paul was singing about Battling Monroe, his colored middleweight . . . . Ted Zanfes, present referee at Riverview park, claiming the welterweight title of Iowa . . . . The night Mike Gibbons refereed the Jock Malone-Furhman bout at the Auditorium . . . . The picture taken in front of the Howard Hotel, February 3, 1921 . . . . Boy! how the years fly by! We must be getting old . . . .

Harry Jones, local boxing promoter, is making plans to stage some high-class indoor boxing shows.

The best looking prospect for the month is turned over to Mel Rice, welterweight of Early, Ia., who is making Sioux City his home. Rice has been going real good, he is a crowd pleaser and can punch with either hand.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—The indoor wrestling season opened at the Auditorium . . . . J. R. Basco, manager of Frankie Wolfram, is yelling his head off for a fight with Young Rightmeier . . . . "Pa" Rightmeier has a good looking prospect in Young Weaver, a junior welterweight . . . . Sailor Burke is keeping his fighters busy . . . . Bob Wagner, boxing promoter of Des Moines, Ia., writes, "Friend Hawkins: I am starting some fights here in Des Moines. I have been in the wrestling business for the past two years and just about gave up boxing. If you know of any good light-heavyweights around there, or any other good boys, I would like to hear from them." Mr. Wagner can be reached at the Crocker Cigar Store, Des Moines, Ia. . . . . Joe Kelly is starting his fifth year as boxing promoter at Mason City, Ia. . . . . P. C. Staak is promoting some dandy shows at Oskaloosa, Ia. . . . . Dubuque, Ia., is also going again . . . . Hal Hoxwood, Des Moines middleweight, is out in Idaho . . . . Glen Lee, Omaha lightweight, is going good in Chicago . . . . Young Rightmeier stopped Johnny Siegel in three rounds at Chicago . . . . Ernie North may make a come-back . . . . Boys, don't forget to look over the "Ring" bookshop . . . . If you have news, mail it in . . . . There is no charge for your boys' picture in THE RING . . . . Promoters' list No. 4 is now ready . . . . It is all up to date and contains plenty of matters of interest to the boxing manager and boxer . . . . The price is 10 cents, which only covers the cost of getting same out and into your hands . . . . Address 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa . . . . CORRECTION—Last month I stated Tuffy Dial, local light-heavyweight, lost by a T. K. O. to Young Peter Jackson. It should have read, John Henry Lewis, in place of Jackson . . . . See you next month.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THERE is talk here that Steve Hamas will be matched with Jack Petersen for the opening show at Wembley Empire Pool.

Although the press is full of such statements, I am given to understand that a big matter will have to be settled first and that is the option that Jeff Dickson holds with the "Blonde Welshman." I am from Missouri, and will only believe that the match is on when contracts have been signed and the men are in the ring.

Len Harvey, cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, since losing his Empire title to Jack Petersen, has spent the summer months away on a Cornish farm with the view of putting on weight, so that when the season starts, he will enter the heavyweight class.

The stewards of the British Boxing Board of Control met to decide the fate of Jackie Brown, Britain's world flyweight champion. Brown is serving a sentence of four months at hard labor for biting the ear of a man in Manchester with whom he was fighting in the street. The jury in finding Brown guilty, said that there was great provocation. Now the stewards, after discussing the case, have decided that the matter be referred to the General Joint Committee, which is comprised of the Stewards of Appeal and Administrative Stewards.

I am writing this before the case comes up again, and I, for one, say when a person has paid the penalty for his folly, he should not be penalized any more.

"Youth will be served" was heard all over the White City Stadium when Jeff Dickson staged his biggest open air show between Jack Petersen, British and Empire heavyweight champion, and Larry Gains, the popular Canadian challenger for the title. About 60,000 persons gathered to see the 15-round bout and none went away disappointed, as both winner and loser received the cheers of the crowd for their magnificent display.

Petersen showed improvement on his last show but at times was made to look like a novice by the clever Gains, who was ahead on points at the end of the eighth round.

In Jack Petersen, Britain has one of the best prospects for a World's title. The bout ended at the end of the thirteenth round when Harry Levene, manager of Larry Gains, threw the towel into the ring during the interval, so as not to allow Gains to go up for the fourteenth round, as he would have certainly been put down for the count.

We can certainly take our hats off to Jeff Dickson for keeping the game going in this little Isle of ours.

Supporting bouts of eight rounds were made up of George Cook, Australia, who beat Lenglet, of France, on points; Charlie Belanger, Canada, and Merle Precise, Italy, who fought a hard bout before the referee called the bout a draw; and George Daly, Blackfriars, who won on points over Billy Quinlan, Wales, after a very good bout.

It has often been asked, "when will Jock McAvoy, Great Britain's middleweight champion, get his chance to box for the world's title?" I have ascertained that those behind the Rochdale lad are trying to get Marcel Thil to defend his title in Manchester, for the sum of £2,500, and Teddy Yarosz has been offered £3,000 so that the middleweight world's title can be cleared.

Meanwhile the game and hard hitting Englishman has offered Len Harvey odds of £500 to £400 that McAvoy can repeat his middleweight victory over the cruiser-weight champion at 175 pounds.

George Bunter, West Hartlepool, gained an easy victory over Dick Stubbings, Fulham, who was forced to retire with a badly cut mouth in the eighth of a twelve-round bout at Hartlepool.

Billy Bird, Chelsea, fresh from his victory over Alf Newbiggin at Wandsworth, easily accounted for Al Bowden, Plymouth, whom he K.O.'d in the eighth of a twelve-round bout at the Drill Hall, Bethnal Green.

In the supporting bout of eight rounds, Jim Andrews, Hoxton, upset the odds by scoring a clean cut K.O. over Bobby Fordham, Bethnal Green, in the second round.

Eddie Pierce, South Africa, defeated Del Fontaine, Canada, after a good bout of hard punching, with the cleverness of the South African coming out on top.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of Great Britain, scored an easy 80 seconds' victory at the Belle Vue, Manchester, when he K.O.'d Charlie Parkin, Mansfield, in the first round.

Dick Morgan, Australia, defeated the heavyweight stoker, Tom Morrell, Chatham, on points, after twelve rounds at the Alcazar, Edmonton.

In another twelve-rounder Nat Franks, Stoke Newington, outpointed Billy Barr, Woolwich, after a hard bout.

Les Ward, Woking, by putting a little spurt in the last two rounds, received the decision over Soldier Pat O'Shea, Ipswich, in a twelve-round bout at the Stadium Club, London.

Leo Lee, Stratford, outpointed Tiger Willie Hamilton, Glasgow, in the supporting ten-round contest.

George Bunter, West Hartlepool, seems to improve with every bout. At Newcastle-On-Tyne, he outpointed Norman Dale, Newcastle, after twelve rounds of clever boxing.

Dom Volante, Liverpool, one of the most popular boxers that ever pulled on a glove, made a return to the ring at Liverpool Stadium and scored a T.K.O. over Albert Barker, Sheffield, who was forced to retire after four rounds, with a badly cut eye.

Volante showed all his old aggressiveness and punching power and was well on top when the bout terminated. In the supporting bout, Cuthbert Taylor, Merthyr, outpointed Billy Gannon, Liverpool, in a good bout.

Roy Graham, Plymouth, traveled all the way to Merthyr, Wales, to score a real K.O. over Bill Wainright, Leicester, with a right to the solar plexus.

Nobby Baker, Trelaw, defeated Vic Morris, Aberfan, in a return match over fifteen rounds, on points at Bargoed.

Cuthbert Taylur, Merthyr, and George Taylor, Walsall, went fifteen thrilling rounds before a big crowd at Walsall.

Percy Dexter, flyweight champion of the Northern area, met Phil Milligan, Oldham, in a fifteen-round contest at 112 pounds, championship weight and the Oldham lad won well, on points.

Johnny McGrory, Glasgow, gave one of the finest displays of his career when he scored a K.O. over Jim Cowie, holder of the featherweight title, in the third round, for the latter's title. The bout was held at Cathkin Park, Glasgow, and drew a big crowd.

In the supporting bout of twelve rounds, Benny Lynch, the Scottish flyweight champion, defeated Morris Huguenin, France, on points after ten hard rounds.

Don Bernasconi, Italy, won in the sixth round of his contest with Benny Sharkey, Liverpool, who was forced to retire owing to having his mouthpiece dislodged and stuck in his throat.

Jim Smart, British Guiana, again defeated Reg Perkins, Bedford, over twelve rounds at the "Merry Fiddlers" Ground, Becontree.

Nat Franks, Stoke Newington, scored a convincing victory when he stopped Jack Alders, Camberwell, in the eight, at the Borough Social Club, Islington.

Two Welsh lads, domiciled in England, fought for the Welsh flyweight championship at Merthyr. Herbie Hill, the holder, from Wembley, was defeated by Charlie Hazzell, West Bromwich, after fifteen rounds.

Sonny Lee, Leeds, defeated Hal Cartwright, Tipton, at Walsall, on points, after twelve good rounds.

Before a crowd of 10,000 fans, Dick Corbett, bantamweight champion of Great Britain and British Empire, defended his title against the former holder, Johnny King, Manchester, over fifteen rounds.

The bout was not up to championship standard and it seemed that two genuine featherweights were boiled down to make the bantam limit. *Why won't boxers and their handlers take a lesson from that great negro boxer, Joe Gans, who died from a dreaded complaint through keeping his weight down!* The referee, Mr. Charles Thomas from Wales, called the bout a draw.

Dave Carstens, South Africa, won in the seventh round when the referee intervened to stop Jack Strongbow, West Hartlepool, a game fighter, from taking unnecessary punishment.

Pat Haley (Hanley) K.O.'ed Harry Fox, Stepney, in the tenth and last round with a left swing to the body.

Three twelve-round bouts were the feature at the Alcazar, Edmonton, which resulted as follows: Red Pullen, Wales, K.O.'ed Soldier Hales, Stepney, in the seventh round.

Dixie Cullen, outpointed Billy Barr, Camberwell, and Kid Sheppard, Cheshurst, outpointed Tuck Mason, Windsor.

Fred Carpenter, Newport, won from Douglas Parker, Sunderland, at Newcastle in the first round on a foul.

George Bunter, West Hartlepool, again showed improvement when he beat Leo Phillips, Birmingham, at West Hartlepool.

Dave Carstens, South Africa, again came out on top when he met George Slack, Doncaster, over ten rounds. Slack gave the South African a very hard bout and both took hard punches.

George Dower, the young Ilford heavyweight, scored another K.O., this time at the expense of Jack Clayton, Croydon, in the first round.

Jimmy Stewart, Liverpool, scored a T.K.O. over Billy Quinlan, Wales, at the Liverpool Stadium in the eighth round, when the referee stopped the bout after the Welshman had taken three counts.

Sandy McKenzie, Glasgow, the popular Scottish middleweight, defeated Les Ward, Woking, in twelve fast rounds at the Adelphi Club Glasgow. In the supporting bout of twelve rounds Jim Maharg, Glasgow, outpointed Nipper Fred Morris, St. George's, after a very good bout.

A crowd of 80,000 people gathered at the Lockstead Stadium, Hamburg, to witness the Schemeling-Neusel contest which ended in the ninth round when Neusel's seconds would not let their charge off the chair to start the round. Neusel, who is a big favorite with British boxing fans, had both eyes cut, which hampered him after the fourth round and his seconds acted wisely.

Len "Tiger" Smith, Birmingham, was in a hurry at Walsall when he met Tiger Ennis, Halifax, in what was to be a twelve-round bout. As soon as they shaped up in the first, Smith shot over a right and the bout was all over for Ennis.

Douglas Kestrell, Cardiff, boxed extremely well to outpoint George Marsden, Nottingham, at the Mile End Arena in fifteen spirited rounds.

Billy "Kid" Brooks, Stratford, was given the decision over Bert Canter, Birmingham, at the end of their fifteen-round contest.

Phil Bevan, Poplar, a promising featherweight of the younger school, beat Teddy Britton, Luton, who retired at the end of the ninth round, at Becontree.

Albert Danahar, Bethnal Green, scored a clean-cut victory on points in twelve rounds against Pat O'Shea, Belfast, at the Bethnal Green Drill Hall. In the supporting bout of eight rounds Alby Day, Poplar, and Micky Gould, Stepney, fought one of the best bouts it has been my pleasure to witness. The referee, Alf Mancini, gave the decision to Day but credit goes to the winner and loser alike.

Moe Moss, the Mile End Battler, who has been on the sick list through an outbreak of boils, has asked the B.B.B.C. to allow him to withdraw from the Welterweight Championship Series, which request was accepted at their meeting. Moss, after a rest, will in the future box as a middleweight, in which class he will be an asset. In a recent bout with Panther Purchase, Moss was so affected by the boils, he had to retire in the fifth.

Garfield Searle, Penzance, boxed a ten-round draw with Lightning McManus, Plymouth, at Falmouth.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

JOHNSON CITY is running semi-monthly amateur shows and Micky Cook is making the matches and doing a nice job.

Irish Jim Flood is sure packing them in at Johnson City. Jim defeated Kid Ladesco every round but he did not get the decision. But Jim still packs them in.

Joe Di Carlo, Rochester's 147-pound amateur champ, went up to Johnson City and gave Al Yan a good licking. Yan weighed 162 pounds and Di Carlo, 146.

Joey Smith, another good amateur featherweight, defeated the pride of Johnson City, Chickie Nelson, in five rounds.

Domenic Angelo, at one time a Rochester light-heavyweight, has joined the C.C.C. Camp. Angelo writes that he now weighs 195 pounds and has a great team of amateur boxers and he runs weekly amateur bouts at the camp.

Eddie Foster of Texas has returned to the City. The last time he visited Rochester he left with ten wins. That was three years ago. Since that time Foster has been going good out West. Foster is under the management of the writer, and is ready for any middleweight in the world.

Norm Cordaro, Batavia's great little lightweight, stopped in Rochester on his way home from the Big City. Norm said he had three fights and won them all in New York. Norm is planning on going back soon.

Tiger Smith, Rochester's good middleweight, is planning on moving to New York. Tiger is planning on a busy season.

Bill La Roch's heavyweight, is training daily and will be ready to meet all comers.

The following pro boys are training daily at Central Y.M.C.A.; Bill Fogerty, Joe Lillich, Eddie Foster, Jimmy Downs, Al Traino, Johnny Burba, Vincent Giambrone, Tiger Smith and Frankie Flynn.

Rochester's best amateurs are training daily for their bouts at Rome, Johnson City and Newark, N. Y. The boys expecting to show there are Jim Flood, Niagara District A. A. U. Champ, Al Fields, Joey Di Carlo, Eddie Thomas, Joey Smith, Nick August, Jake Haggerman, and Bobby Smith.

AROUND TOWN—Paul Londos has turned wrestler. Paul would make a better wrestler than boxer. Cutie Kauffman runs a cigar store for his brother. Joe Lillich is a lifeguard at the City Pool. Joe Lotta is a bookie. Jim Downs is a copy boy for the *Rochester Journal*. Mike Conroy runs a hotel on Ridge Road. Eddie Foster is a brother-in-law of Mike Conroy. Johnny Burba drives a Town taxi. Al Traino is harvesting a farm.

THE RING is on sale the fifteenth of the month at Clinton and Main Street.

The writer can be reached at 121 North Union Street, Rochester, New York.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

UNLESS a small boxing club makes its appearance to stage weekly boxing shows, the chances are slim for Buffalo fans to see weekly fights this season. The overhead is tremendous, even for the cheapest kind of a show, and there is no promising talent to develop.

If it were possible to cut heavily into the overhead and a hall or auditorium which seated 3,000, could be secured, a live-wire promoter might have a chance. The way things are at present, it is impossible to hope to break even, much less make any money.

When Jim Slattery was going in high gear, this city used to send a train load of fans down to New York for Slattery's important battles. The First Ward Irishman was a whale of a card in the big city and he made a ton of money there.

Tiger Jack Payne writes that he would like to make Buffalo his headquarters. The Tiger can still hold his own with the best of them and would fit in nicely here if the clubs were running weekly or semi-monthly shows.

George Nichols is spending most of his time around Sandusky, Ohio. George carried a terrific wallop in his left and always gave the fans action. He was a real club fighter.

Tommy Paul is back from Los Angeles and is anxious to line up some work. He fought some good fights in the West and suffered a few reverses but Tommy is still a fair sort of ringster and always gives a good account of himself. There was a time when the dashing young Italian looked like a coming champion. Following his sensational victory in the National tournament at Boston when he outfought all competition and won the American amateur bantamweight championship, it was freely predicted that he would win the 118-pound crown. He took on weight speedily however and became a featherweight before he knew it. Fighting at 126 pounds, Paul won the N.B.A. featherweight title in the tournament at Detroit. He did not hold on to his laurels long, however, and dropped his claim to the N.B.A. title when he lost to Freddy Miller at Chicago.

Paul was a good card here when the writer was promoting shows at the Broadway Auditorium. Tommy's fights with Johnny Datto, Fidel La Barba and Al Brown were ring classics.

Joe Matty, who is well known in wrestling circles, is lining up a new stable of grapplers and expects to be very active in the mat sport this fall and winter. Matty has been in the game over twenty-five years and is a splendid teacher for young fellows who like to wrestle.

JUST GOSSIP—Big Boy Brackey is getting ready for a strenuous fall campaign. The young heavyweight says he will tackle all comers this season . . . . Tommy Timlin, the big fellow's clerical appearing mentor, has a city position . . . . Vince Plunkett expects to book Steve Halaiko for some bouts on the West Coast . . . . Talk is rife here that a new sports club will be in the field . . . . Seems to me there ought to be some boxing staged here or we won't have any fighters left . . . . there's a dearth of material here now . . . . the wrestling game is skidding and has little chance to hit the high spots this winter . . . . Charlie Murray expects to stage another six-day bike race at the Auditorium . . . . Murray has the big building leased for some December dates . . . . Jack Barry will return to the promoting field at Erie . . . . Jack was a popular and hustling promoter and will revive the sport down there . . . . Jamestown, too, may have a new boxing club . . . . Met Joe Lotta, of Rochester, last week . . . . Joe says the fight business is in the doldrums in the Flower City . . . . a proposed Australian trip for Lou Scozza has not yet materialize . . . . Lou has many a good fight left in him and would cash in on some dough in new territory . . . . Nels Crawford will have Dick Hartnett in shape about October 1 . . . . Evan Smith, a likely looking young, colored middleweight, would be a card here, if he could get matches regularly.

NOTICE—Boxers and wrestlers, of all weights, who have good records and are not aligned with managers, should write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

BOXING returned to Syracuse last month with one of the best action cards seen in this city in several years. The feature bout on the initial program brought together Werner Wilsch, of Wilkes-Barre, and Eddie (Babe) Risko, one of the best looking middleweights uncovered here in the past fifteen years. Risko created a sensation by scoring a technical K.O. over the tough German in the third round of a battle scheduled for eight heats. Examination by Dr. John Carter, club physician, revealed the seriousness of an injury to Wilsch's left eye and the fight was stopped. It was the first time in Wilsch's career that he failed to go the limit with an opponent, and he has faced some of the best 160-pounders in the division.

Results of the prelims on the Risko-Wilsch card follow: Johnny Nelson, Syracuse, outpointed Eddie Karolak, New York (6); Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, knocked out Frankie Romano, New York (1); Sammy Baker, Scranton, defeated Louie Skala, Binghamton (6); Manuel Reyes, New York, outboxed Earl Weaver, Syracuse (4); Freddie Sallus, Syracuse, slugged out a decision over Art Bokino, Baldwinsville (4).

Risko came back on the following card and took a one-sided decision over Pete Susky, tough Scranton middleweight, in a rough slugging bee. The Babe scored a flash knockdown in the fourth. Only Susky's experience and ring generalship saved him from a knockout in the sixth, but he came back strong in the seventh and eighth and stood up and swapped punches with Risko. A right to the head just before the final bell nearly decapitated Susky.

Prelim results on the Risko-Susky card follow: Frankie Stevens, Ogdensburg, outslugged Billy Munico, Auburn (6); Connie Morris, Syracuse, defeated Harry Pinti, Rome (6); Freddie Sallus, Syracuse, knocked out Carl Gilmore, Binghamton (3); Sam Matrone, Syracuse, shaded Red Dundee, Oswego (4).

The writer is making matches for the Arena club and can be reached at 1009 Cadillac Street, Syracuse, N. Y. Good action fighters of all weights can make money here, but fancy or clever mitt wielders don't seem to click for some reason or other. The murderous fights of the old bootleg amateur era are held responsible for the apparent lack of respect for scientific boxers.

Binghamton has been closed the past month for no apparent reason. Good fights draw well in the Southern Tier for there is plenty of employment there. At Syracuse, the opener drew 2,300 fans while the second show showed a big improvement by pulling 2,900.

There are four good cards in this city and if matched with the right kind of fighters will pack the house. They are: Babe Risko, middleweight; Joey Brown, featherweight; Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, welterweight, and Eddie Dempsey, lightweight. Another fighter who means a top crowd against a "name" is Johnny Nelson, hard punching local colored boxer. Johnny has plenty of ability but is hard to keep busy due to the fact he "knocks 'em dead with a punch."

Present big league managers in this section are: Gabe Genovese, 301 Ashdale Ave.; Jack McCann, 265 Grand Ave.; Irving Robbins, Hotel Seymour; Don Schaefer, Hotel Seneca.

Syracuse has one of the best equipped boxer's gyms in the country in the New Deal A. C. Jackie Brady and Gabe Genovese run the sweat shop and are doing nicely.

IN SOUTH AFRICA
By E. D. CRAIG

QUITE the outstanding fistic treat of 1934 in South Africa, was the twelve-round meeting, at the Johannesburg Wanderers' open-air Stadium, between Laurie Stevens, S.A. lightweight champion, and Wesley Ramey, the Grand Rapids lightweight. In gaining a close decision after a gruelling fight, Stevens scored his greatest triumph to date. Stevens is well-remembered over in the States as the 1932 Olympic lightweight winner and this was his thirteenth professional fight.

Ramey's reputation had preceded him and some 8,000 spectators—a bigger crowd than at the late W. Stribling vs. Don McCorkindale tussle at Ellis Park was present.

Stevens relied, as usual, on his aggressiveness. Ramey was the more polished boxer and showed great defense, excellent parrying, blocking and countering, and fine footwork.

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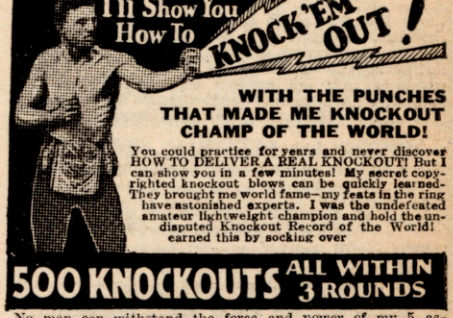

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

EUGENE HUAT, France's hope in the bantam ranks, got his share of the breaks on Armand Vincent's card at the Forum. Huat was matched with Philippe "Yambo" Andrades, ebony-hued Porto Rican, in the scheduled ten-round headliner for the right to remain in the bantam tourney being conducted by Vincent, with the approval of the N.B.A. and its affiliated bodies, for the purpose of determining a worthy wearer of the world's bantam crown. The battle ended in tragic fashion for Andrades.

The Porto Rican southpaw displayed a flashy brand of wares in the first two rounds, gaining an edge with his darting rights and sharpshooting lefts. The rugged Frenchman, however, was in the best shape of his career after weeks of rigorous training at Camp Maupas up in the Laurentians, and was warming up slowly in his usual methodical fashion. The respective merits of the fighters will remain an unsolved mystery, as Andrades sustained a clean break of the large bone of his left wrist that will likely mean the end of his ring career. It happened in the second round when Huat blocked a terrific left swing with his trusty elbow and the fight was stopped in the fourth round when it was obvious that Andrades was in the throes of agony.

Frankie Martin, Sam Gibbs' brilliant bantam protege, also advanced in the tourney when he whipped the highly rated Joey Archibald, Providence, R. I., in one of the evening's ten-rounders. Martin was impressive.

Gaston Lecadre, French welterweight who has been campaigning in the States, made an impressive debut with his hard-fought victory over Ronnie Headley, one of Canada's leading welters, in the ten-round semi-final.

The six-round prelims were chock-full of action with the colorful performers as the principals. Joe Marciente, rugged and ringwise Brooklyn veteran, pleased his legion of supporters with his fine display against Rene Petit, promising Verdun battler, by scoring a clean-cut verdict. Henri Pilotte, heavy hitting local youngster, got a close duke over Johnny Keller.

Two days later, Keller and Marciente, along with Art Primrose, strutted their stuff in the Ottawa Auditorium and "clicked" with a bang. Marciente and Keller staged a whirlwind six-rounder that had the fans rooting from bell to bell. Marciente's stronger finish earned him the decision. Art Primrose opposed Ottawa's young lightweight star, Eddie Carroll, in the eight-round semifinal for the right to meet Tommy Bland for the Canadian title and Carroll earned the title shot when Referee Honore Chevrier called a halt to proceedings after the third round with Primrose bleeding from a deep gash high on the cheekbone.

Jules Racicot staged a smart card at the Mount Royal Arena but didn't get the support it deserved. Paul Junior, French-Canadian lightweight star, came on with the throttle wide-open in the closing rounds to pound out an undisputed win over Tommy Bland, Toronto, in the ten-round headliner. Ray Cook, Canadian featherweight champ, stole the show with his tigerish display against Al Gilette, New London, Conn., whom he stopped in seven heats. The prelims were good, resulting in a well-balanced card.

Joe Gollob, Gene Huat's trainer, is also Huat's ring protege. Gollob is expected to make his debut shortly on a Forum card and is working out daily with the French bantam to make it an impressive appearance. He is a junior lightweight.

"Referee Kayoes Fighter" is the headline that caught your correspondent's eye in a recent edition. The incident occurred in Grand Forks, N. D., with Ernie Heatherington, Winnipeg's clever middleweight, being declared the winner in his bout with Ace of Spads, Omaha negro, when Referee Johnny Knauf cut loose with a knockout wallop in the fifth round. Knauf had been warning the Ace for stalling and the negro got angry and suddenly attacked the referee, one-time welter star and now a dentist. Knauf countered, Ace went down and out, the referee raised Heatherington's hand, and the crowd roared. Heatherington had scored another victory during the Knauf-Ace melee when he floored Young Jack Thompson, Minneapolis negro, when the latter jumped into the ring.

STRAY SHOTS—Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, may be next opponent for Eugene Huat . . . . Harry Goldberg working hard to put the game on a sound basis in Ottawa. Goldberg is a square shooter and Ottawa fans are in for some treats . . . . Eddie Carroll may dethrone Bland . . . . Art Primrose is a proud papa now . . . . Joe Marciente may spend the winter in California . . . . Amateurs getting ready for big season . . . . getting under way with programs at the Forum with other clubs falling in line . . . . Supervisor Dennis White expects a record entry for the Novice tourney and also anticipates that several fine prospects will be produced . . . . Armand Vincent announces that he will operate all winter at the Forum, staging shows once a month to keep the game a little warm during the icy breezes . . . . Cheerio till next month!

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

IN Edmundston "Irish" Jimmie Boyne K.O.'ed Battling Taylor of S. Nelson, N.B., in the second round of their New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island welterweight championship battle. Boyne was the master in all departments.

As I predicted last month, Tommy Bland, Canadian welterweight champion, was too wily on the whole for Bobby Allen and had him down for "nine counts" in the third and seventh rounds, but Allen came back strong in the tenth and put on a great finish. Allen's a good, clean living boy, but does not possess a heavy punch.

"Irish" Jimmie Boyne proved to his large crowd of supporters in Eastern Canada, that being called the East Jimmie McLarnin is no false alarm, by stopping that highly rated Maine middleweight, Sailor White, Bangor, in two rounds—the first time White had been off his feet in six years of fighting. Emile Ringuette, of St. Basil, K.O.'d Roy Wheelock, Bangor, in the five round semi-final on the same card in Edmundston, N.B.

My old friend, Charles G. MacDonald, of Brooklyn, N. Y., former Maritimer, has a fine heavyweight from Moose-Jaw, Canada, named Lou Kieswetter, who stopped Ted Szubsky in his debut fight in New York. He is in good hands with C. G. MacDonald at 1020 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Irish" Jimmie Boyne won every round of his middleweight championship fight in Andover, N.B., with Charles "Sniper" Palmer, of Perth, N.B. Boye was outweighted by fifteen pounds, but he carried the fight to his opponent and now holds welter and middle titles of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and holds welter titles of Quebec and Maine state as well.

"Kid" Hart, the durable Irish feather champion of the Maritimes, proved to all that he is still a very potent fighting machine, by beating "Butcher Boy" MacDonald, bantam champion, in their ten-round feud, on a decision. Hart is a mighty good, tough southpaw and, although no longer young, still is very effective.

In Edmundston, N.B., "Irish" Jimmie Boyne gained national recognition by T. K. O.'ing Battling Henaire, Quebec's champion in the tenth round, after Henaire had taken "nine" counts in the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth rounds. Henaire, highly rated upper-Canadian, was outclassed, only taking one round—the fourth, by a slim margin, and received a bad lacing from the fifth round, until it was stopped in the tenth.

Amherst, N. S., the home of the Simon-pures, put on some wonderful bouts in September, but they were a financial "flop" and the sponsers of that sporting town are thinking seriously of giving up the game. Too bad, for they've certainly staged real shows in the past there.

"Irish" Jimmie Boyne ended his eastern boxing campaign by K.O.'ing in four heats, Tony Sacco, claimant to the state of Maine welterweight title, in Houlton, Me.; and stopping young Eddie Mitchell, Halifax, N. S., colored star in the third heat, in Fredericton. He is the best boy developed in the Maritimes in many a long day.

Any news of this section must reach your scribe by the 12th of the preceding month, and letters requiring answers should have return postage, please. Any boys needing a mentor, write me, Box 112, Edmundston, N.B., Canada. All boys in this section should read Nat. Fleischer's books on boxing. They are the real "goods." So long, boys, until next month.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

LEGALIZED boxing in Texas passed its first year in fairly good shape. Quite a few of the places over the state were forced to fold up but there are still more than a dozen clubs running, some drawing fairly well. Here's a few of the year's gleanings: Most capable fighter to show in the state, Lew Massey, Philadelphia lightweight . . . . most colorful fighter, Ralph Chong, New Orleans Chinese middleweight . . . . best of the local crop, Ralph Sikes, San Antonio welterweight . . . . hardest puncher, Tracy Cox, Indianapolis lightweight . . . . smartest boxer, Willard Brown, Indiana welter . . . . most aggressive boy, George Salvadore, Boston welter . . . . best prospect, JoJo Passante, Houston Bantam . . . . best fight town, Houston . . . . leading promoter, Jimmie Guest . . . . best referee, Terry Young, San Antonio . . . . best fight, the ten-round slugging match between Pat Murphy and Ralph Sikes, held at Waco. Most of the older fighters are dropping out with a nice crop of youngsters coming on.

Ralph Sikes, flashy San Antonio welter, returned to action after a short rest and continued his sensational drive toward the top. He knocked out Al Black, Sammy McEuin and scored easy decisions over Bobby Clark and Chato Gonzales. Sikes has run up a remarkable record in his two years of pro competition, dropping only two dukes in forty-one starts.

Clyde Chastian took the state light-heavyweight title from Bob Davey at Houston. It was a good fight but Clyde just knew too much for Bob. Promoters are seeking a Chastian-Mickey Walker fight and it should be a dandy.

Midget Wolgast, flyweight champion, showed his stuff in Houston against Kid Laredo, winning the decision.

Send your news to the writer at the Houston Press. All correspondence will be promptly answered.

Howard Scott successfully defended his state lightweight title against Joe Ruz, Roy Stice and Carlos Garcia, kayoing the latter. Scott is a good boy and we would like to see him show his wares against someone in Houston.

Lou Beard figured in two of the best fights of the month, beating Frankie Graham and drawing with Dave Shapiro. Beard is the only boy to ever have the tough Graham in the resin, said knockdown giving him the edge in a bitterly contested fight.

Pat Murphy, one of the greatest crowd pleasers ever to show in Texas, just punches too hard for most of the boys. He drew and won from Bobby Murray and took a close decision from Wildcat Monte.

Joe Rivers, classy feather, has been going strong, beating Louis Arriola, Paul Dempsey, Phil Latona, Charley Lopez, Chief Perry Knowles, and stopped Babe Kennedy.

Henry Moreno, San Antonio bantam, jumped into the elite class by giving champion Midget Wolgast a neat pasting in New Orleans. Wolgast was on the deck in the second round. We have long been a booster for Moreno, developed by the veteran Jimmy "Humpy" Mason.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE:—Joe Dundee gave Paul Ladd a boxing lesson and stopped George Brown; Jack Griffin, clever Arkansas lightweight, beat Joe Marcus; Marcus won from Benny Lindsay; Chief Perry Knowles, pleasing Indian feather, beat Paul Dempsey and K.O.'ed Desmond Diggs; Phil Latona, promising youngster from Denison, halted the winning spree of Red Wright, drawing and winning over Red; Mike Pereira beat Ernie Forshay; Dummy Mahan beat Earl Capps; Chato Gonzales punched Bobby Burns around for ten rounds but only received a draw; Bobby Murray stopped Jerry Terry; Pelon Lopez drew with Richie Mack and K.O.'ed Bill McDowell; Midget Mexico won from Paul Gritta and drew with Pelon Lopez; Junior Cone beat Buddy Beck and K.O.'ed Chico Salinas but was trounced by hard punching Tommy Monroe.

Johnny Ferrell drew with Dick O'Connor; Earl Capps drew with Dummy Mahan; Vernon Burdick won over Maurice Moreland; Herbert Kunkel K.O.'ed W. O. Coleman; Joe White drew with Bill McDowell; Young Sena beat Lewis Young; Manuel Luna K.O.'ed Hinkle Boyd; Dummy Mahan beat Ernie Epps; Curtis Scott beat Charley Montgomery; Casey Jones beat Herbert Kunkel but was stopped by Buddy Dyer; Dyer also stopped Garland Thompson; Bobby Calmes K.O.'ed Buddy Houghton; Mike Battlino won over Jack Carter; Johnny Page beat Tuffy Barnett and lost to Bobby Murray; Murray was stopped in nine rounds by Bobby Garcia, clever Houston Mexican; Sid Scarlet trounced George Brown and Bobby Pitts; Fuzzy White beat Garland Thompson; Gyp Zarro drew with Tuffy Barnett; Lawton Smith K.O.'ed Clint Ross; Jack Kirkland stopped Hal Williams; Young Wakefield drew with Kid Hopper.

Cullen Williams beat Speck Friend; Tiger Jack Thompson K.O.'ed Warner Layman; Kid Hall beat Hal Williams; Young Wakefield K.O.'ed Travis Mead; Young Sena stopped Mike Gonzales; Robert Gomez beat Mike Martinez; Ted Tello beat Johnny Cruz; Jesse Villa won from Johnny Gonzales; Gallito Ramirez, who does most of his fighting on his bicycle, K.O.'ed Bobby Cox; Bobby Battilla beat Charley Lopez; Midget Aztec K.O.'ed Buddy McCrutcheon, Kid Stringbean and Mike Martinez; Joe Ruz K.O.'ed Young Visutte; Phil Latona beat Jimmy Jones and Paul Dempsey; JoJo Passante beat Johnny Hernandez.

Negro fights have been drawing fairly well in Houston. K. O. Kelly, stablemate of Tommy Freeman's, is the reigning sensation and looks like he will go places. Kelly flattened Bradis Flowers (twice), Henry McCloud and took two decisions over George Coffee; Jack Otey K.O.'ed Speedy Walker; Baby Jack Thomas drew with Joe Mitchell and won a couple of fights in New Orleans; Battling Sam K.O.'ed Louis Lemon; Blue Heaven K.O.'ed K. O. Brown and Jack Johnson but was stopped later by Johnson.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

SOME pretty good matches were staged in this section of the state during the current month. Cincinnati, Portsmouth and Mount Washington held full sway with some fast, speedy and pleasing bouts.

On one of Herman Katz's Parkway Arena, Cincinnati headliners, a star of eight-rounders which featured all local talent between Jess Calhoun and Art Schultz and Al Schwartz and Maxie Koshover. Calhoun and Koshover were the winners.

Tiger Kid Walker, the colored lightie belonging to Danny Davis, chalked up another winner. His last three bouts at this writing were over Frankie Covelli, Max Koshover and Jackie Sharkey.

Another Italian scrapper has sprung up in this locality who looks like he might attain the heights in either the feather or lightweight division. He is little Joey Palmo, hard slugging and undefeated kid brother of the once great middleweight, Frankie.

Joey, who linked himself with Bob Bonner, former Chicago and Indianapolis fight manager upon the latter's arrival here a year ago, has been going great guns. His two most noted performances of recent date were a four-round kayo over Johnny Devlin of Portsmouth, O., in the latter's home town, and a six-round win over Joey Lapelle of Louisville.

Jess Calhoun did not fare so well at Louisville on September 10. He dropped a close ten-round decision to Bad Boy Harper of the Falls City. At Portsmouth, O., Curley Denton drew with Kid Gallenstein and Stiffie Williams kayoed Packey McAllister, Williams and Denton are managed by Cincinnati Bob Bonner.

Out in Mount Washington, Billy Saffin continues with his great weekly bills. Teddie Graham, the New Richmond negro heavy, took Smokey Maggard of Covington, Ky., into camp on the last bill. Billy Burke stiffened the veteran Joe Benzinger in the semi-final.

George C. Williams, former Cincinnati fight manager, is receiving compliments from all sides for the great victory he scored in the Southern countries in the Hon. Martin L. Davey's campaign for Ohio governor. Mr. Davey is a keen lover of sports and he looks to have an excellent chance to step into the Columbus high chair this November. Williams will also handle the coming campaign for the Kent, O., aspirant.

Lee Cox, down to 143 pounds, is planning a strong campaign among the junior welterweights. Lee, a couple years ago while in New York was picked a good prospect by Benny Leonard and the localite hopes to regain such recognition as he enjoyed at that time.

Information in these parts can be had by addressing the writer at 2810 Sindey Ave., Cincinnati. Fighters with good records, wanting reliable connections here, should write Bob Bonner, 1326 Vine St., Cincinnati, O.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

EDDIE MEADE'S star, Paul Pirrone looks like the leading contender for Teddy Yarosz's crown. Pirrone appeared on the Yarosz-Dundee card where he boxed Al Diamond and won. Pirrone was on Al Sutphin's last card at the Public Auditorium and knocked out Young Terry of Trenton, N. J., who has a win over Yarosz—Paul also knocked out Bucky Lawless in the seventh round. He is one of the best punchers in the middleweight ranks.

Local promoters are trying to arrange a second meeting between Natie Brown and Johnny Risko, or Patsy Pirrone. Patsy's manager wants to bring that fight to Boston, but Billy McCarney wants it in Cleveland.

Al Sutphin has quit promoting because of a row with the local boxing commission over passes.

Eddie Simms blew his chance of getting a crack at Johnny Risko when he was decisively defeated by Natie Brown, at the Public Auditorium show.

Jacky Davis, of Cleveland, is doing some good fighting around New England, where he is a consistent winner. His latest victim was Tommy Romano of Watervliet, N. Y., at New Haven, Conn.; Davis winning by a knockout in the tenth round.

Those scrapping Kelly boys, Pat and Eddie, had another of their frequent "grudge" fights, Pat getting the decision in the feature bout of an amateur show at the Lake Shore Motors Building. Other results were—Chuck Zaeemba beat Tiger Brown; Ruel Shockly beat Chuck Morrow; Tubby Gardner, K.O.'ed Joey Wells, third round; Johnny Avon knocked out Johnny Capute in the second round; Billy Coerlin beat Peter Hunt; and Andy Smith won over Eddie Moran.

Jerry Sachs, the "Soldier of Fortune," who has been operating gymnasiums in and around Cleveland for the last twenty years, has moved down to Grand River, Geneva, Ohio, where he has a Health Farm and Training Camp. Out-of-town boys are welcome. Jerry has lined up several good fighters in Buddy McArthur, heavyweight; Joe Spiegel, welter and Tony DeMarco, middleweight—who he is anxious to get going.

Clarence Si Marsh, Akron's big league manager, is hot under the collar. His star fighter, Gunner Gungle, was to fight at Youngstown but was injured and Si sent Benny Amberger down as a substitute to box for Al Zill. The papers came out after the fight with a story that the Gunner had been knocked out by Billy Pirrone of Cleveland—Akron sport writers claimed the Gunner never left Akron—and now Marsh is hot on Billy's trail for a match.

Frankie Wallace was defeated by Pete De Grasse of New York at Youngstown, and the Associated Press report carried it Billy Wallace. The latter is out on the Pacific Coast.

Al Shiek, Eddie Davis, and Shang Welch are promoting at Akron, Ohio. Davis is being assisted by Mike McKinney, old Canton promoter who is now at the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

Dave Harris is promoting at Columbus and Zanesville. He can be reached, care Sport Editor, Journal, Columbus, Ohio.

Babe Triscara is anxious to box any of the New York bantamweights. Houston, Texas, is after him to box Midget Wolgast down there. He is also expecting a match at Montreal with Bobby Leitham.

Jack Pallat, former Cleveland heavyweight, and two-time winner of the amateur champions at Boston, New York and Cleveland, has passed the examination for the police department. He expects to be appointed next month.

Mickey Dugan, who has been out in the country for the last three months, is back in the city ready for his fall and winter campaign.

Henry Goodale has taken his stable of fighters back in town and is working them out at the Tuma gym on Superior Ave. Henry has several good boys and can be addressed at 722 Superior Ave., Argonne Gymnasium.

Mickey Kilcher has been appointed matchmaker for the American Legion at New Pork, Ky. He is anxious to hear from all managers around the state of Ohio, and East. Mickey's address is Tower Hill Road, Ft. Thomas, Ky. He will promote at New Pork, Ky.

Under the Kentucky Boxing law, the American Legion of New Port will be the only club permitted to operate boxing in Northern Kentucky, which includes New Port, Covington, Ft. Thomas, Dayton, Belleview, Ludlow, Ft. Mitchell, and Latonia, Ky. That gives them over 250,000 people to draw from—with the number of fight fans that come from Cincinnati to see their favorites.

Midget Mike O'Dowd and several other good Columbus fighters are after work around Cleveland and the East. They can be reached care of the writer. Joe Carlos, welter, out of Philly, also living at Columbus, is under the writer's management.

Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg bantam, now making Barberton his home and under the management of Joe Basco, has won his last three starts. He has beaten Ross Fields, Mose Butch, and knocked out Kid Granite, at Sioux City, Iowa, in the fifth round Labor Day. Wolfram and Triscara would make a great fight—in anybody's town or club.

Al Sherry, Dover, New Hampshire, writes in that he is anxious to get his big heavyweight, Ad Zachone, on here with Buck Everett, Johnny Risko, or Nate Brown.

Johnny Papke, Charley O'Connell, Al Corbett and Joe Tuma, all are running gymnasiums on the East Side, and holding amateur shows.

Walter Taylor is promoting wrestling and boxing at the Equestrium.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

A CAPACITY house witnessed Young Herrera, holder of light-heavy and heavyweight crowns, of Cuba, against Jack Hawthorne our light-heavyweight king. Jack handled his heavier opponent and disposed of him in the second round, which ended their 10-round contest. Fred Cooke won the decision over Kid Bell.

Young Chocolate, flyweight champ, found some resistance in Young Sharkey, but won the decision after a hard fight. Bob Winkler and Young Williams were seen in a spirited six-round contest in which Williams showed himself the better boy. Breezy Boy, junior flyweight champ, scored an easy victory over Young Madden.

Cuban stars expected to be seen in our ring soon are Baby de la Paz, welterweight, and Juan Morales, flyweight champion.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

TRACY COX, heavy-hitting Hoosier lightweight, advanced a notch higher in his march toward a title fight with Barney Ross, when he battered Tony Herrera, veteran Mexican speedster, into submission on Louie Newman's card at the Lakeside A. C. in Flint. Tracy had the better of the battle all the way, dropping the formerly elusive Herrera twice.

Ivan Harburn, Flint featherweight, had a whale of a fight on his hands, but managed to shade Manuel Cantera, the Clouting Castilian from Detroit. The distance was six rounds.

U. S. Chocolate, a great piece of featherweight fighting material, whipped Johnny Mitchell in another six-rounder. Mitchell shaded Chocolate in a Detroit fight last winter. Ward Snider and Jimmy Cholak, a pair of welters, put up a good six-round battle, which went down as a draw. Young Sharkey drew with Billy Jacobs in the opener.

Joe Louis, Detroit's fine, colored heavyweight, made his first professional start in his home town, meeting Alex Borshuck, Windsor's best heavyweight in the Naval Armory ring. Borshuck didn't seem to be in the best of shape, but had the better of the going until the fourth round, when he was floored three times, and Manager Jack Beaton threw in the towel.

Roger Bernard, veteran Flint mittster, was scheduled to box Patsy Severo, a good fighter, in the semifinal. For some reason Severo didn't box, and a lightweight named Joe Botto was substituted. Joe didn't have a chance, and was knocked out in the second round.

Amsey Rinnson, popular colored welter, stopped Jimmy LaMarr, Cleveland in the fourth of a scheduled six-rounder, and Carl Fasnough, Toledo, overcame advantages in height, weight, and strength to outslug Ivan Harburn. Joe Lombardo beat Dave English in the opener.

Wilbur Chevalier, veteran Bay City featherweight, and still one of the best boys at his weight in this part of the country, took on lanky Mike Kolnick in a six-round attraction at Hazel Park. Referee Rosen called the bout a draw, but Chevalier's aggressiveness and hard hitting should have earned him the nod.

Eddie Wells, clever colored boxer from Detroit, knocked out Al Abad in the sixth round. U. S. Chocolate beat Lefty Logan in a six-round bout. Joey Michielove, former Golden Glove champion going great in the pro ranks, beat Battling O'Brien of Toledo, and Otto Worth looked good in beating Ray Snell. Sam Palazola took Georgie Bond in the four-round opener.

Joe Louis added another good name to his list of victims when he knocked out Buck Everett, veteran Gary, Ind., heavyweight in the second round, in Chicago.

Chuck Woods decisively defeated Charley Bochio in a Dearborn main bout. Woods is a good lightweight, and has fought some good boys, including Richie Mack, Billy Gladstone, Jack Elverillo, and Charley Crocker.

Frank Erne, matchmaker at Hazel Park, recently staged a tournament to decide the successor to Ernie Maurer as Michigan bantamweight champion. First he matched Red Casson and Ken Offet, two of the better bantams, and the bout was called a draw, which left Erne with no one to box Billy Cooper, who was conceded to be the best of the lot. Offet was given the Cooper match and he got credit for a knockout, when a bad cut rendered Cooper unable to continue.

Roger Bernard is still a plenty tough proposition to handle. The Flint 130-pounder handed Orville Drouillard a bad beating in a main go at Flint. Then he went over to Grand Rapids and knocked out Georgie Quackenbush in four rounds.

Shows are being held regularly in London, Ontario. Cliff McWherter, the London favorite, beat Franklin Young in the ten-round main bout. Frankie Pallo, Detroit, beat old Tommy Meeking, of Windsor, and Coca Cola Kid, Detroit, knocked out Young Fitzgerald. In another show there, McWherter was again victorious, and Artie Bowman, former amateur from Detroit, won also.

Pretit Ferarer, Lansing, light-heavyweight champion of Michigan, had a hard time keeping his title in his ten-round go with Buddy Creed, but two knockdowns won the fight for him. Creed held his own during the rest of the fight.

Other bouts during the month: Roscoe Toles stopped Chet Raynor and beat Johnny Whiters. Whiters lost to Bud Creed who beat Al Borshuck. Al Honas beat Billy Gerb and drew with Bob Kalay. Joe Chick beat Billy Duke. Joey Michielove beat Steve Takas, Tiger Bland, and knocked out Georgie Bond. Jack Lucas stopped Jim Riley. Wad Sidorski beat Joey Szilagyi and Pat Spurling.

Chuck Woods beat Harry Roberyson. Babe Albrecht knocked out Buster Jackson. Ward Snider beat Cecil Lothery and Silent Hartman. Hartman beat "Ding Dong" Bell. Joe Ingles K. O.'d Armand Kaiser. Ed Plant beat Otto Worth. Johnny Thomas K.O.'d Mickey Ryan. Speedy Johnson beat Manuel Cantera. Jumbo Gorski K.O.'d Tiger Ball. George Lixie beat Putty Stoppa.

Big Ede Anderson beat Tommy Davenport. Ivan Harburn shaded U. S. Chocolate. St. Louis Kid lost to Cliff McWherter in London and Speed Johnson at Hazel Park. Jim Cholak beat Bob Kalay but lost to George "II'd" Stevens. Cliff McWherter beat Frenchy Folio.

Frankie Pallo beat Ray Snell. Pallo lost to Art Bowman. Frankie Thomas drew with George Sutka and Jack Stearns beat Ernie Conklin by a K.O. in one round.

Promoters' lists still available at 25 cents for either boxing or wrestling lists. Send to Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

EMPORIA, KANS.—Baxter Calmes won from Babe Hunt on a foul in the seventh round. Jack Charvez beat Larkin Colley in six rounds. Al Carson knocked out Babyface Hatcher in five. Max Evans beat Billy Hurst in four. Frank Keefover beat Tony Lardio in four rounds.

Manhattan, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Amos Livers beat Mel Taylor. Commie Comstock beat Tommy Marshall. Tuffy Breese beat George Coke, Red Young beat Earl Hancock. Cocky Johns beat Leo Nutter.

Chanute, Kans.—The V.F.W. or the American Legion will stage boxing and wrestling in this city this fall and winter. Several promoters are angling for the spot.

Manhattan, Kans.—Pat Kissinger knocked out Jackie Evans in the first round of a scheduled ten-round main event. Mel Taylor beat Peewee Weems in six rounds.

Les Showers, the most sought-after amateur boxing director, is staging a Big Three tournament at Miami, Okla.; and will move into Kansas soon to fill engagements at some spots he has signed up for.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Chief Parris knocked out Bobby Young in two rounds. George Williams knocked out Johnny Nichols in three. Tot Wilson knocked out Johnny Wallace in two. Forrest Cannon beat Johnny Annett in six. Donie Britt won from Lefty Martin in three on a foul.

Muskogee, Okla.—Northwest amateur boxing championship winners: Heavyweight, Gordon Smythe; Light-heavyweight, Pete Smith; Middleweight, Buddy Scott; Welterweight, Tommy Knight; Lightweight, Frank Belvin; Featherweight, Harry Dusenberry; Bantamweight, Sam Burney; Flyweight, Jonas Perry.

Muskogee, Okla.—Amateur boxing championship winners in novice class; Heavyweight, Melvin Stephens; Light-heavyweight, Silba Bryant; Middleweight, Wayne Crowe; Welterweight, W. W. Carter; Lightweight, Edward Davis; Featherweight, Clement Kinkaid; Bantamweight, Robert Kinkaid, Flyweight, Charles Level. W. W. Carter was awarded a trophy as the outstanding fighter of the tournament, winning four consecutive fights by knockouts.

Mr. Gene Ellis is promoter for the Junior Chamber of Commerce A.A.U. Club. Mr. Walter Green is not connected in the capacity of promoting, but is one of the board of directors. Ellis has been given the title of Tournament Director for the organization, instead of business manager.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Kid Gindy floored Chilli (Madero) Villareal twice in eight rounds, only to be knocked out himself in the ninth round as a scheduled ten-round main event. Johnny Hull beat Johnny Annette in eight rounds. Alva Lagune knocked out Bobby Martin in two. Peck Wasson and Dusty Rhoades fought four rounds to a draw.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger is thinking very seriously of starting the boxing game over there again this fall, and will promote both amateur and professional boxing.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery reports that boxing will come back this fall in the Queen of the Prairie's city. No promoter has been definitely named yet to handle the fight game there. Possibly the big Southwest Amateur meet will be staged there around the first of the year, several are bidding for the big meet and, if Wichita gets it, Les Showers will be the man to direct the big show.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By HERB McHUGH

TOD MORGAN continued his triumphal march here at the Sydney Stadium when he took a points decision over Herb Bishop, the latest of Australia's fistic hopes, at the end of fifteen rounds. Morgan's win was decisive, and on more than one occasion he was on the verge of winning by the short-cut route. Previously Bishop defeated Joe Gnouly of America. The sixth was a particularly stormy session.

But Bishop's gameness was manifest in the next round when he literally swept Morgan off the map and for the whole session completely dominated the stage. Morgan allowed the youngster to play himself out and then started to administer a scientific lacing. Only Bishop's super courage, and perhaps Morgan's leniency over the latter stages, saw the fight last out the allotted distance.

Despite his reverse, Bishop still looks good. He has not been fighting in top-line events very long, consequently he did not have the necessary experience to put it across the American.

The National Boxing Club, which controls the Sydney Stadium, has gone in for wrestling. Saturday night has been chosen for the grapplers, with Monday night continuing to supply the wants of fighters. Dan Koloff and Gus Sonnenberg are the club's stars, with Harry Mamos, Dean Detton, and a couple of others giving further help. An effort is being made to secure Tom Lurich to come in. He is the best magnet the mat game has in Australia, his headquarters being at Leichhardt. Unless the N.B.C. can rope in Lurich, it will have a difficult job in putting over its season.

Varias Milling broke the ice since coming to Australia by winning on a t.k.o. over Phineas John, the Welsh featherweight, who was making his first appearance in Australia. The fight was bitterly waged, but in the fifth round, John staggered out of a clinch with a severe gash over the left eye. It literally spat blood. The bell ending the round brought pandemonium. Phineas' brother Tommy, who was directing operations in the corner, called over Referee Joe Wallis, making the suggestion that the bout should be stopped. . . . . "No, no, no," yelled Phineas, "don't stop it, I'm all right." Much against his better judgment, I think, Wallis allowed the fight to continue.

Tod Morgan got somewhat of a shock in Brisbane. He journeyed north to accommodate a rising young welter, Reg Hickey. The fight went the full distance of fifteen rounds, with the decision a draw. I heard the bout described over the radio and I refuse to agree with some that it was a home-town decision. What happened was that Hickey kept on top of Morgan the whole way, not allowing Tod to get home with his pile-drivers to the body. I am inclined to think also that two-minute rounds were against Morgan. However, the result will not effect his meeting with Jack Carroll at Sydney Stadium on August 27. It is a return scrap, Carroll taking out a points' decision at the previous start. It should pull in around five thousand dollars' worth of customers.

Mickey Miller, who won a t.k.o. over Speedy Dado, went under gallantly to Star Frisco, conceding a points' decision to the Filipino at the end of fifteen rounds. From the seventh round, Miller's right hand was useless but, strangely enough, with only his left hand to help him along the way, he took the eighth, ninth, tenth and shared the eleventh, only to tire to nothing at the finish. The thought of getting the run around from a one-handed fighter helped to rattle Frisco, until Manager Cortez compelled him to take a tight hold of himself. Miller, who has a nice "kick" in his right glove, was purely obsessed with trying to topple Frisco on the floor from the opening buzzer. The result was that he cared little where he landed with it and eventually it crashed on top of Frisco's head, and, of course, from then on Miller's dexter "duke" was a mere passenger. However, the mishap was a blessing in disguise, as it proved to the young Australian that he is possessed of a dandy left hand. Not one of those "cream puff" types, but a real "sizzler," containing plenty of zip and power.

Jes Cortez and Star Frisco have left for Manila. After a short stay there, they will return to America. Herb Bishop will leave for Manila next month, following his fight with Kelso for the Australian lightweight title. And when Cortez and Frisco eventually hit the States, Bishop will be near at hand.

Gus Sonnenberg and Wock Buck Cheung opened the wrestling season at Sydney Stadium with a banner house.

One match that would probably draw around a $10,000 "gate" here would be the meeting of Sonnenberg and Lurich. The latter is the big man of the opposition camp . . . . Leichhardt. The value of Lurich as a box-office attraction can be gauged from the fact that he and "Whiskers" Blake, who is just an ordinary performer, drew over $5,000. An effort is being made by the N.B.C.'s matchmaker, Charlie Lucas, to grab the fixture, but to date nothing has been finalized.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By "GREEK" A. VANGES

WALLY WALKER, Aussie flyweight champion, easily defeated Mickey Bowers. Norm Biebbe, another of Walker's challengers, won from "Kid" Cameron in a supporting six-rounder. Italian Pieatro Spagndla, defeated Al Rex.

Clem Fundess defeated Reg Delaney in six rounds. Jimmie Davidson, defeated Em Jacobs, Reg Hargrave beat "Spiger" Blackwell, Billy Blackwell defeated Tony Monterey of America—all of the above contests took place at the Carlton Stadium.

The surprise of the year happened when Herb Bishop climbed to the top of the fistic ladder in outpointing Joe Gnouly.

Clem Fundess defeated Jackie Sharpe and Reg Delaney won from Bob Anderson. Young Carroll outpointed Herb Smith. All of the above bouts took place at Carlton.

A fistic surprise was caused at the Sydney Stadium when Tod Morgan of American and former world's champion, koed Jimmy Kelso, Australian lightweight champion, in the eighth round.

Dave Finnie outpointed Billy Smith; young Spargo koed George Hines; Dick Marsey defeated Billy Star; Spiger Blackwell copped the duke from Joe Lambert.

Herb Bishop of Australia, defeated Varias Millings, the crack Filipino boxer, at the Melbourne Stadium. Jack Mcdonald, N.S.W. heavy champion, defeated Young Cambell at Kurri Kurri.

SMALL FRY FROM ALL OVER AUSTRALIA—Tommy Shaw beat Harry Grover in four rounds . . . . Pat Murphy "The fighting Irishman" is developing into the Jack Dunleavy of the coal fields . . . . Bobby Stone beat Bill Griep . . . . Timmy Burgess won from Billy Buchan . . . . Lew Edwards' right monicker is Mick White . . . . Jack Davies beat Stan Stubbs . . . . George Elliott beat Clem Fundess . . . . George King beat Jack Ross . . . . Sam Nicholson's right monicker is Sam Gianoulis . . . . Jack Budd and "Sailor" Bill Madden fought a draw . . . . "Squib" Lensday defeated George Elliott . . . . "Winging Bill's" proper name is W. Hall . . . . That Leo Herme's other nickname is Polonere for his similar running to Polonere.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

YOUNG SANTOS, Cavite flyweight, and Little Abayan, of Manila, failed to clear the flyweight championship horizon when they went to a good ten-round draw at the Mandaluyong Stadium, Rizal. A capacity crowd attended.

The Mandaluyong Stadium, scene of weekly cockfights, is now being used by the local promoters as their fistic club, in view of the fact that Manila has no decent boxing house wherein they could hold their bouts.

Mariano Sangle will begin operating his Osmena Boxing Bowl, Manila, next October when his government license permits him to begin his projects. Sangle has in mind an inaugural bout between Tsuneo Horiguchi, Japanese featherweight, and Jose Villanueva, bantamweight kingpin of the Orient. Paquito Villa, and Bebeng Gutierrez, well known figures in the local fistic world, will help Sangle in his operations.

Ralph Cuyugan, matchmaker and manager of the La Loma Stadium, has found out, after he had leased the stadia from Bebeng Gutierrez, that business in his locality is very poor. There are times when curtain raisers had to accept fifty cents as their share of the house. Young Frisco, welterweight champion, received six dollars (American currency) in his bout with Fighting Nelson.

Dr. Pablo Anido, popular boxing enthusiast, was recently appointed as the physician of the La Loma Stadium.

Little Moro, an ex-champion, made a startling comeback by scoring a decision over Tony Darcy, claimant to the flyweight throne. Moro showed that he could hit as in the days of old.

Johnny Mortel, of Honolulu, eked out a close win over Joe Peralta, bantam, in their ten-round bout at the Mandaluyong Club. Mortel downed Peralta once with left hook to the chin.

Cipriano Santos, young sports writer, is the matchmaker of the Mandaluyong Stadium. He even wields the megaphone with the flourish of a Joe Humphries.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS—Speed Sival scored over Tony Gutierrez in a six; Young Doming drew with Little Suzara; Young Sammy decisioned Kentucky Boy; Johnny Pelky one-twoed his way to a win from Fighting Villanueva; Clever Paco lost to Kid Cruz in an eight.

Froggie Fructuoso, Young Santos' curly haired manager, asked for your correspondent's opinion about his boy's chances with Little Abayan. The writer selected Abayan to whip Santos. The bout went to a good draw with Santos having a slight edge.

H. "Goldie" Goldner, publicity man for Johnny Samson, is "free lancing" in the Islands.

LOOKING 'EM OVER—Ralph Hawkins has replaced Dan O'Brien as sports editor of the *Manila Daily Bulletin* . . . . Arsenic Lascon will captain the U. S. T. football squad this year . . . . "Fat" Emilio, popular masseur of the defunct Olympic Stadium, passed to the Great Beyond a few days ago.

If you want any information regarding boxing in the Islands just drop a line to: 39 Lozada, Sn. Juan Heights, Rizal, Philippines.

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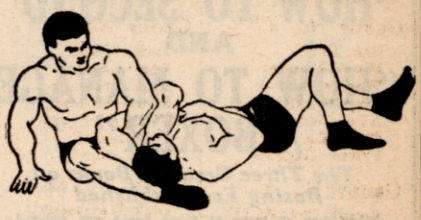

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

BOB WILSON, Florida's knockout king, added Stanley Loayza to his list of victims at the Riding Hunt Club in Washington, in seven rounds. The Chilean was having one of his good nights and gave the Florida red head a great fight of it until his ribs caved in and he was forced to have the referee halt the fight. Loayza took unmerciful punishment.

Toney Lopez of Florida made short work of Skippy Allen in two heats, knocking Skippy cold with a well-timed left to the chin. Ernest Saquez, the Chilean Schoolmaster, drew with Otto Kushner and Wild Bill Howel flattened Jimmy Kirk.

Pete Sarron was out in front when Benny Bass fouled out in round six at the Ball Park in Washington. Sarron was giving the highly touted Bass the lacing of his life when Benny put in the unintentional low blow. Billy Hogan, New York heavyweight, had an easy time with Chester Matin in the eight-round semi-final.

Toney Dominguez of Cuba bested Lew Raymond in an eight-round thriller in Baltimore. Raymond gave the Cuban plenty trouble but Toney was too strong for the Baltimorean in the latter rounds.

Marty Gallagher pulled one out of the fire when he took a technical knockout victory over Toney Galento at the Ball Park in Washington. Galento was well out in front for eleven heats when Marty cut Toney's eye in round twelve and the bout was halted.

Tommy Bashara of Norfolk, Va., had an easy time with Jimmy Reed of Erie, Pa., in a feature ten-rounder at Richmond, Va.

Ken Overlin of Norfolk, Va., belted out Frankie Remus of the Pacific Coast in six heats at Norfolk, Va. Both Overlin and Remus are members of Uncle Sam's Navy and the boys were fighting for the middleweight championship of the Navy. Bob Turner of Newport News, Va., bested Dropper Walsh in the semi-final of eight heats. The show was staged in the Ball Park at Norfolk and the largest attendance to witness a fight in Norfolk was on hand.

Bob Wilson handed out a terrific pasting to Roy Manley of Arkansas before Referee Jack Dempsey halted the one-sided contest in round seven to save Manley further punishment. The bout was far from one sided as Manley made several rallies that had the fans with him, but Wilson's terrific body punches were too much for Roy to take.

Will Mathews and Mel Sheppard, Baltimore heavies put on a real brawl in Baltimore with Mathews declared a winner. Mel continued fighting after the final bell and Will grabbed a stool to put the finishing touches to Mel, but the police stepped in, much to the displeasure of the fans who were urging the boys on.

Baby Joe Guzzman of Florida was an easy victim for Frankie Covelli of New York, going out in round one. Frankie opened up at the very outset and within two minutes the Florida boxer was dead cold. Carl Gugginia belted out Jimmy Fitzsimmons in three rounds of the semi-final. Fitz never got started against the fast moving Gugginia who put Jimmy down for three counts before the match was stopped. A goodly house turned out to the Riding Hunt Club for this show.

Kid Chocolate, former featherweight champion, made a showing at the Ball Park in Washington, knocking out Young Sarilla in seven rounds. Chocolate had an easy time of it and won as he pleased, but the five thousand fans that turned out for the Kid were more than satisfied with his exhibition.

Young Kid Norfolk of Baltimore and Jimmy Cross of Philadelphia fought a fast ten-rounder at the Ball Park in Washington with Cross a winner. Canada Lee of New York knocked out Young Pete Jackson of Baltimore in two rounds of the semi-final.

PICKUPS—Twenty-five thousand fans paid to see Bob Wilson, Roy Manley, Toney Galento-Marty Gallagher show at the Ball Park in Washington. The show was a charity affair staged by the Washington Police. The colored boys are doing good in Washington with Kid Chocolate drawing over five grand at his showing there. Pete Sarron has been rematched to meet Benny Bass in Philadelphia, with a fifteen-hundred-dollar guarantee. Bob Wilson is by far Washington's best drawing card. Bob has flattened all his opponents except Roy Manley, whom he did flatten on his second try against the Arkansasan. The Mohawk Gym operated by the writer is a mecca for out-of-town boxers and managers these days, it being the only gym of its kind in Washington.

Joe Turner has ceased his operations at the Ball Park and is now staging shows at the Auditorium in Washington with a seating capacity of seven thousand. Eddie Ross at Baltimore has also moved indoors at Carlin's Park, where he has an indoor arena to seat five thousand. Tootsie Bashara, Norfolk lightweight, is now making Washington his headquarters and C. E. "Fats" Cornell is doing his business. Joe Banovic is also making the nation's capital his headquarters, as well as Frankie Hughes, Phil Zwick, Toney Dominquez, Toney Lopez, Bob Wilson and Carl Gugginia.

The writer is representing boxers and managers in this locality and will gladly give the low-down to those interested if addressed at the Mohawk Club in Washington.

Charley Jacobs of Norfolk, Va., had an easy time with Norman Quarles of Asheville, N. C., in a ten-rounder at Richmond, Va. Quarles is a college champ and his showing in Richmond as a professional drew the best house to date.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

BAT BATTALINO, of Hartford, former featherweight champion of the world, was easily outsmarted, beaten, and battered by Lew Feldman, popular Hebrew lightweight of New York, in ten rounds at the White City Stadium. Al Weill staged the fistic program that drew a crowd of 3,000.

On the same card, Jackie Davis, Hebrew lightweight of Cleveland won an unpopular ten-round decision over Tommy Romano, of Waterville, New York.

Tiger Jack Renault, prospective fistic character, New Haven, planted a whizzling wallop on Steve Fusti's chin that stiffened him like an icicle, in the first canto.

On the same card Johnny Bellus, lightweight, New Haven, punched out a decision over his antagonist, Jules Sombathy, of Bridgeport, in six departments. While Jimmy Stewart, New Haven, dropped a haymaker on Rocco Muollo's chin that turned lights out in the first chapter.

Buddy Mignault, popular light-heavyweight of Brockton, Mass., scored a clean-cut victory over his ambitious invader, Eddie Carr, of Waterbury, in an eight-rounder at the Walnut Beach Stadium.

In the under-card, Nathan Mann, hard hitting light-heavyweight of New Haven, won his fourth successive technical knockout conquest by halting Jimmy Berrelli, of New York, in the second frame. The referee, Jess Willard, stopped the uneven match after Berrelli thrice visited the canvas.

Pinky Morris, Bridgeport, pounded out a stingy decision over Al Gillette, of New London, in six spots.

Billy Reeves, Torrington, scored a technical knockout over John Torry, of Derby, in the second heat. The opening fray between Billy Clark, New Haven, and Frankie Smith, of Norwalk, went to a draw.

Send your queries or news to me. Address, 50 Crown Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Al Nelson Gainer, Negro heavyweight, slugging mauler, journeyed to the Hub City, Boston, to score a ring triumph over Al McCoy in ten rounds. The semi-final stole the show when Steve Carr, Silver City middleweight, and Johnny Rossi went at it, hammer and tongs, for eight rounds to a draw. The savage milling had the enthusiastic fans on edge from bell to bell.

Eddie Carr, light-heavyweight of Waterbury, made his debut in North Adams, Mass., by scoring an impressive victory over K.O. Carroll in a great eight-rounder. The bout packed plenty of punching thrills.

At the Walnut Beach Stadium, Bug Mignault, Brockton light-heavyweight and Ed Karalak, of Albany, New York, fought with honors even. In the semifinal, Nathan Mann, technically K.O.'d Eddie Gates, of Pittsfield, Mass., in the third stanza.

Frank Labianco, of New York, outpunched Joe Arnold, of Waterbury, in six heats. Jimmy English, of Norwalk, dropped a four-round decision to Sammy Giagliano, of New Haven. Frankie Smith, of Norwalk, scored a victory on points over Sammy Martin, of Waterbury, in four innings.

In the rubber match, Jimmy Leto, Florida sensational glove wielder, put all his reserve strength and ring knowledge to play in the last frame to score a victory on points over Jackie Davis, of Cleveland, in a ten-round star attraction at the South Park Arena.

Joe Guzman, Hartford, whipped Eddie Haas, of Worcester, in six frames.